

THE SPEAKING OAK

AND
300 OTHER TALES
OF LIFE, LOVE &
ACHIEVEMENT



FERDINAND C. IGLEHART



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Ferdinand C. Iglehart.

THE
SPEAKING OAK

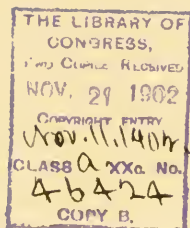
AND 300 OTHER TALES OF LIFE,
LOVE AND ACHIEVEMENT

BY
Ferdinand C. Iglehart



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PREFACE

THE OAK speaks. It suggests to the farmer the number of rails or cords of wood that can be cut from it. It tells the lumberman the quantity of timber it can furnish for houses, furniture, or ships. It reminds the flock of sheep and herd of cattle of its grateful shade in the summer, and promises swine the acorns in the autumn. It puts on the robes of royal purple, smiles with fascinating feature and makes love to the artist who takes its picture. It asks the man of science to watch the acorn break its shell, to follow the rootlets down into the soil in search of food, to notice its skillful carpentry in building up the stem and joining the branches and sawing out the figures of the leaves. It bids him put his ears close enough to its bosom to hear the breathing of the lungs and the beating of the heart as it sends its vital current to the farthest finger-tips of the twigs. It speaks to the Christian, telling him that it also is of divine origin, and asking him to look through the gauze veil of leaves and branches and see the Infinite Personality, the benign Heavenly Father.

Not only does the oak talk; all trees and things and events have a tongue and speak an eloquent language. I have taken the Oak of Dodona, through which the gods spoke to men, and their message to the Grecian hero telling him how to find the Golden Fleece and secure his crown, to introduce stories of men and things, as interpreters of moral truth and as expressions of the Divine voice. It may be that young men or women will find in these stories some new light on the pathway of life, some noble ambition, brighter hope or better service; that they will hear a voice above the oak or star calling to a higher destiny. May be men and women immersed in the business or cares of this world may gain from

these tales some added strength for burdens, courage for conflicts and patience in perplexities; that they will turn their eyes from material plans to spiritual forces, from the accidents and incidents of life to the realities of the universe. Possibly the aged in reading these pages may take new comfort in the bosom of loved ones, and have fresh visions of the faces of those who have gone before them to the better land.

In the preparation of this volume, I undertook to collect material which would be of value to the orator or essayist in the secular and religious world in the presentation of the spoken or written message. I gathered many things which I thought would be of service to ministers, Sunday School teachers, and workers in the various young people's societies of the Church in illustrating and emphasizing moral and religious truth. I have discovered a number of unpublished incidents in the lives of Washington Irving, Lincoln, Grant, Stonewall Jackson and other distinguished characters; I have related some anecdotes connected with my own life, which had burned themselves into my soul and were demanding expression.

If only one young person shall have a higher thought or nobler ambition; if only one disheartened soul shall take fresh courage; if the shadow shall be driven from but a single face; if but one bad heart shall be made good, I shall feel paid for the time and labor bestowed upon the work. The book goes on its ministry of love to God and fellow men, and breathing a prayer that it may be a speaking oak through whose leaves the voice Divine may talk to the children of the King.

F. C. I.

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, 1902.

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THE SPEAKING OAK



ELIAS usurped the kingdom of Iolchos, and Jason, the young prince to whom it rightfully belonged, went to claim it. Pelias promised him that if he would secure the Golden Fleece he should have his crown. He would not undertake the difficult task in his own strength, and went to the Speaking Oak of Dodona for divine wisdom. The tree was a hundred feet high with a huge shade covering an acre of ground. Standing at the base of the tree, and looking upward, he asked what steps he was to pursue to secure the Golden Fleece. While the rest of the trees of the forest were still, the leaves of this oak rustled, and murmuring, they united in one distinct voice, telling him to go to Argus, the shipbuilder, and have him construct a huge galley of fifty oars. He was uncertain, at first, about the divine authority of his instructions, but learning that there was an excellent shipbuilder by that name, he concluded that a heavenly voice had spoken.

At length the great vessel was built, and Jason went back to the oak for further instructions. At this time there was one branch whose leaves rustled, while the rest of the branches of the tree were still. This quivering branch instructed the young prince to cut it off, and fashion it into the figure of a woman, to be tacked upon the prow of the boat. The branch was cut off and given to a turner, who claimed that a superhuman power guided his hand in fashioning the figure—so perfect and beautiful it was. The prince, remarking that he would have to go back to the oak to learn what next to do, the figure at the bow of the ship spoke, and told him that this was unnecessary, as it would give him all the wisdom needed to guide him. He asked the figure where he should find fifty strong, brave men, each to take an oar for such a perilous

journey. It told him to summon the greatest heroes from all parts of Greece, and fifty of the most beautiful and brave heroes of Greece gladly volunteered their services. The fifty young men, including the powerful Hercules, struggled with every energy to launch the ship, but were unable to move it an inch. It looked as though the expedition would fail at the start; but Jason remembered the figure-head at the bow, and asked it what to do. It told the men to take their places in the galley, each man at his oar, and to go through the motions of rowing, while Orpheus should play on his harp. The men did as they were commanded, and at the first strains of the harp the boat began to move, and, slipping down into the water, went dancing across the merry waves, keeping time to the strains of the melody. In their journey, they were resting upon an island one day, when suddenly there fell upon them a shower of steel-pointed arrows. They sprang up suddenly, but could discover no enemy, till, presently looking upward, they saw a huge flock of birds pulling these steel-pointed feathers out of their bodies, and casting them down as arrows. These brave men were unable to defend themselves against such foes and they feared that all would be destroyed. Their leader ran as fast as he could to the ship, and asked the daughter of the Speaking Oak what was to be done. The response came that the men should strike their spears against their shields, which they did, frightening the dangerous flock away. And all through the journey, whenever these young men came to an end of their wisdom and strength, they would consult the oaken image, and secure the guidance and power needed in their emergency.

Upon the threshold of life it would be well for every one to go to the Speaking Oak of Dodona and find out what to do. That young man lives too near the ground, too low in the realm of animalism, who enters upon any occupation, trade, business or profession without first going to God in prayer for guidance. Many are divinely guided into their calling in life by instincts, inclinations, and judgment; all these Jason had, but in entering upon his enormous undertaking, he felt the need of an especial spiritual communication. There is no young man or young woman who lives, who may not have specific divine guidance in the selection of his or her life-work, if there be earnest prayer offered. In all of the emergencies of life, great or small, all people, young and old, high and low, may have divine wisdom to guide, and divine strength to sustain. Even in the thing called most trivial, if light from heaven be asked in the right spirit it will certainly be given. It is a source of great comfort to every weary traveler, and tired workman, to know that there is a voice which will tell which road to take, and a hand which will help in the perplexing task. The best thing Jason could do was to consult the wooden figure of the Speaking Oak. It is a blessed thing that we, like him, children of a King, can consult a Living Figure on a tree, whose features are beautiful and whose lips speak the voice of God, whose sacrifice makes it possible for us to secure a kingdom infinitely greater than that of Pelias and to wear a never-fading crown.

A PROFESSIONAL BURGLAR CONVERTED

WHILE pastor of the Central Church at Newark, N. J., I was conducting a series of meetings. At the close of one of them, a strange man came up to me and said, "Are you going home?" "Yes," I said. "Then, if I may, I will walk along with you," he rejoined. I consented; but as a part of one of the streets leading to the parsonage was very bad, with its saloons and tough customers, I kept my eye pretty well upon the movements of the stranger.

At last the words that were struggling for utterance found expression, as he said: "I am a professional burglar. My partner and I are here in Newark 'cracking' houses. I saw the lights in your church and I heard the singing. Something, calling me by my first name, said to me: 'Why don't you go in?' I believe now it was the voice of God speaking to me. I cannot understand how I happened to go in, for I have not attended a religious service before in a dozen years. God must have put the sermon in your heart to-night, and put it there on purpose for me. Every word went home. When you said the number of sins or the number of years in sin made no difference to Christ; that he could forgive a million sins as easily as one, and that he could save the worst man on earth as easily as the most respectable sinner, I felt that possibly there was some hope for me, a thief and a murderer. And when you talked so tenderly about God's love for the most wretched and vile in the death of his Son upon the cross, I could not stand it; it melted my heart, and I said to myself, 'I will never cut another window-pane nor blow open another safe.' And when you said, 'It is not necessary for us to wait till next Sabbath, nor till to-morrow night, to find the Saviour—not even necessary to wait until the invitation is given to come forward to the altar; you can have Christ as your Saviour just now, while I am speaking, for the asking and receiving,' just at that moment I asked God, for the sake of Christ, to forgive my sins and make me a good man. A sweet peace came to my heart, and I believe that then and there I became a converted man."


By this time we had gotten to a shaded spot, not far from the parsonage. The night was very still, and no people were near us on the street. Suddenly he drew a revolver out of his pocket and pointed it at me. I did not believe the man intended to shoot me, but I was pretty sure he intended to take my watch if he could. Quick as lightning, I thought what a clever trick to tell such a story of conversion and reform. I instinctively clapped my hand on my watch, for it had a value far above the gold case and the fine works on the inside; it was a birthday present to me from my sainted father, and I did not intend that the burglar should have it without a fight. Instead of demanding my watch, he said: "Take this revolver; I belong to Christ and shall never need it again." Then he took from a pocket some burglar's tools and said: "Take these also. I have opened many a window with this, and door with that, and drawer with

that. I am a Christian man now, and I shall never want to use them again."

It is easier to form than to reform character. The Christian Church of this past century has recognized this fact, and has brought a large proportion of its members into the fold through the Sunday School and young people's organizations. The work of reforming character, however, must not be forgotten. Difficult though the task may be, there are enough wrecked men redeemed to encourage the workers, and more bad men would be saved if more diligent efforts were put forth in their behalf.




GENERAL HARRISON AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER

ENERAL HARRISON, though reserved in his disposition and dignified in his bearing, though engaged in the contemplation of great themes, though he was justly proud of his ancestry and his promotion, was, within his heart, as simple as a child. His devotion to his little daughter, four years old, was pathetic. As they passed through New York on their way to the mountains to spend the summer, the General and the little girl were often seen playing tag and ball in the hotel hall outside of the room, the father enjoying the fun as much as the child. They often walked on the streets of Indianapolis together, and the people would stop and look at them and say, "What a beautiful picture!" Each seemed to be so happy in the company of the other. During the father's last illness the little child went down into the kitchen, and the cook got the materials and showed her how to make a little pie. When it was baked she took it in her hand and ran up to her father's room, and with joy flashing from her eyes she said: "Oh, papa, I've got something nice for you. I made it myself; it is going to make you well." The General smiled sweetly at her, but was too sick to talk.

A short time before General Harrison's death, Mr. Fishback, his old law partner, died, and the lawyers of Indianapolis assembled in the Federal Court room to take suitable action. General Harrison's remarks were brief, eloquent, exceedingly pathetic. In closing, he said: "In the dead of the night lately, gentlemen of the bar, my little daughter came to me with deep earnestness and said, 'Papa, in the big dark of the night I wake up and want to touch you. If I don't, I feel lonely.'" The General paused, choked, and with tears falling from his eyes continued: "I put out my hand to touch my old friend; he is gone, and I am lonely." In the big dark of a night a nation puts out its hand to touch a favorite son, lawyer, orator, statesman, soldier, Christian; he is gone, and there is sorrow in the land. In the dark night of affliction, when we put out our hand to touch our loved ones and find that they are gone, if we can only touch the hand with the nail-print, we will have Divine company in our loneliness.

LINCOLN, THE LAWYER, ACTS AS A PASTOR

ISITING Captain Gilbert J. Greene at his home in Washingtonville, N. Y., I said: "Captain, what do you think of Lincoln's religion? There is evidence which satisfies me that he was a thoroughly religious man, and a Christian." He answered: "You are correct in your opinion. At one time in his life he was an unbeliever, and through life he held some religious views peculiar to himself, but in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity he was sound. One night he said to me, then a boy about nineteen, calling me by my first name, 'Gilbert, you have to stand at your printer's case all day and I have to sit all day, let us take a walk.' As we walked on the country road out of Springfield he turned his eyes to the heavens full of stars, and told me their names and their distance from us and the swiftness of their motion. He said the ancients used to arrange them so as to make monsters, serpents, animals of one kind or another out of them, but said he, 'I never behold them that I do not feel that I am looking in the face of God. I can see how it might be possible for a man to look down upon the earth and be an atheist, but I cannot conceive how he could look up into the heavens and say there is no God.' The information and inspiration received that night during the walk I shall never forget.

"To my certain knowledge Lincoln was a faithful student of the Bible. There was a copy of the New Testament with a flexible cover which laid on his table. I often took it in my hands and examined it. It was worn almost through with the rail-splitter's fingers. He once recited to me Christ's Sermon on the Mount without making a mistake. He said to me more than once that he considered Paul's sermon on Mars' Hill the ablest and most eloquent literary production ever spoken by mortal lip, or recorded by human pen.

"One day he said to me, 'Gilbert, there is a woman dangerously sick living fifteen miles out in the country, who has sent for me to come and write her will. I should like to have you go along with me; I would enjoy your company, and the trip would be a little recreation for you.' I cheerfully accepted the invitation. We found the woman worse than we expected. She had only a few hours to live. When Lincoln had written the will and it had been signed and witnessed, the woman said to him: 'Now I have my affairs for this world arranged satisfactorily. I am thankful to say that long before this I have made preparation for the other life I am so soon to enter. I sought and found Christ as my Saviour, who has been my stay and comfort through the years and is now near to me to carry me over the river of death. I do not fear death; I am really glad that my time has come, for loved ones have gone before me and I rejoice in the hope of meeting them so soon.' Mr. Lincoln said to her, 'Your faith in Christ is wise and strong, your hope of a future life is blessed. You are to be congratulated on passing through this life so usefully and into the future so happily.' She asked him if he would not read

a few verses out of the Bible to her. They offered him the Book, but he did not take it, but began reciting from memory the 23d Psalm, laying especial emphasis upon 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Without the Book he took up the first part of the 14th of John. 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself.' After he had given these and other quotations from the Scriptures he recited several hymns, closing with 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.' I thought at the time I had never heard any elocutionist speak with such ease or power as he did. I am an old man now, but my heart melts as it did then in that death chamber, as I remember how, with almost divine pathos, he spoke the last stanza:

“While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.’

“A little while after the woman passed to her reward. As we rode home in the buggy, I expressed surprise that he should have acted pastor as well as attorney so perfectly, and he replied, ‘God and eternity were very near to me to-day.’”

In concluding the interview, I said to Captain Greene, “You have done the memory of the martyred President and the Christian public a service in opening this new window on the religious side of Lincoln’s nature. However much the mind may be tempted to doubt, there are times when the heart must believe. The religion of the dying woman and of the ministering attorney is the need of the universal heart and will become the religion of the world.”



THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS



PENSER in his *Faerie Queene*, gives a vivid description of the conflict between Holiness and Truth on one side and Satan on the other. A horrible dragon which represents Satan, devastates the territory of a king and queen, who take refuge in a brazen tower through fear of him. Una, the daughter, who represents Truth, goes to the annual festival of the Faerie Queen and asks for a deliverer for her parents and their people. The Queen sends The

Knight of the Red Cross, who represents Holiness, and the two return to fight the monster. Before he enters the conflict, Una persuades him to repair to the home of the damsels Fidelia, Speranza and Charissie, or, Faith, Hope and Charity, where he is taught the heavenly virtues and is strengthened for the coming fray. He goes out to meet the dragon, whose body covers an entire hill, and who, half running and half flying, leaps up and charges upon him. With a swish of his tail he throws over the horse and rider, but they arise, and the Knight wounds his wing. They fight all day, and finally the Knight, stunned and longing for death, falls back into a well—the Well of Life, by whose healing waters he is strengthened. He arises from his stupor the next morning, and is again met by his enemy on the plain. Again they fight all day. The Knight cuts off the dragon's leg and otherwise injures him; but, fatigued with the conflict, and faint with the hot breath of the beast, he slips in the mire and sinks into a deep sleep. Happily, he falls under the Tree of Life, and a healing balm flows from it and recuperates him, so that in his new strength he arises and slays the monster. Una joins him, and they rescue the king and queen and all their people.

In the conflict of the soul with Satan, divine power is absolutely necessary to secure the victory. The soul will grow faint and be destroyed in the fight, unless it be refreshed by the Water of Life, by the Tree of Life. In our struggle to save others from the dominion of Satan, we will utterly fail unless we be invigorated by the Spirit of the living God.



WASHINGTON'S EARLY PROPHECY

WHEN a boy fifteen years of age, George Washington wrote this marvelous prophecy of himself: "I will command the troop of my colony, win everybody's regard, inherit a large fortune, will be called to command the army of the country, will be the first soldier of my time, will be called to rule over a nation I shall help to create." It seemed as though he were mistaken in his prophecy as to matrimony. He fell desperately in love with the "Lowland Beauty," and wrote verses to her, and made a proposal of marriage to her, which was declined with thanks. She married another man and became the grandmother of General Robert E. Lee, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army. He then became fascinated with a Miss Phillipse, but, while he was away fighting the Indians, another man cut him out and married her. But the dream of his boyhood was realized at last in his marriage to the widow Custis, who was "beautiful, elegant, and wealthy," whom he loved. In every other particular, the prophecy of his boyhood was fulfilled.

The young dream themselves into what they are to be. The plans are

drawn on the paper before the structure is built on the ground. It is the castles of air, after all, that turn into palaces of stone. It is more than likely that the Spirit of the Infinite whispered in the ear of George Washington, the boy.



WELCOMES LEPROSY OUT OF LOVE FOR HER HUSBAND

AMONG the many instances of heroism which have been recorded, few have been more noble than those of Catholic priests and Protestant missionaries who have turned their backs upon everything dear in life, and life itself, to minister to the physical and spiritual wants of those confined in the leper settlements. A notable instance of this kind of heroism has come to recent notice, illustrating the singular devotion of a wife to her husband. Lui Hulapa, a talented and promising young Hawaiian, married a beautiful native girl, with whom he lived happily for five years, when he discovered unmistakable evidences of leprosy in his body. A knowledge of the fact filled his soul with horror. Instead of concealing the first hints of the disease, as he might have done, his fear of spreading the contagion to the general public, and especially to his lovely wife, led him to seek an early removal to a place of isolation. His wife earnestly protested against his leaving her, asking the privilege of running away with him to some distant island where she might live with him until death alone should part them. But he objected to such a sacrifice on her part, and hurried away to the leper settlement, from which no traveler ever returns. Distracted at her separation from him, she bathed herself in the juice of a plant which produced an effect on the body that very nearly resembled the disease of leprosy, and presented herself at the Kahili station, as a leper. The Board of Examiners, after careful investigation, decided that she did not have the disease. Then she sent the Board of Health the following letter:

"All the members of the Board of Health will know that I am Luhia, wife of Lui Hulapa, leper. I painted myself, and gave myself up as a suspect, with the idea that, by so doing, I would be able to enter the leper settlement as the nurse for my husband. So, in the apology for what I did, I humbly ask the Board of Health to allow me to go to the settlement as a nurse.

"Your obedient servant,

"LUHIA LUI HULAPA."

On inquiry, it was found that an additional nurse could be used, and Hulapa is to-day with her husband in Molokai—a martyr to her devotion to him.


Wives under sudden impulse have often risked, and even given their lives to save their husbands. But here is a woman who deliberately gives herself up to a

living death, and that, too, without any possible hope of saving her husband's life; but out of pure affection for him, and a determination to be by his side. Life without him was misery to her, and misery with him was joy. All the queens do not wear royal robes, nor crowns of gold; this sublime heroism will be crowned with immortality.

These two Hawaiians are converts to the Christian faith, and will live out their lingering life of disease in patience, with the prospect of an everlasting companionship.




LITTLE SINS

HE white ant is a destructive little creature, eating most kinds of vegetable growth, and boring his way into wood and cutting it to pieces. A gentleman in one of the cities of France gave a dinner, and while the guests were at the table the floor gave away, and table, dishes, food, guests, furniture, and everything in the room fell into the cellar below. These white ants had eaten into powder the supports of the floor, so silently and swiftly that the accident came without any warning.

So-called little sins have sharp teeth, and cut far into the wood, and damage the supports of character. It is seldom that a great solitary sin ruins the character of a good man. It is the small habits of evil, the secret thoughts, and first variations from duty, which, growing, do their work silently and unnoticed, and eventually break out into some awful overt act, which shocks the tottering structure and throws character and reputation into ruin. The little white ants of evil thoughts and first habits are dangerous things to be reckoned with. In Africa, the natives have discovered a black ant which takes pleasure in killing the white ant, and when the white vandals appear they send out the black warriors to put an end to them. The thoughts and little habits of good must drive out the evil ones if the character would be preserved.



GROVER CLEVELAND'S TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM McKINLEY

N the day of President McKinley's funeral, a memorial service was held at Princeton University, in Alexander Hall. President Patton offered prayer, and ex-President Cleveland made an address, which was in part as follows:

"He has passed from the public sight, not joyously, bearing the garlands and wreaths of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the sobs and

tears of a mourning nation. He has gone to his home, not the habitation of earthly peace and quiet night, with domestic comfort and joy, but to the dark and narrow home appointed for all the sons of men, and then to rest until the morning light of the Resurrection shall gleam in the East.

"All our people loved their dead President. His kindly nature and lovable traits of character, and his amiable consideration for all about him, will long live in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotism and unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them: 'It is God's will; I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and leave the destiny of their country in their keeping.' Let us, then, as our dead is buried out of our sight, seek for the lessons and the admonitions that may be suggested by the life and death which constitute our theme.

"First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the student body of our university. These lessons are not obscure or difficult. They teach the value of study and mental training, but they teach more impressively that the road to usefulness and to the only success worth having, will be missed or lost except it is sought and kept by the light of those qualities of the heart, which it is sometimes supposed may safely be neglected or subordinated in university surroundings. This is a great mistake. Study, and study hard, but never let the thought enter your mind that study alone, or the greatest possible accumulation of learning alone, will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success. The man who is universally mourned to-day achieved the highest distinction which his great country can confer on any man, and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education, but with all you will hear of his grand career and his services to his country and to his fellow citizens, you will not hear that the high plane he reached or what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. You will, instead, constantly hear as accounting for his great success that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral and clean in every relation of life. He never thought any of those things too weak for his manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most distinguished man, a great man, a useful man—who became distinguished, great and useful because he had, and retained unimpaired, qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning."

While Mr. Cleveland did not underestimate Mr. McKinley's intellectual ability, but gave him full credit for the possession of a masterly mind, yet he showed great wisdom in laying particular emphasis upon the natural and moral affections which made him so strong and universally beloved. And there was a peculiar timeliness in suggesting the relation of heart-values to earthly success

to the students of a university, for educated young men often feel that the affections are a department of their nature considerably below the intellectual, and that the highest manliness is secured rather by a suppression of the tender, generous, or even religious sympathies, than by the cultivation of them. The heart is where a man lives; it is the place where character dwells. In it there are justice, honesty, chastity, fidelity, bravery, devotion and love; these are the things that most determine how large a man is to be, what public favor he is to secure, and what destiny shall await him in the next world. Mr. Cleveland was right in assigning to the tender, affectionate, pure, pious spirit of Mr. McKinley, the reason for his greatness and popularity.

It will be well for all people, old and young, to remember, that while the heart is reached by the intellect as a channel, it yet controls the mind, and though the will determines conduct, the hand of affection is laid upon its helm to guide it. It was what the martyred President loved that made him what he was. And so it is with other people; their lives are the measure of their affections.

Our Heavenly Father has recognized this great fact, and has given us a religion which appeals to the heart, and has sent the only Son of his bosom to bear that message to us, and to impart himself to us as its incarnation. Earthly and immortal destiny depends upon the condition of the heart.



THE POWER OF A BAD BOOK

MARTIN THORN, who murdered Guildensuppe in so foul a manner, died in the electrical chair in Sing Sing, in expiation of his crime. A little time before his execution, he said to the Catholic priest who ministered to him at the last: "I was not always bad; I was a good boy and a good man at first. I believed in the Bible, and in God and the future life. I liked the company of good people. The fatal mistake of my life was the reading of one of Ingersoll's books. I am sorry Robert Ingersoll ever lived. I am sorry that I ever read a line of his. The reading of that book was the first step away from God and heaven, and my course has been downward ever since, till I have come to the blackest crime and am now compelled to face the most disgraceful death."

Thousands of young men can trace the first step away from the God of their fathers to the reading of some sceptical book, or the listening to some orator as he laughs at the Bible, ridicules Christ, or blasphemes the Creator. To destroy a man's faith in God, and the future life, is to take every support from under virtue, is to withdraw every bolt from character and leave the soul a moral wreck.

THE MOUNTAIN HIND RECEIVES THE STROKE



HAT the Grecian arms might be successful against Troy, Iphigenia, at the command of the gods, offered herself as a sacrifice upon the altar of her country. Not with tears, or regrets, or reproaches, did she go, but with calmness and bravery she approached her fate, as she said: "I give my body with a willing heart to die for my country and for the whole land of Greece. I pray the gods that ye may prosper, and win the victory in this war, and come back safe to your homes. And now let no man touch me, for I will offer my neck to the sword with a good heart."

The great army was gathered in wondering expectation about the altar, to witness the sacrifice; the herald hushed the soldiers into silence, while the priest, wreathing the noble brow of the victim with beautiful garlands, offered to the goddess Diana the following prayer:

"Accept

This victim which the associate troops of Greece,
And Agamemnon, our imperial chief,
Present to thee; the unpolluted blood,
Now from this beauteous virgin's neck to flow,
Grant that secure our fleets may plough the main,
And that our arms may lay the rampired walls
Of Troy in dust."

When he had finished the prayer, the priest drew a sharp knife, and, marking well with his eye the place where he should strike, gave the blow, whose sound the soldiers plainly heard, but—strange to say—when they looked for the bleeding maiden at the altar, she was nowhere to be seen: she had vanished, and at the altar, weltering in its blood, was a large mountain hind, that received the knife that was meant for her. Quicker than lightning, between the upraised knife and its fall, the gods took away the virgin to themselves and put the hind in her place; whose blood they accepted as an expiation in her stead.

Euripides in this story, expresses the belief which has existed among men from the earliest times, that a sacrifice of blood is necessary to atone for sin and secure the favor of heaven; and for one unacquainted with the Holy Scriptures, he approaches singularly near the account of the sacrifice of Isaac by his father.

The sharpened knife was once raised above Man's head, and as the stroke came down it entered the heart of the Spotless Lamb, who died at the altar, and whose sacrifice made it possible for man to be forgiven, and translated to the society of heaven.

GATES AJAR

THE people of Bloomington, Illinois, turned out in a body to attend the funeral services of Litta, the celebrated songstress, who was a native of that place. The body was taken to the First Methodist Church. The building, which was large, was filled, but there were a great many more people outside of the building than there were in it. Among the pall-bearers were George R. Wendling, Joseph Fifer, afterward Governor of Illinois, and Adlai Stevenson, afterward Vice-President of the United States. The whole altar was one garden of flowers. Judge Davis, Ex-President of the United States Senate, had sent a large floral piece, "Gates Ajar," which was placed near the coffin. I was finishing the funeral address, referring to death as the gateway through which the good pass to a better life, when the sun, which had been hidden by a thick cloud, came from behind it, and sent its rays through the stained glass window of the church upon the "Gates Ajar," painting them with celestial beauty; the beauty of the flowers, and of the colors on the "Gates," and the reference to that which they typified in the message, produced a magical effect on the audience. It seemed as though heaven was not far away; the songs of the angels not very far distant.

Death, which to the natural heart seems like the black mouth of a cave, to the spiritual vision is a gate of flowers ajar, which the Sun of Righteousness, shining through the cross in the stained window, illuminates with the lovely hues of paradise. Death is so black and terrible a thing, that, without a hope of a life beyond, the soul would be overwhelmed with despair. Christ has taught us that, to the good, it is a gateway of flowers resplendent with the beauties of another world; and that heaven, with its flowers and melodies and sweet companionships, is not far away from the chamber of death, or from the hearts that mourn.



THE INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH

PROFESSOR SAMUEL MORSE, the brilliant young painter, sculptor, and scholar, became deeply interested in experiments with electro-magnetism. On the ship *Sully*, from Havre to New York, the idea of the electric telegraph appeared to his mind, and before he landed, he had the plans of his instrument all drawn, to the minutest detail, to be used in the application for his patent, and in its practical work. After having spent all his own money and as much as he could borrow, in his attempts to operate his machine, as a last possible hope he appealed to Congress for help. He asked for \$30,000 for the construction of a little line from Baltimore to Washington. The last day of the

session was drawing to a close, and it looked as though Congress would deny his request, and he would utterly fail in his project. He went to bed that night about heartbroken. At the breakfast table the next morning, a young lady congratulated him, and on asking the reason, he learned that the last act but one passed by Congress, was to furnish him the money he desired. He was so delighted with the news, that he promised the young lady that she should send the first message over his wire. And this is the one which she sent: "What hath God wrought?"

What a difference there was between his feelings in the hotel that night, and those he experienced thirty years from that time, in the Academy of Music in New York, when a grand reception was given in his honor! Distinguished men from all callings were present, and he was enthusiastically praised as one of the greatest inventors of the world. The instrument on which he sent his first message had been fastened to a wire in the Academy, and during the exercises he stepped up to it, and sent the following salutation: "Greeting and thanks to the telegraph fraternity throughout the world. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men."

How appropriate was the first message, "What hath God wrought?" If the professor had selected one himself it could not have been more in harmony with his spirit. In his intellectual conceptions; in the aid he secured from Congress; in a hundred other things connected with his practical experiment, he felt that he had been divinely led. The Holy Ghost brooded over the intellect of the nineteenth century, and the marvelous inventions that have multiplied the conveniences of civilized living have been the offspring. No devout person can look at them and appreciate their worth without saying, "What hath God wrought?"

What an appropriate message was the one sent from the Academy of Music! It was the one which the angels had flashed by wireless telegraphy to the humble shepherds. It was the one that had been reported in the first communication from England to America over the Atlantic cable. It was the one that filled his heart to overflowing as, a man over eighty years old, with hair and beard white as snow, he walked to the instrument a veritable prophet of God, and telegraphed: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men."

Professor Morse's great invention has contributed to peace and good-will among men, by fastening cities and nations together by closer ties of commerce and stronger bonds of friendship. His life of purity, benevolence, and devotion, did its part to usher in a knowledge of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. There will come a time in the future when the quivering wires of earth will be united with the ecstatic wires of heaven in ascriptions of "Glory to God in the highest," at the fulfilment of the prophecy, "peace on earth, good-will to men."

SEVERUS AND HIS TWO BAD SONS

TRAVELERS in the north of England, here and there come upon stones which are the ruins of the wall Severus, the Emperor of Rome, built. The wall was twelve feet high and eight feet wide, and stretched from the German Ocean on the east, to the Solway Firth on the west. The motive that led Severus to Britain to undertake the conquest of the Northern tribes, was the fact that he had two exceedingly wicked sons, who hated each other and were disloyal to their father; and he thought an expedition to Britain might wake them up to a sense of their manhood, and prepare them for the responsibilities awaiting them. He left one of his sons with a portion of the army in the southern part of the island, and took the other son, with the rest of his command, upon an expedition against the Picts and Scots in the north. But his son, Bassianus, who accompanied him, was just as depraved as ever; breeding sedition in the camp and plotting the overthrow of his father's authority. His plan to murder his father being discovered, the father summoned his profligate son to his presence and bitterly rebuked him, then, laying down a keen, unsheathed sword, he said, "If you wish to kill me, do it now. Here I stand, old, infirm, and helpless; you are young and strong, and can do it easily. I am ready. Strike the blow." The vagabond son did not strike his father with the sword of steel, but continued to stab him with the knife of his ingratitude, and the father, discouraged by his sons' wickedness and worthlessness, succeeded only partially in conquering the tribes of the North, contenting himself with the construction of a huge wall across the island.

Taking into account their abilities and opportunities, history furnishes us with few blacker instances of filial disloyalty than that shown by the sons of Severus. Supported and educated by their father, they did not realize that they were under any obligation to him, or that they owed any duty to themselves; but, perhaps because they were rich and belonged to the royal family, they gave themselves up to all kinds of folly, dissipation, shame and crime; dishonoring their father's administration and making wretched his life. He made the administration of the greatest empire in the world tributary to a last desperate attempt to save, and make something out of his bad boys. He pressed the army and navy and treasury of the Roman Empire into service, to make them help him reform his wicked sons, but they were so besotted with vice that they were insensible to their father's love and indifferent to their own opportunities.

The sons of Severus have had their imitators through all ages to the present, and the world is full of them to-day. It does seem as though the sons of the rich and famed are subject to greater temptations and surrender to them more readily than others. But bad boys are not confined to any class; they can be found in great numbers among the poor as well as the rich. There are no cities or towns that are not cursed with some of them. Some are ruined for want of

parental restraint, and others go to the bad, in these days of terrible temptation, in spite of the most careful home training. In fact, it often seems that when the parents are most tender and affectionate and self-sacrificing, the children appear more heartless and cruel in their ingratitude, and more reckless in their habits. As far as the agony is concerned, the sharp sword with which Severus bade his son strike him, is merciful in comparison to the daily, hourly stabs that profligate sons inflict upon their parents. So many gray hairs are brought in sorrow to the grave by these modern sons of Severus! Young men who forget home, and the love and sacrifices of parents, who are blind to their own opportunities and privileges, and surrender to base passion and give themselves over to lives of evil habit, will have a hard time in this life and a harder one in the life which is to come.



A FLAGMAN CRUSHED TO DEATH, RESCUING A CHILD

AS I was waiting for a train at the Pennsylvania railroad depot at Pittsburg, Pa., I saw here and there groups of people in the street and went over to them to find what had happened. The flagman at the corner of Eleventh street and Liberty avenue had just been killed. He had been with the Pennsylvania railroad thirty-five years, twenty of which had been spent as flagman at street crossings. His name was William Carr. He never lost a life at his crossing during all the years of service, and he was known all over Pittsburg as "Faithful Old Bill." As the Fort Wayne express came rushing along two young ladies, accompanied by a child not more than seven years old, started to cross the tracks. The flagman, realizing that it was impossible for them to gain the other side before the locomotive would reach them, called to them to stop. The two women, hearing the signal, looked up, and but a few feet away they saw the engine about to strike them. In their fright and consternation they turned back, and left the helpless child standing in the middle of the track. The little one was so frightened it was unable to move. Carr, quickly realizing the awful fate that threatened the helpless girl, threw away his flag and made a leap for the little one. Catching her about the waist, he threw her to one side, and stepped back from the track just as the big engine brushed by. The heroic watchman, in his excitement did not notice the approach of an engine on the opposite track, and jumped directly in front of it, and his lifeless body was taken out from under the wheels. The little girl was picked up from the street where the hero had thrown her, and it was found that she was uninjured. She did not say, "A man that has been a railroad man for thirty-five years ought to have sense enough to keep out of the way of an engine." She did not say, "The man was paid for watching the crossing and that is was his duty to do so, and his own bad luck if an accident occurred to him." No, she wrung her hands and cried, and said, "I am so sorry

that good man got killed. And just think, he died saving my life! I want to see him; take me to him; I want to kiss him; the lovely man that died for me." The watchman was so horribly mangled that they would not let the little girl see him.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." Jesus Christ saved us from death, but in doing so he lost his own life. William Carr risked his life in saving the child, but hoped to preserve it; Jesus rescued us, knowing that it would cost him his life to do so. The gratitude and love which the little girl had for the heroic flagman, are types of the gratitude and love we should have for our Divine Saviour.



BEND THE HEAD OR STRIKE THE BEAM



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in a letter to Dr. Mathes, of Boston, says: "The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library; and on my taking leave, showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew; he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly toward him, when he said hastily, 'Stoop! Stoop!' I did not understand him, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed any occasion of giving instruction; and upon this, he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you, stoop as you go through, and you'll miss many hard thumps.' This advice thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortune brought upon people, by carrying their heads too high."

Over the paths of social life and avenues of the business world, there are beams, scattered here and there all along the way, approaching which, people who hold their heads very high, must either stoop or get a thump. And the streets are full of hats knocked off by these obstructions, and of people whose heads are covered with bruises because they did not take the precaution to bend them. The wicked world will often take a hearty laugh at the ridiculous manner in which these haughty-headed people run against the beams.

Little children play a game in which, when an obstruction is approached, there is a cry of "low bridge," and the little ones tuck their heads and go under in safety. It would be well if such a lesson of wisdom were to be remembered by them through life, especially by those who are to come up into lives of position and wealth. It would be fortunate, if a mashed hat or a bruised head were the only penalty of striking the obstruction over the path. Many are killed by carrying their heads too high. Most of the States compel railroad companies to stretch a line, with strings hanging from it, near both ends of a

bridge, that the brakemen on the train may have warning and stoop their heads, and pass under the bridge in safety; and yet in spite of such warning, every now and then a railroad man is hit and killed by a low bridge. Notwithstanding the faithful warnings that are given, haughty-headed men and women are losing their fortunes, and lives, and souls by striking against the beam across the way.



THE CHOICE OF HERCULES

THE original "Choice of Hercules" has been lost, but the substance of it has been preserved by Xenophon in his *Memorabilia* of Socrates. Hercules was puzzled as to what path he should take in entering life. He repaired to a solitude for meditation. While there he saw two female figures of lofty stature approaching him. One was of an engaging and graceful mien, with elegance of form, modesty of look and sobriety of demeanor, and clad in a white robe. The other was fed to fatness and was aided by art in her complexion, so that she seemed rosier than she really was, and in gesture so that she seemed taller than her natural height. The last named one said to him: "I see you are hesitating by what path you shall enter life. If you will yield yourself to me I will conduct you by a delightful and easy road, and there is no fear that I will urge you to procure delights by suffering of body or mind." "What is your name?" he said. "My friends call me Happiness, but those who hate me call me Vice." The other female approached, and said: "I will not deceive you with promises of pleasure. For of whatever is valuable the gods grant nothing except through labor and care." Here Vice interrupting, said: "Do you see by how difficult a road she leads you to gratification, while I will lead you by an easy path to pleasure." "Wretched being!" rejoined Virtue. "What good are you in creation, what happiness can you experience, when you are unwilling to do anything for its attainment? You are cast out of the society of the gods, and despised by mankind, while I am a companion of the gods and associate with virtuous men. There is no honorable deed, human or divine, that is done without my sanction. My friends have the richest food and sweetest sleep, and when the destined end of life shall come they will not lie down in oblivion, but, celebrated in songs of praise, they shall flourish forever in the memory of mankind. By such a course of conduct, O Hercules, son of noble parentage, you may secure the most exalted happiness."

These maidens are faithful witnesses of the fact that the path of idleness is haunted by vice, and that the path of virtue is one of toil. After religion, after education, industry is the best safeguard for the young. Thousands, every year, take the downward course more from lack of systematic occupation than anything else.



HE SAW TWO FEMALE FIGURES APPROACHING HIM

THE VICTORIAN AGE



ON January 22, 1901, Queen Victoria died. She was considered in and out of the nation as the best and most successful ruler England ever had. Macaulay, who was only permitted to live out one-third of her reign, said of her, "She is the wiser, greater, happier Elizabeth." Her death removed the most conspicuous and potential figure on the face of the earth. After the mother of Our Lord, perhaps no woman since the world began ever exerted so beneficent an influence upon the hearts and destiny of mankind. How much of the sixty-three years of progress to attribute to Victoria, and how much to the English people, out of whose loins came a Gladstone and a Tennyson, it is difficult to tell: each deserves a full measure of praise. Only a great England could produce a Victoria, and a Victoria could not do other than make a greater England. It took between one and two thousand years of experiment and struggle to make the England of to-day, or its lamented ruler. Her rule extended through almost two-thirds of the most wonderful century the world has ever known, and she and her loyal people contributed their full share to its progress. She saw her sails whiten every sea, her trade mark its footprints in every land, her colonies planted in every clime, her missionaries toiling in every field. When the sceptre fell from her numb fingers it was wielded over one-fourth of the territory, and one-fourth of the population of the globe.

When Victoria became Queen, few people could vote, when she died there were few who could not vote. Her greatest strength as a ruler was in her weakness, in the limitation of her monarchy. The Parliament which the Constitution had thrown about the Crown as a barrier, was, after all, an instrument of protection and safety. Victoria was so much safer and stronger because the House of Lords was in front of her, the House of Commons behind her, and the arms of a loyal people around her. She so adjusted herself to her privileges and duties, met every question with uncommon sense, was so fond of justice, had such a keen sense of righteousness, had such affection for her people, was such an ideal wife and mother, was such a devout Christian, that the respect of her subjects ripened into adoration.

The characteristic of Queen Victoria was her Christliness, the characteristic of the Victorian age was that it was a Christian age. "God alone is great." Jesus Christ is the only King. All earthly potentates receive their lustre from the brightness of his face, and all true authority from his will and love. Queen Victoria fought a good fight, she kept the faith, she has received her crown of righteousness. If we be loyal to Christ, the poorest, the humblest of us will be joint heirs with him, and be elevated to the rulership of an empire whose territory shall know no bounds, whose sway shall know no limit, and whose enjoyment shall know no end.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE Y. M. C. A.

ABOUT sixty years ago, a young man went from Somersetshire to London, to learn the dry-goods business. He entered as a clerk in the store of George Hitchcock, one of the leading business houses of the great capital.

This young man was intelligent, industrious, honest and polite, he was firm in his religious faith, and exceedingly aggressive in evangelical labor. There were a hundred other clerks in the store, and chiefly through his personal instrumentality, a majority of them were brought into saving faith and into the Christian Church. He organized a prayer-meeting in an upper room of the store. The religious fire that started in this place spread to other houses in the same line of business.

The energetic young man who was leader in the movement, invited some clerks from the other dry-goods firms of the city to join him in a general religious meeting. And in the upstairs room where he had held his first meetings, he organized "A Society for Improving the Spiritual Condition of Young Men Engaged in the Dry-goods and other Trades." That young man was George Williams, and that society of London dry-goods clerks became the first Young Men's Christian Association of the world. And now, in fifty-eight years, it has grown until its buildings and associations have been established in every civilized country, and almost every great city, and in many heathen lands; and its members are numbered by the hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands, while its influence for good has been too great for numbers to express. That young clerk had not the remotest idea of what would be the result of his labor: all he wanted to do, and all he tried to do, was to save the souls of his fellow-clerks, and in his attempts to do so, "he builded wiser than he knew," becoming the founder of one of the most efficient religious instrumentalities of our time. The dry-goods clerk was promoted step by step until he became himself the head of one of the leading business houses in London, and now, in wealth and honor, he enjoys a title and place amongst the nobility of Great Britain. Unlike many men who decrease in grace as they increase in wealth and fame, the advancement of Sir George Williams, in religious growth and energy, has kept pace with his promotion and success as a merchant; with his counsel, his labors, and his gifts he has befriended every good enterprise, and to this day has maintained the most lively interest in the Association.

The privilege is allowed to but few to found such an organization as the Young Men's Christian Association, but the humblest young man, who does duty next to him, and who strives to bring some soul to Christ is doing a work, the greatness of which no language can describe, and though no notice may be taken of him, and no title of nobility may be bestowed upon him, in the cycles of eternity his work will grow into magnitudes which no numbers can compute, and no imagination conceive.

GONERIL AND REGAN, UNDUTIFUL DAUGHTERS



WHEN King Lear divided his kingdom between his two daughters, it was with the express provision that he should make his home with each, by the month, alternately, and that he should be allowed to retain with him a hundred attendants. Accordingly, he went first to live with his eldest daughter, Goneril; but before the month was out she complained at the number of his servants, and insisted that he should reduce them by one-half. He concluded to leave and go to the house of his second daughter, Regan; but she felt unwilling to care for more than twenty-five attendants. In desperation he returned to the home of his first daughter, who had said she could accommodate fifty, but she had changed her mind, being unwilling that he should have any, and claiming that she had servants enough of her own to take care of him. The King, overwhelmed by the ingratitude and perfidy of his daughters, went away into the night, and into the storm, and said:

“ Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout
Till you have drench’d our steeples, drowned the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o’ the world!
Crack nature’s moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call’d you children—
You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis’d old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join,
Your high-engender’d battles ’gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! ’tis foul!”

Literature furnishes few more graphic descriptions of filial ingratitude and injustice than that of these daughters toward their father. He gave them his kingdom, with its wealth and power and honor, not when it was dropping out of his numb fingers, and he could retain it no longer, but while he was alive; and the only condition he made, they broke before the first month had passed. Is it a wonder, then, that the homeless old man went out into the black night and the howling storm, a raving maniac. These daughters should have been pleased

to devote every moment of their time, every ounce of their strength, and, if need be, exhaust the entire resources of their realm, in caring for their father, and in making his declining years happy and comfortable. The quibble about the number of attendants was merely an excuse for evading their moral obligations; the trouble with them being, not the number of servants, but the hollowness of their own hearts.

All the ungrateful children did not die when Goneril and Regan passed away. There are some to-day, who pay very poor returns for a parent's care and love, who treat father and mother not only carelessly, but with positive neglect and contempt. There have been parents who, through overweening affection for their children, have divided up among them their property, and who lived to see these same children grow unkind, unsympathetic and cruel; betraying in every possible way their utter want of filial reverence, piercing with the thorn of ingratitude their parents' hearts with the pain of a dozen deaths.



CORDELIA, THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER

WHEN Cordelia, the third daughter of King Lear, learned how wicked her sisters had been in driving their gray-headed father away from their homes, and in setting him crazy with their ingratitude, she was filled with indignation, and she determined to go to his rescue, to nurse him and restore him to his kingdom. Having married the king of France, she summoned an army and undertook an expedition for this purpose. She expresses the motive of her undertaking in these words:

“ O dear father,
It is thy business, that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and importunate tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and my ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him!”

Sending a soldier out to search for her father, he found him wandering in the fields, and brought him to the camp. Awaking from a sleep as Cordelia came into his presence, he falls upon his knees, and says:

“ Pray, do not mock me,
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks I should know you,
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia."

Being convinced that it was she, he continued:

"If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they had not.
You must bear with me,
Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish."

His daughter's presence and love had brought his reason back to its throne. But in her attempt to restore her father to his authority, she was defeated by the army of her sisters, was captured, and executed. The father, overcome by the love of Cordelia, whom he at first had mistreated, and by her martyrdom in his behalf, sank down with a broken heart and expired.

From the dark background of the filial ingratitude and injustice of Goneril and Regan, Cordelia appears as the beautiful picture of a daughter's loyalty and love. All the dutiful daughters did not die with Cordelia. We believe that the youngest, rather than the two elder daughters of the king, represents a majority of the sons and daughters of this and other civilized countries, that, as a rule, they are affectionate and true to father and mother. The nation could not live very long if the opposite were the fact. One of the elements of longevity in the Chinese Empire has been the reverence of the people for the aged, literally fulfilling the commandment that long life shall follow the honoring of parents. American home life is full of Cordelias; many a daughter has declined the hand of a suitor, that she might devote her whole time and attention to an invalid father or mother. Many women, who have children of their own, open their arms wider, to include in their loving embrace an aged father or mother, for whose happiness they live. There are sons who have remained single, that they might be left the freer to take care of invalid or aged parents, and where they have married, they have worked the harder to support their parents as well as the wife and little ones given to them. Dutiful children are the eyes and ears, the feet and hands of the aged. I have seen an old father who would die without the presence of the daughter, who has cheerfully given her life as a sacrifice for him, and an aged mother who could not live without the devoted son who had given his life up largely for her comfort. "Mother,

take this chair, the one you are in is in a draught, and you will be injured." "Let me put this shawl over your shoulders, it is getting a little cold this evening." "Your hands are cold, I'll have a fire made for you." "Put up your sewing, you have done enough for to-day, those dear old fingers have done enough sewing for a life-time, and you never need take another stitch, unless you desire to." "A friend told me this medicine helped her, and I want you to try it for your cough." "Father, you are not eating much breakfast this morning, can you suggest anything you would relish? It will be gotten for you." "We will have a walk this morning." "I will take you riding this afternoon." "Had you not better take a nap? You look tired." "The morning is fair, I think you will be able to go to church to-day." "You will be better in the morning, dear." "Doctor, cannot you do something for him?" "He is gone! O, God! can I live without him?" These are expressions that are constantly heard in the average home of to-day. We congratulate our age, upon the fact that the Gonerils and Regans are few, and that the Cordelias are many.

It is difficult to tell which is the more beautiful picture, the one at the beginning, or the one at the end of life: parents with children in their arms, setting their feet down upon the highway of life, or children, with invalid or aged parents in their arms, kissing their white or wrinkled faces, and bearing them to the angels who are waiting to receive them.



CHRIST'S COMFORT IN AFFLICTION



AT a Young People's Meeting in Park Avenue Methodist Church, New York City, during my pastorate there, they sang, among other hymns, "When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there;" at the conclusion of which a tall woman, dressed in black, arose and said: "This is the first time I have had the courage to speak in any kind of meeting since our great affliction, some months ago. My children and I, as was our custom, gathered about the piano on Sunday evening, and sang religious hymns. The last one we sang was, 'When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.' I then tucked the little ones away in bed: that night our house took fire, and four of our darlings were burned to death. I have not a word of complaint against God's Providence. 'He doeth all things well.' The Holy Spirit is my comforter, and I say from the bottom of my heart, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' I thank my Heavenly Father for letting us keep them as long as we did, and I count myself highly honored to have borne those whom Christ through grace divine, should have thought worthy to take to himself. I know they live, and I shall see them again and I shall have them again. 'When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there.'"

The little ones burned were grandchildren of Bishop William Taylor. The

mother's testimony made a profound impression: it melted everybody into tears. The superiority of Christ's consolation to the severest earthly affliction was so complete, that it inspired all present with a stronger faith in Christ and a brighter hope of heaven.



A STRIPE OR A COFFIN



CUSHING was only twenty-two years of age, and a lieutenant in the United States Navy, when, in 1864, he won for himself rank, and enduring fame in naval history, by an almost unparalleled act of heroism.

At that time, and for some prior period, the greatest damage had been done to our shipping by the Confederate ram, *Albemarle*, whose great strength had proven her invincibility, in an attack by a whole Federal fleet. The fear of the future ruin which it was in her power to accomplish, induced our Government to resort to every method toward her destruction, but, up to this time, all in vain.

Cushing, however, determined to make the hazardous attempt, futile though it seemed. He received permission to proceed, and having gathered together a volunteer crew of thirteen men in a steam launch, he prepared to leave the fleet, then off Roanoke River, on the night of October 27.

At that time the *Albemarle* was moored some eight miles up the river, at Plymouth, and well guarded from attack, both by a force of soldiers and also by many powerful batteries, too formidable for our fleet to face. To guard against any secret attempt, a heavy detachment of troops was always near her, and in addition she was surrounded by a pen of heavy logs, thirty feet wide.

Cushing had but little hopes of ever returning from his expedition alive, but was determined to succeed in his task at any rate. But he gave no sign of these apprehensions regarding his own fate, as he cheerfully bade his friends in the fleet farewell, with the words, "Another stripe or a coffin."

It was a dark night, and so carefully did he proceed in the launch, that he was able to get within a few yards of the ram before being discovered. Then broke forth a perfect hail of shot, shell and rifle balls, which fairly riddled his boat; but through all this storm Cushing drove right ahead, and ordering on full steam, sent his vessel straight against the logs. So great was the force of impact, that the launch forced herself sufficiently over the logs to enable Cushing to swing the torpedo boom under the overhang of the ram, and explode the charge; an act which he coolly performed, although but fifteen feet distant from the enemy, whose crew were all the time pouring a withering fire upon the little handful of men. The explosion was a success; the ram went to the bottom that night. Cushing's work was done, but his own position was most precarious; for the launch was a total wreck, and his enemies all around about pouring down upon him their fire. Calling upon the survivors of his crew to save themselves

the best way they could, he sprang into the river and struck out down stream. He swam for nearly a mile, when he just managed to reach the shore, but so completely exhausted that he lay for some time on the bank, motionless. At last he managed to crawl into a nearby swamp, where he remained in the mire until some strength returned to him, when he proceeded to work his way through the morass. After many hours' weary toil, he luckily found himself on the banks of a creek, where he happily discovered a boat, of which he immediately took possession, and pushed off, and by the following night reached an United States gunboat near the mouth of the river.

For this great heroism Cushing received the thanks of Congress, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander. He did not live long, however, after this event, as his exertions in his country's cause had so undermined his constitution, that before his thirty-second birthday this ornament to our navy had passed from earth.

It makes one proud of his country and race to read such a story of sublime heroism. When he said, "A stripe or a coffin," he meant that he had the ambition which is natural to mortals; but deeper and better than that ambition, he had a love for his country which made him reckless of his own life, to promote its welfare. Many heroes take great risk and perish. Lieutenant Cushing took the awful risk, and succeeded; but the explosion after all killed him the more slowly but surely, and he became one of the martyrs of the Republic.

Such heroism is constantly manifested in the religious world. There are people taking their lives in their own hands in every heathen nation on the globe, in their attempts to sink the fleets of moral evil and establish the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. Some are killed by the "Boxers"; some are eaten by the cannibals; others die by a slower process from fevers; but their places are quickly taken by the long line of godly men and women who are willing to dare and die for Christ.



THE FATAL TIGER'S CAGE



ALBERT NEILSON, a lad of sixteen years, was employed to clean the cages of the animals of Bostock's Zoological exhibition in the Cyclorama Building at Indianapolis. He had just been in the cage with the baby lions, playing with and petting them as usual, when, through carelessness or rashness, he entered the cage of a dangerous Bengal tiger named Rajah, which sprang upon him, biting and tearing him in a fearful manner. Though Frank Bostock, the manager, was the only one who ever entered that cage, W. F. Tanner and "Sam" Stevenson ran to the scene, and entered at the risk of their lives to save the boy. They burned Rajah with red-hot irons, and shot seven pistol-balls into his body, but he still held on to the boy. At last they thrust a red-hot poker down his

throat, and dragged the boy out of the cage; but not until he had been so injured that he died on his way to the hospital. The tragedy called out real heroism in the two men who fought so hard for the boy's life.

The reporters of Indianapolis sent over the wires columns of the details of the accident, but they had not a word to say about the hundreds of dens in the city, where tigers wait to kill the young men who are enticed into them. Cages of Bengal tigers are scattered all over most of the cities and towns of our country, and they are full of young men who are being slaughtered in body and soul. It is high time that more persons hastened to the rescue.



AN ATHEIST SAVED BY THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

WHILE pastor in a Western city, word came to my study that a woman, who belonged to my church, was dangerously sick. I hastened to her residence. Her husband, who was a bitter sceptic, and her sister were at her bedside, when my presence was announced. The husband, speaking to his sister-in-law about his wife said: "She is not going to die, and I am not willing to have her scared to death by a preacher. If she lives she is good enough, if she should chance to die, there is no need of the service of a minister, as there is no such thing as God or a future life." His sister-in-law said to him: "You can be a heathen yourself, but you can not expect the rest of us to be heathens; you know sister is a devoted Christian woman, and would be glad to see her pastor." He said gruffly, "Well, let him come up." I went upstairs, knowing nothing of the conversation that had introduced me; talked as tenderly with the sufferer as I could and offered an earnest prayer for her restoration, if consistent with the Divine Will, and for the presence of the Holy Spirit to comfort her in her affliction. That night she died. The following day I called at the residence. I was met in the parlor by the husband, who, taking me by the hand, trembled like a leaf, and cried like a child. "O pastor," said he, "I am the most wretched man in this world. I have no wife; I have no children; I have no God. I am all alone, and life is an intolerable misery to me." I tried to calm and comfort him with brotherly advice, instruction, and prayer. Returning to my study, I fell upon my knees, and asked God to give me a special message for the funeral service, which would result in the salvation of the wretched man's soul. The evening after the funeral I spent with him alone, in personal religious conversation and in earnest prayer. In an agonizing prayer, in which he made a full surrender to Christ, peace came to his soul. The burden fell off, and his face seemed to shine with a reflection of the upper glory. "Things seem so different to me now," he said. "I have always said that the Bible was false. I feel within me now, that it is true. I have denied the exist-

ence of God. I feel the presence of God in my heart. I thought it the most unreasonable thing to count Christ divine; in the depths of my soul I feel him to be divine. I said there was no other life; I feel in my heart the presence of that other life." He said: "I will tell you a dream I had last night. In it I saw my lovely wife, with the face of an angel, riding through the sky in a golden chariot of cloud; she called to me, saying, 'Meet me, O dear, won't you meet me?' I called back to her, 'Yes, my darling, I will.' I awoke and found my pillow wet with tears, and when you came to-night I felt that God had sent you to help me prepare to meet my precious one in heaven." The next Sunday, he made an open confession of Christ and united with our church.

It often happens that the visit of death to a family awakens the survivors from their spiritual slumber; raises them from their spiritual death. Some will not believe in eternity until its tide comes up to the little shores of earth, and bears a loved one away from them on its bosom. Some will not believe that there is such a place as heaven, until they follow with their eyes the spirits of their darlings and see them enter the Gates of Pearl. Some will not believe that there is such a person as Christ, until death robs them of all earthly supports and they cry out, in the agony of their loneliness, for the only real Being in the universe. In the blackest cloud of earthly affliction there often appears the loveliest rainbow of promise.



ROSES AND REFORMATION



THE following beautiful story of the effect of rose culture in reformation has come under our eye:

The assistant superintendent of a Western house of correction says that rose culture has developed as a distinctly reformatory factor among the women under his care. The discovery of its effectiveness was made by accident. His wife, who was matron of the establishment, had a small rose tree of which she was very fond. One summer, when a somewhat extended leave of absence had been granted her husband, she consigned it, not indeed without many misgivings, to the care of one of the committed women whose confidence or interest it had seemed impossible to arouse. Patience, gentleness, friendliness, alike fell on a wholly unresponsive exterior. The poor soul seemed fairly intelligent, but morally dead to any uplifting influence.

The owner of the rose tree had expected to leave it with a friend whose care she knew would equal her own. But the sullen, sodden face of the woman who had been so much in her thoughts of late rose before her mind's eye, and on an impulse as inexplicable as it was sudden she called her, explained carefully the plant's needs and how to meet them, and gave the bush into her keeping. After an absence of six weeks or more she returned, to find her rose tree in a most

flourishing condition and its keeper with a new light in her eyes, the hint of a purpose in her manner, and the dawning of a conscience in her soul.

This gave the superintendent a clew which he was not long in following. It was shortly reported that the showing made by the single rose tree was so fine that a rose garden for the house was in contemplation. A friend of the institution was found who was willing to back the experiment financially. A simple, inexpensive, almost crude conservatory was erected and a few dozen of the most beautiful varieties of roses were purchased. Then a course of talks, interspersed with stories of what roses had done in the world and how they had figured in its work, was given.

Tactfully and unobtrusively close supervision of the work was kept, but the whole care of the plants was given to the women themselves. The following spring a large plot of ground was appropriated to the purpose, and the women still did all the work. This was two or three years ago, and the experiment has justified the expenditure of every cent and every effort devoted to it.

Two or three other institutions, one for men, have adopted this method of employing their inmates, and the promoters of the scheme are hopeful of its eventually proving self-supporting through the sale of cut flowers and slips now carried on. The moral effect has been beyond their most sanguine expectations.

We are not surprised at this tender ministry of the flowers; they are the exquisite materialization of God's thoughts; they are the reflection of his beauty, the expression of his love. Science tells us that, when the earth was preparing for the habitation of the race, the few flowers that then existed were crude and homely, and that they ascended into variety, and put on their robes of beauty, to greet the opening eye of man. On nodding stem and waving branch, God has hung the blossoms of snowy whiteness and of crimson hues, as expressions of his regard for us. He speaks to us in the flowers, and tells us of his love. What a beautiful thing it was, to set these red-lipped messengers to tell God's love to the wayward. How appropriate to take the rose, which, from earliest times, has been the symbol of joy and love, and which to-day in its form, fragrance and hue is the expression of love, human and divine, and employ it for the esthetic enjoyment and moral benefit of the inmates of the institutions! We can hardly see how they could look upon the flower, whose unfolding bud is the symbol of innocence and purity, without seeing some reflection of absolute beauty, or receiving some inclination to a better life. By a law of our nature, we are made like that which we look upon; if we look at the beautiful things, we become beautiful; if at homely things, we become homely. In obedience to this law, the hearts of the inmates ought to receive some beauty as they look at and cultivate the roses.

The vision of God seen in the roses, enjoyable and beneficial as it is, is only partial; is only a hint of the clearer vision of him in the face of his Son, and in his blood, which the crimson petals typify. If the wayward will only look at the Rose of Sharon steadily enough, they will be reformed; they will be saved.

WHAT A CRIPPLED GIRL DID FOR CHRIST



ON reading the notice of a Mary Ashton memorial service in the State Street Methodist Church of Trenton, N. J., I addressed a letter to the pastor, Rev. Frank P. Parkin, D.D., requesting some particulars of the occasion, or of the life of the one in whose memory the meeting was held. He sent me a leaflet of his, which had been printed in the interest of the missionary society, from which I quote: "Mary Ashton was born at Frenchtown and died at her mother's summer home at Ocean Grove, N. J., August 22, 1899. When a young girl she was converted during camp meeting week, in Dr. Ward's tent, at Ocean Grove, and on her return to Trenton united with the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church of that city. It was in the class meeting that she received her first great impulse to give her life in behalf of foreign missions. A few years later she offered herself to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, for the work in China. After a careful examination the committee was compelled to decline her services, on account of her growing deafness and a predisposition to consumption. In 1885 she met with a terrible accident, by falling through an open hatchway in her father's store. She sustained a fracture of the left thigh, which left her a cripple for life, and compelled her to walk with a cane. One afternoon, after reading that there were 1,500 counties in China without a single missionary, she prayed, 'O Lord, send me!' Her call to work for China intensified until 1888, when, kneeling at her bedside, there came the thought: 'If you cannot go yourself, why not support a Bible woman there in your place?' The idea took lodgment, and she decided to interest fifty friends in the work, asking each to give two cents a week for the support of a Bible woman in China. About six months afterward, she undertook, by the same plan, the support of a Bible woman in India. In less than a year from that time, while leading a young people's service in her own church, on Easter night, she resolved to do greater things for the cause of missions. She bought large quantities of paper, ribbons, and other materials, at wholesale rates, and made them up into booklets, star-books, bird-books, etc. Her greatest source of income came from the ribbon bookmarks, which she fringed herself, and had printed on them choice hymns or poems, or scripture passages. These she disposed of in large quantities in all parts of the country. She devoted her entire time to the work. She denied herself every luxury, and her own weekly allowance, given by a fond father, she placed in her missionary treasury. When pressed with orders she frequently worked eighteen hours a day. On more than one occasion members of her family would discover her delicate fingers to be bleeding, from the task of using the fine twine; but no persuasion could induce her to abandon her labor of love.

As her income increased she added to the number of missionaries, until, in 1896, she made by the labor of her own hands \$1,560. With this amount she supported Miss Clara Collier and Miss Helen R. Galloway in West China; Miss

Allie Linam in Foo-chow; Miss Lizzie V. Tyron in India, and two Bible women—a total of six.

During the ten painful years in which Mary Ashton, the deaf lame girl, was fading away with consumption, she earned, by the work of her own hands, \$12,500—every dollar of which she contributed to the support of missionary workers, under the direction of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The enterprise of this poor sufferer was so extensive that many orders for articles came in after her death, and the year following her pastor reported to the Annual Conference nearly a thousand dollars as the Mary Ashton contribution to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. The beautiful work this heroine began is to be continued by Miss Theodosia Haine, of West Farmington, Ohio, who has for years been a cripple from hip disease, and who is unable to walk.

Where there is a will there is a way. Where there is intense love obstacles must give way. Where there is an overmastering longing for souls, misfortune may be turned into fortune, and disabilities may be transmuted by divine alchemy into abilities. True royalty consist not in wearing crowns, but in bearing burdens and in saving souls.



PROPER PREPARATION FOR CHURCH SERVICE

NUMA, the great law-giver, who was one of the most religious men of antiquity, by his precepts and example turned the attention of the Roman kingdom to religion. He determined that the services should result in the greatest good to all the worshipers, and insisted that special preparation of mind and heart, by meditation and prayer, should be made for them. In all public ceremonies and processions of the priests a herald went before, who gave notice to the people of the holiday.

“For, as they tell us, the Pythagoreans would not suffer their disciples to pay homage or worship to the gods in a cursory manner, but required them to come prepared for it by meditation at home; so Numa was of opinion that his citizens should neither hear nor see any religious service in a light or careless way, but, disengaged from other affairs, bring with them that attention which an object of such importance required. The streets and ways on such occasions were cleaned of clamor, and all manner of noise which attends manual labor, that the solemnities might not be disturbed.

There are many church members to-day who might read the instructions of the old king to great advantage. One reason why so much gospel-seed goes to waste is, because so many come into the sanctuary with the soil of the heart so poorly prepared for its reception. It is possible that some dear old saint, whom

Satan has almost ceased to tempt, and some singularly spiritual soul will take the time or trouble to think about or pray over, on Sunday morning, the church services they expect to attend, but a large majority go to the house of God thoughtlessly, carelessly, prayerlessly. Some have had a great struggle with themselves to get out of bed and dress in time for service; others lay down with great reluctance the Sunday newspaper, with its gaudy pictures and almost countless columns; still others are fretting over some bad luck they have had during the past week, or are planning for some good luck in their business, and thus they come, with a spirit which makes it almost impossible for any minister to preach a good sermon for them. They are better than the people who have so little interest that they will not attend the church at all, but only a shade better. Numa's plan of meditation and prayer as a preparation for public service, might be adopted with profit by the church people of to-day.



THE STATUE OF A DOG



THE visitor to Edinburgh, will there be shown a handsome drinking fountain made of Peterhead granite, and surmounted by a bronze statue of a dog. This monument was erected by Lady Burdett-Coutts, to perpetuate the memory of a Scotch terrier, whose constancy to his dead master is believed to be without a parallel.

"Bobby" was the name of this dog, and many years ago he belonged to a man named Grey, of whom apparently little is known, and whose name would have long since been forgotten had it not been kept alive through the virtues of his dog.

The only definite fact connected with Grey's history begins and ends with the committal of his body to a humble grave in the Old Greyfriars Churchyard, about 1860, on which occasion the most conspicuous mourner was his little terrier. On the day following the funeral, the curator of the burial place found "Bobby" lying on his master's grave, and as the presence of dogs in the cemetery was against the rules, he was harshly driven forth; but the next morning the faithful animal was again there, and once more was ejected. The third day was a very raw and wet one, and when the curator on making his rounds discovered "Bobby" shivering with the cold upon the grave, he was so struck with the sight of such devotion that he chastised the dumb mourner no more, and let him henceforth have his way in peace.

For over twelve years this faithful animal spent every night upon the grave; let the weather be ever so severe, or storm and tempest rage, nothing availed to induce him to forego his vigil of love.

No want of kind friends did "Bobby" find among the good Scotch folk, and

many there were who would gladly have taken him in, and especially upon inclement nights would they have housed him from the rough weather; but "Bobby" rejected all such kind offers, and both by day and night, clung to that sacred spot in the old churchyard.


Care was, however, taken that he should not starve, and for a considerable period, Sergeant Scott of the Engineers allowed him a weekly meal of steaks, while for many years he was given daily rations by a Mr. Traill of Edinburgh, to whose establishment he went punctually at midday, timing his visits by the sound of the time-gun.

No stone ever marked the grave of Grey, and in time the mound became level with the surrounding earth, and the weeds and the grass covered it, but the spot, unrecognizable to others, was well known to the faithful sentinel, who never failed in his duty until he, too, closed his eyes in death.

It is a natural thing to see people in the cities of the dead planting flowers, crying, and praying over the graves of the loved ones who have gone away from them; but we do not expect a dog to watch a human grave. The constancy of "Bobby's" love, which immortalized his master and himself in bronze, is a type of the constancy of love which ought to characterize every follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.



THE LETTER "V" ABOVE THE STUDENT'S DOOR

 HERE was a young student who entered Amherst College determined to put in his time to best advantage and achieve the highest excellence. He painted a letter "V" on a piece of white card-board, and tacked it up over the door of his room. The boys thought this act was the freak of a crank, and wondered what the letter meant; some guessing one thing, and some another. The placard stayed in its place till the close of his college course. He had outstripped his fellow-students in proficiency and been selected as the valedictorian of his class.

It then dawned upon the minds of his classmates that the "V" meant the valedictory, and, on asking him, they found that was the case. He said the day he entered college he determined to go to the head of his class, and that he put up the letter to remind him constantly of his ambition. That young student was Horace Maynard, the able lawyer and eloquent orator of Tennessee, and the competent Postmaster-General of the United States.

There is nothing of any value done without a great life purpose. The determination to excel in the material, mental and moral world is a worthy one. The letter "V" is not a bad one to tack over the door of the room of any young

person; "V," which stands for victory over material difficulties, for victory over mental and spiritual foes, for victory over Self; and for virtue, which is manly vigor, inspired by divine power. There is a letter which ought to be above the door of every heart, as an inspiration for every moment of this earthly existence, and that letter is "C," which stands for Christ, for Cross, for Charity.



GENERAL GRANT FINDS A LOST CHILD

GENERAL GRANT'S heart was as tender as his will was strong. While on a visit to a resort on the Delaware, the child of a widow was lost, and all the people in the neighborhood went out into the woods to search, Grant among the number. Toward evening the General met the mother, who wept bitterly. He said, "Do not cry; we will find your child." He called the people together and said, "I will give a hundred dollars to the man that will find the child." Nine others made the same proposition, and a purse of a thousand dollars was offered. This stirred up the community, and the forest was ablaze with lanterns. General Grant, weary and not very well, went to bed. At first he could not sleep, so anxious was he about the missing one. At last he fell asleep and dreamed that he crossed a marsh, climbed a hill, worked his way through a brier thicket, and found the missing child on the hill beyond. So impressed with the dream was he that he arose in the morning, went out into the woods, crossed a marsh, climbed a hill, worked his way through a brier thicket at the bottom, and on the hill beyond he found the little flaxen-haired girl on the ground, asleep, her head resting on her arm. The General awoke her, and she looked him in the face, and cried, "Mamma." He took the little pet in his arms, and after more than an hour's walking, brought her to her home, and he gave the thousand dollars to the widow for her support.

About the time of Lee's surrender, Grant and some of his generals stopped overnight at the house of a Methodist minister. A little granddaughter of the minister came rushing into the hall, and General Grant caught her in his arms and kissed her, saying: "This reminds me of my own little daughter. I wish I had her here just now. I am homesick. I want to see my family."

The great men have the tenderest hearts. General Grant was great in carrying the poor lost girl in his arms, and in pressing the little Confederate child to his heart, as well as in leading the army of his nation. The greatest One who ever lived in this world said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for such is the kingdom of God." "And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."



HE FOUND THE LITTLE FLAXEN-HAIRED GIRL ON THE GROUND, ASLEEP (53)

CHRISTIAN HERALD GOSPEL HALL



REV. G. N. THOMSEN, an American missionary in India, sent from Bapatla a detailed report of a new building, in which Christian teaching is daily given to children, and a religious service is held every day of the week, which was named THE CHRISTIAN HERALD GOSPEL HALL, in recognition of the beneficence of its readers to India in her time of affliction.

It appears that when the recent famine first began to press on the people of that section of the country in which these Baptist brethren are laboring, there came to the mission daily, crowds of hungry men and women, begging pitifully for a mouthful of food. Happily, through the liberality of American contributors, the missionaries were not obliged to turn them away, with the sorrowful and truthful answer that they were too poor themselves to afford them any relief. The applicants were promptly and cheerfully fed; but they stayed on, having no means of providing for themselves in their villages. Long and painful experience had convinced the missionaries that the Asiatic easily adapts himself to a life of dependence on charity, and that if he is freely supplied with food he is liable to contract a liking for an easy life, in which his daily needs are met without any effort of his own. After consultation, it was decided, that for their own sakes, it would be wise to have all who were able to work, earn the food that they needed. There were, of course, the women and children, who were unable to work, and they were fed gratuitously, but some employment must be found for the able-bodied. At Bapatla it was difficult to find such employment, but finally, without any definite purpose, the starving men were set to making bricks. The news that any destitute person might find work there, speedily spread, and soon there were more applicants than the missionaries ever expected. All were taken on until more than half a million bricks were on hand as the result of their labors.

It was impossible to dispose of such an accumulation, for during that time of depression, the building trade, like all others, was stagnant. But the missionaries learned that among the vast crowd of men they were thus supporting, there were many capable of doing better work than this unskilled service. Masons, carpenters, sawyers, blacksmiths, etc., were toiling in the brickyards, glad of the opportunity to earn a pittance by an occupation which, in better days, they would have despised. A careful examination convinced the missionaries that there was a sufficient number of skilled artisans in the crowd to erect a building with the aid of their unskilled brethren. A hall for Christian worship and teaching was badly needed in Bapatla, and it was now possible to erect it, and at the same time support a large number of artisans. Plans were made and work begun at once. A plain but commodious edifice was the result of this wise benevolence. It contains accommodations for a children's school, for an institution for the training of teachers, both under the management of missionaries, and an auditorium for services of preaching and prayer. The influence of

such a building in a town like Bapatla, will be most beneficent. It will be a centre of Christian work and teaching from which old and young will derive blessing. It is most gratifying that such a building should bear a name which makes it the monument and memorial of the generosity of Christian America.

The ceremony of dedication will long be remembered in the district. A large conference of Baptist missionaries was in session at Bapatla, and many of them attended the exercises. The native mind could not but be impressed by the cosmopolitan character of Christianity, as shown by the nationalities of the men who took part in the service. Besides the American, there were Germans, a Russian, a Hollander, a Canadian, a Welshman, a missionary who was born in Burma, and another born in Madras. Dr. J. E. Clough, the eminent Baptist missionary of Ongole presided. Speeches congratulating the missionaries of Bapatla on the new building, and expressing gratitude to the Christian people of America for their help in the time of famine, which had made it possible to erect it while relieving the starving people, were made by Rev. W. Elmore, Rev. E. Bullard, of Kavali, and Miss Day, of Madras, daughter of the noble founder of the Telugu Mission. Rev. J. Dussman, of Gurravalla, in the Kistna district, in speaking for Germany, referred to the interest Dr. Klopsch had shown in coming personally to India, that he might see for himself the suffering of the people and report it to his readers, as an eye-witness.

Rev. J. Curtis, of Kanigiri, who introduced himself as "an Eastern Yankee," called attention to the recent unprecedented benevolence of a foreign people to another people in time of national calamity, as a thing that made an American proud of his country. It showed that the people who had responded to the public appeals were a noble, sympathetic, generous race, which could feel compassion for sorrow and misery in so distant a land. It was an evidence of their greatness and of their pre-eminence in works of love and philanthropy. It also proved the power of the Christian spirit, which had never in all history been exhibited on a scale so conspicuous and so impressive. Rev. E. Chute, of Pal-mur, also spoke on the wonderful work of benevolence. He, as a Canadian, was sure that this fund must have received many contributions from his countrymen. The country was joined to the United States by rivers and lakes, but more by that fellowship in Christ which would yet make all the world akin.

A remarkable speech was made by a high Hindu judge, Mr. V. Coop-poo-swamy Iyer, M.A. He referred to the work done by the Christian missionaries in distributing the alms of the Christian people of other lands. "We all belong to one brotherhood," he said, "but what we of India have neglected to do in feeding the hungry around us, the Christian people of distant lands have done through the Christian missionaries. I confess this to our shame. I welcome the opening of this building as a memorial of that wonderful charity, and I rejoice that in it our children will receive a moral education."

Another surprise was an address from a Mohammedan gentleman who was

present, Mr. Said ud Deen. He, too, spoke of the great work for India that had been wrought by Christian hearts and hands. This, he said, was not all that Christians had done for India. The poor women jealously shut up in the zenanas of India had reason to bless the day when the Christian missionaries came to India. The Christian ladies of the Lutheran Mission had penetrated those zenanas, and had carried with them not only enlightenment for the mind but healing for the body. "This new building," he said, "with all it signifies in its name and spirit, has for its foundation not so much the sands of Bapatla as the better, broader, more enduring foundation in the hearts of the people of India."

Thus, from the representatives of three religions and from the workers from many lands, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD GOSPEL HALL of Bapatla received hearty congratulations and good wishes for its future usefulness.



GRAVEN ON THE TABLET OF THE HEART



SOME friends of Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn proposed to erect a statue in his honor in Cuyler Park, corner of Fulton street and Greene avenue, Brooklyn; to which he objected, in the following note:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have just received your kind letter, in which you express the desire of yourselves and of several prominent citizens, that I would consent to the erection of a 'memorial in Cuyler Park,' to be placed there by the voluntary contributions of generous friends here and elsewhere. Do not, I entreat you, regard me as indifferent to a proposal whose motive affords the most profound and heartfelt gratification. But a work of art in bronze or marble (such as has been suggested) that would be creditable to our city, would require an outlay of money that I cannot conscientiously consent to have expended for the purpose of personal honor rather than of public utility.

"Several years ago the city authorities honored me by giving my name to the attractive plot of ground at the junction of Fulton street and Greene avenue. If my most esteemed friend, the Park Commissioner, will kindly have my name visibly and permanently affixed to that little park, and will direct that it be always kept as bright and beautiful with flowers as it now is, I shall be abundantly satisfied. I have been permitted to spend forty-one supremely happy years in this city, which I love, and for whose people I have joyfully labored, and, while the permanent fruits of these labors remain, I trust that I shall not pass out of all affectionate remembrance. The monuments reared by human hands may vanish away, but if God has enabled me to engrave my humble name on any loving hearts they will be the best memorials, for hearts live on forever."

Figures of stone and metal representing events and persons, are good for people that erect them and for the generations that behold them. They are the

just expressions of appreciation of heroic and virtuous deeds, and are object lessons for the education of the young. Dr. Cuyler declined the honor, not because he was insensible to the favor of his fellow men, or of their remembrance after death. In his note, he expressly stated his sincere appreciation of the feelings that prompted the offer, and his wish to be remembered by his friends. He thought that a figure suitable for the place would cost more than should be spent for such an object. With this opinion I do not agree, nor do I think the public would have thought such an expenditure extravagant or unwise. Neither literature nor art has kept pace with the material progress of this country. A few sagacious and benevolent men are doing their best to hasten the pace of letters and fine art, but there is very much still to be done. In these days, when men do not hesitate to put up hundreds of millions of dollars in business enterprises, there ought to be no hesitation in scattering libraries and beautiful statues everywhere. Dr. Cuyler did not object to a memorial, he returned his thanks to the commissioners for having named the park after him, he seemed to prefer to be remembered in the green of the lawn, the shade of the trees, and in the lovely face of the flowers, rather than in mute bronze or stone, and requested the commissioners to preserve the park, called by his name, as a perpetual memorial. The doctor wisely said that the memorials which he prized most were the tablets of human hearts on which, by forty years of service for God and humanity, he had been permitted to write his name and carve his features. Statues of marble that have charmed the world for centuries have been broken to pieces by the hammer of the vandal; figures of bronze that have stood a beauty and inspiration for a thousand years, have been battered and ruined, and thrown into the junk-shops and melted into practical utensils; the thin dust that Time has scattered through his fingers has covered up most of the monuments of the past. Even the pyramids, that lift their haughty heads above the sand and defy the ravages of time, will some day be brought down; already shrewd oblivion has stolen away from them the names of the kings they were built to commemorate. But the tablet of the heart remains unhurt by the hand of vandalism, unchanged by the alchemy of years. Those who work in cloth, work in that which the moth destroys; those who labor in wood, labor in that which the worm grinds to powder with ease; those who toil in brass, toil in that which the rust consumes; those who work in marble, work in that which Time hammers to pieces with his chisel and his mallet; but those who work in mind—immortal mind; those who work in soul—immortal soul, work in that which shall never fade nor fail, but shall be bright and beautiful in the light of Time, and shall grow brighter and more beautiful in the glories of Eternity. And when Time shall have dried up the seas, and levelled the mountains, and cast the earth away as a worn-out garment; when the stars shall have been chilled into huge balls of ice, or burned to cinders, then the tablet of the human heart, with the impressions that kindred spirits have left upon it, shall endure forever.

FRIENDSHIP OF LEE AND JACKSON



MILITARY commanders in all times and countries, have usually entertained feelings of envy and jealousy toward their rivals. An exception to this rule is seen in the singular harmony between Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson. For twenty-five years they had been warm friends, and their association at the head of the Confederate campaigns, instead of breeding feelings of jealousy, only fastened their hearts together by stronger, sweeter ties. Each had such admirable personal qualities, and such a simple, sincere appreciation of manly qualities in others, that respect and affection increased every day, until their hearts seemed to be one heart, and their lives in unison. Red tape put one over the other, but the Confederate people, and the people of the North, considered them the double head of the Southern army. In about all the military campaigns Lee consulted with Jackson as an equal rather than a subordinate, and insisted on giving Jackson public credit for about every victory their army won. In the heat of the fight at Fredericksburg, Lee said to one of Jackson's staff-officers, who came to him for orders: "Say to General Jackson, that he knows just as well what to do with the enemy as I do." Jackson had the most exalted opinion of Lee's military genius, and insisted that it was Lee's plans instead of his own execution which secured whatever victories their army won. He said: "General Lee is the only man whom I would follow blindfold." When Jackson was wounded, Lee sent him the following word: "Give him my affectionate regards, and tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right." Shortly after, he sent his wounded lieutenant the following letter: "I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory which is due your skill and energy." The wound, which at first no one thought would prove fatal, grew very serious and the gravest apprehension was felt about his condition. On being informed that Jackson was likely to die, Lee said: "Surely General Jackson must recover! God will not take him from us, now that we need him so much. Surely he will be spared to us in answer to many prayers which are offered for him!" Struggling with deepest emotion, after silence for a few moments, he continued: "When you return, I trust you will find him better. When a suitable occasion offers, give him my love, and tell him that I wrestled in prayer for him last night, as I never prayed, I believe for myself." Jackson's death almost broke Lee's heart, and neither he nor the Southern army ever seemed quite the same after Stonewall Jackson's removal. On the death of his trusted companion General Lee issued the following general order to the troops:

"With deep grief, the Commanding General announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th inst., at a quarter-past three P.M. The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an All-wise Providence are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God, as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his noble example.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lee and Stonewall Jackson were not only great generals, but were great men personally; great in the keenness of their intellectual perceptions; in the warmth of their affections and in the firmness of their faith in God. If they had been smaller men they would have been suspicious, envious, jealous, vengeful, each a detriment, instead of a help to the other. It was because they were really great men that they were so simple and childlike in their love, and so magnanimous in their conduct towards each other. Love is not little or weak, it is the grandest thing in the world.



THE MINISTRY OF SONG



LITTLE steamboat crept down the Mississippi River in the time of the Civil War, bearing supplies which the Chicago Board of Trade had furnished to the Sanitary Commission. The boat stopped along the route wherever there were any hospitals, and the medicines and delicacies were dispensed in a ministry of love. An improvised orchestra was formed to serenade the suffering soldiers. While visiting one of these hospitals, a soldier from Iowa said to the leading lady singer, "Can't you sing a song for a dying boy?" She took a camp stool, and drawing it up to his cot, sat upon it, and holding the boy's hand in her's, she began, "Nearer, My God, to Thee!" His large eyes flashed with divine lustre, as she finished:

"Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

The soldiers throughout the ward were crying at the conclusion of the

song. The boy said, "Won't you please sing for me 'The Sweet By and By.'" And the singer began:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

This was more than the boy could stand, and he began to weep. Then the lady sang, "Sweet Home." By this time about everybody was in tears, some covering their faces with their hands, others burying their faces in their pillows, and sobbing bitterly. The whole hospital resounded with one loud cry, and a lively piece had to be sung to keep the mingled feelings of sorrow and joy from injuring the patients.

What a power there is in music, in Christian song. How natural and how beautiful it is for a Christian soul, as death approaches, to desire to be near to God, and to look out with expectation and joy to the "land that is fairer than day."



HEROIC DEED REWARDED

FRANKLIN B. AINSWORTH is a farmer living at Afton, N. Y. He has had to work hard to keep soul and body together. Twenty-five years ago he was driving his old buggy along the road, when he heard the shrieks of a man drowning in the river. He rushed down the bank, plunged into the water, and after a heroic struggle succeeded in bringing the man to shore. The man asked Ainsworth what his name was and where he lived. The information was given him. Ainsworth did not learn the man's name, but afterwards heard that he was spending the summer at a camp near the river. The farmer never heard a word from the man he had rescued. A short time ago Ainsworth received a letter from a lawyer in Philadelphia, stating that a man had died in that city and had left to him his estate, amounting to \$80,000, because, twenty-five years before he had saved his life.

Ainsworth's real fortune was not in the money that was left him, but in the brave and unselfish deed he performed and in the consciousness that he had saved the life of a fellow-man.

There is a law of compensation, there is a pay-day in the future, when all accounts will be settled, when every noble, unselfish deed will receive its rich reward. If this man was so grateful to Ainsworth, how much more grateful ought we to be to Christ, who saved our life and lost his own in doing so. We ought gladly to give him all we possess and all we are for time and eternity.

KING ALFRED AND THE LAST LOAF OF BREAD

DURING the Danish invasion of Britain, the forces of King Alfred were at one time so scattered by defeat that he was compelled to seek safety in an unsettled part of the island, and, disguised as a beggar, to accept the hospitality of a poor cowherd and live for months in his little hovel. During the time they were often but poorly supplied with food, depending chiefly upon the game that the king's followers could catch, and frequently in such attempts they were unsuccessful. One day Alfred was in the hut with a "mother" who was providing for his wants, when a beggar came and asked for food. The "mother" replied that there was but one loaf remaining, and if the men should return in the evening with the ill success they had recently had there was danger that they should all starve. After a moment's hesitation, Alfred directed that half the loaf be given to the beggar, saying that the same God who could feed a multitude with a few loaves and fishes could supply the wants of his followers. Shortly after this Alfred fell asleep, and dreamed that a saint appeared to him and told him that God heard his prayers, had witnessed his act of charity and would restore him to his kingdom. As a sign of this the huntsmen would return laden that night with game. The promises of the dream found ample fulfilment. The men returned with an abundance of food. New vigor was inspired within them, and before the year was over the Danes had been overpowered and the English kingdom established.

It is a safe thing to give one-half of the last loaf of bread to the poor, trusting to a kind, heavenly Father, who has other loaves ready for his obedient children. True charity has its own reward, placing the crown of real royalty upon the brow of manhood and womanhood, and, according to the Good Book, securing through grace divine a crown of everlasting life.



CONSTANCY

A SHORT time ago, a religious newspaper offered a valuable prize to the person who had the longest unbroken Sunday School record. The offer included all the territory of the United States and Canada. Samuel Winterton, of Keyport, N. J., got the prize. He had attended the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church of that town seventeen hundred-and-thirty-two consecutive days. On Sunday, May 26, 1901, this Sunday School celebrated the 1,961st Sunday of his attendance. When he was five years of age, he entered the school, and has been present at every session since for thirty-eight years. Teachers have come and gone, the membership of the school has changed, but he has remained. Though he is an excellent Bible student, knowing

many passages of Scripture by heart, he has preferred to remain in a class, and be taught. He is an expressman, and recently had a bad fall from his wagon; it was feared that his Sunday School record would have to be brought to an end, but on the following Sunday, with his broken arm in splints, he appeared in his place in the class as usual. Mr. Winterton ought to be thankful for the health which has enabled him to hold such a record, and more thankful still for the disposition he has had to be so constant to his duty. What a value the world puts upon constancy in any department of life! How invaluable it is in the spiritual world; in the development of the individual character and in the establishment of the divine kingdom! Constancy in the outward observance of Christian duty is exceedingly important; if every member were to attend the preaching services, the Sunday School, the prayer meeting, and other means of grace, whenever possible, how much better type of Christians, and how much thriftier churches we would have.



STONEWALL JACKSON'S FAITH IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE

S TONEWALL JACKSON was always noted for his personal piety. He was a strict Presbyterian and a rigid Calvinist of the extreme old type, believing that he would not die until his time should come, and that when his time should come he would die. One reason why he was so brave and efficient in the field was because he felt that he would not be hurt, and that he was bound to win, believing that his will and the Divine Will were united in the purpose. At the battle of Chancellorsville, General Jackson ordered General Hill to arrange his men on either side of the road, and not to fire unless cavalry approached from the direction of the foe; then he went beyond his own picket lines to get a view of the position of the enemy. He was warned of the danger he was in. "The enemy is routed; the danger is past," said he to his orderly, "Go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on." He, riding his "Old Sorrel" at a trot, surrounded by his staff, started back in the direction from which he had come. His own men, mistaking them for the cavalry of the enemy, fired into them, killing or wounding almost all of them. Jackson, himself, received two wounds in the left arm and one in the right hand. The enemy pressed so closely behind him that they charged over his body as he fell from his horse, but as they were driven back again his body was recovered and borne from the field. As they were carrying him away one of the litter-bearers was shot, causing the general to fall from the men's shoulders to the ground. His arm was amputated, but the shock of his injury was so great that he could not rally, and amidst the universal lamentation of the Confederate army, and the people of the South, the great soldier passed away. In the terrible trial of being

shot by mistake by his own men, and of being cut off from a cause which he loved so intensely and for which he fought so desperately, he manifested the calm faith in Divine Providence that he had in the hour of his most brilliant victories. During the anxious days when the result of his wounds was in doubt, he said, "I consider these wounds a blessing; they were given for some good and wise purpose, and I would not part with them if I could." When it was evident that he had but a few hours to live, his wife notified him that his end was near, and calmly and tenderly he answered her, "Very good, very good; it is all right."

It is not very hard to believe in Divine Providence when the sun is shining, the flowers blooming, the birds singing, the prospect pleasing; not very hard to trust God when our victorious battalions drive the enemy from the field, and the laurel wreath is placed upon our brow. But it is not so easy to recognize the Divine Providence when the clouds gather, the flowers are spoiled, the song birds hushed, the prospects blighted; not so easy to count God's will our will when our battalions are beaten back by the enemy, and we ourselves wounded, and sent to the Shades. Yet every true soldier of the Cross should be able to say, in adversity as well as prosperity, "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done."



THE CORPORAL AND THE SCORPION

IN the cemetery at Ewingville, N. J., was buried the body of Corporal Joseph Byrnes. The following singular incident has been related about this man.

Joe Byrnes, a farmer-boy, living near Trenton Junction, N. J., having enlisted in the Spanish-American War, and having seen no real fighting in it, thinking he would find the service he desired, enlisted in Company H, of the 27th Regiment, known as Colonel Bell's Tigers, and went with his regiment to the Philippines. One day, just before regimental parade, the captain of his company called the corporals together, and said:

"There's a spare pair of sergeant's chevrons in my tent, and I propose to hand them to one of you corporals after this review. It is my intention to give these chevrons to the corporal who maintains the finest file, whose file looks neatest, and the corporal who personally maintains throughout the review the best position of a soldier. Return to your street and make ready, corporals."

"Assembly!" was sounded, and after the men were told off Company H marched to its position in the first battalion, and off the regiment went to the reviewing grounds to join the brigade. Company H was on the right of the regimental line, and when the grounds selected for the review were reached

the company was posted by the adjutant in a clear enough space, but at a distance of a few feet was a rock surrounded by a clump of thick scrub. Joe had thrown his eyes to the right to see that his men were in good shape and had taken the position of a soldier. For probably five minutes the men stood at attention, not a muscle moving.

"Joe! Look!" whispered Martin Reynolds, who stood elbow to elbow with Corporal Byrnes.

"Silence!" commanded Corporal Byrnes in a whisper.

Reynolds began to tremble, and Joe could see out of the corner of his eye that Reynolds was deadly pale.

"Quick, Joe! Look! There comes a scorpion out from that rock and brush directly toward you," again whispered Reynolds.

"Silence, sir! I've been watching him," replied Corporal Byrnes.

"For your own sake, Joe, move! He's coming directly toward your leg," pleaded Reynolds.

"Silence, I say," was the only reply of the corporal, given in a low whisper.

Slowly the deadly scorpion came dragging its elongated body through the grass. Nearer it came to Corporal Byrnes, but not a muscle of his face moved, although his eyes were following the deadly scorpion.

Closer and closer came the hideous creature till it reached the silent corporal's foot. Joe knew the scorpion's sting probably meant death or at least tarantism. Private Reynolds began to sway in the line, and just as the scorpion seized Corporal Byrnes' shoe in his two pairs of claws, preparatory to using his telum or sting, and injecting his deadly venom in Joe's foot, Reynolds fell to the ground in a dead faint.

Corporal Byrnes alone of the entire regiment knew what the matter was with Private Reynolds, but the corporal stirred not a muscle of his body. A hushed, even tread of four feet coming from the rear at double-quick was heard over the grass, and the stretcher-bearers placed Reynolds on the stretcher.

Corporal Byrnes remembered he had a rent in his khaki trousers just at his leggin's top. He felt the scorpion seize his shoe in its claws—just as Reynolds fell. Now he could feel the scorpion wriggling and turning, with his quick, jerky motion, and dragging his long, thin body up his trousers leg. Now he was at the leggin's top, Joe could tell by his touch. Now he had stopped.

"I hope he don't find that hole in my breeches," said Joe, half to himself, half aloud, as he stood as rigid as a young oak.

"Moses! He's got it!" he added, almost in the next breath, as he felt the little animal's slimy body, partly dragged, partly wriggling through the rent in his trousers.

"He's crawling up my bare leg! My, he's slimy;" murmured the corporal.

The corporal knew that to move or excite the scorpion meant to be stung.

He also knew that to be stung meant death; at the best the poison injected by the venomous scorpion into his blood would almost instantly produce tarantism.

Slowly the scorpion crawled and dragged himself beneath the trousers up the corporal's leg. "Could he get out of the hole in my khaki trousers even though he should turn and go back?" thought Joe.

"If I move he will surely sting," he reflected.

Suddenly the general and his staff galloped to take up their positions for the review.

The bugle sounded: "Forward!"

The band struck up "Dixie."

"Mark time! Mark!" came the command.

With clock-like regularity the 400 pairs of feet in the battalion moved silently an inch to and fro, raised a quarter of an inch from the earth and then dropped back to the earth again—every pair of feet but one. That silent pair of feet belonged to Corporal Joe Byrnes. For him to move probably meant his death. To remain silent certainly meant to lose the sergeant's chevrons.

Instantly the captain noticed Joe's rigidity and he shot him a quick, sharp glance and made an impatient motion with his sword, intending to call to Corporal Byrnes to mark time.

"Can't," was all Joe said, and he was only heard by the private next to him. That same instant the bugle sounded.

"Forward! Column right! March!"

As if hinged upon a gate-post and worked automatically, the 27th swung off into line—all but one soldier—Corporal Byrnes.

As if riveted to the spot, Corporal Byrnes stood alone in the clearing, in the position of a soldier, while his regiment made the circle past the mounted reviewing officers. The tall corporal, standing out alone, was the most conspicuous man on the field, and General Lawton, noticing him, remarked to his major-doctor that there was "something wrong with that soldier. Look at his admirable pose. Major, you ride over and learn his difficulty," added the general.

The surgeon-major approached Joe, but the corporal gave no salute. The surgeon could see at a glance that something was wrong, for Joe was deathly pale. Joe had been assigned to brigade headquarters for duty the week previous, and the major recognized him.

"What's the matter?" cried the major, quickly dismounting.

"Don't come any closer, major," said Joe, quietly. "There's a scorpion up my leg, and if you disturb him he'll sting me. Don't come closer, please, major."

"Good heavens, you don't mean it!" said the major, quickly turning to his saddle-bag and seizing his kit.

"There's a rent in my khaki through which he crawled, and he's now crawling on my thigh, major," added Corporal Byrnes, never moving a muscle.

"Stand fast, lad! Stand fast! Don't move and I'll save you," said the major, approaching Joe stealthily, a pair of slender-bladed scissors in his hand.

"Where is he now?"

"Just above the leggin's top, sir."

"Ah, here it is. Stand fast now, corporal. I'll not disturb him, and in a jiffy the major had cut the trousers leg all around at the knee.

"He's starting down my leg, major. Look out for him," said the corporal quietly.

"Don't move, corporal, for if he stings you'll either die or have the St. Vitus's dance and——"

"There he goes! There, he's out!" shouted the major, interrupting himself, as the scorpion, with that animal's peculiar hop, jumped from Corporal Byrnes' leggin's top.

But Joe did not hear the major. He had fallen in a faint to the ground, and soon the stretcher-bearers laid him beside Private Martin Reynolds.

"Is he dead? Was he stung by that scorpion?" shouted Reynolds, when Joe was carried to the rear.

"I saw the scorpion approach him, major; I saw him crawling up his leg, and Joe saw him, too, but he wouldn't move. He wanted to win the sergeant's chevrons the captain promised. He'd a' won the chevrons, major, only for the scorpion."

And when General Lawton heard the surgeon-major's story of why the corporal stood fast in the field, and Reynolds' story of Byrnes' risking the scorpion's sting for a sergeant's chevrons, he sent for the captain of Company H.

"Captain," said the general. "I wish you would give Corporal Byrnes those sergeant's chevrons. He's fairly earned them."


"It's too late, general. I've handed them to a corporal who followed his regiment, sir."

And so Corporal Joe Byrnes came home a corporal and died a corporal, of typhoid fever, but his comrades love to tell the story of how he took the chance of a scorpion's death-sting to win a sergeant's chevrons.

In every calling of life there are barriers to progress; promotion can only be had by a triumph over many hindrances. In military life the perils seem to be multiplied almost without number. Heat, cold, rain, hard fare, fever, bullets of the enemy, the scorpion under the rock, all are watching for the life of the soldier and trying to keep him from his stripes. Even after poor "Joe" Byrnes had risked the sting of the serpent in his desire to do his duty and win his promotion, the typhoid fever caught him and brought him to his end.

In the great battle of life, when the serpents of Moral Evil threaten destruction, it would be well if men would be as calm and brave as Corporal Joe Byrnes was when the scorpion crawled upon his body.

THE GIANTS WITH SIX ARMS HAD BUT ONE HEART

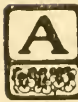
HE Argonauts landed upon a certain island, and the king, Cizycus, gave them a banquet, but they noticed that the king's face was sad, and, asking the reason, the king told them that there was a race of giants inhabiting a neighboring mountain, who pillaged his country, killed many of his subjects, and greatly disturbed his peace of mind. When the visitors were about to leave the next day, these giants rushed down from the mountain to destroy them. They had such long legs that they covered a hundred yards at a stride; each one had six long arms, one to hurl a stone, another to wield a sword, a third to thrust a spear, a fourth to use a club, and the other two to shoot an arrow. Though these giants had six arms, they had but one heart, and that possessing only the strength of an ordinary man. But the Greeks were all heroes, each having the courage of half a dozen ordinary men, and not fearing the huge giants, with their long limbs and many arms and formidable weapons, rushed upon them, killing some of them, and putting the rest to ignominious flight.

In the conflict of life, it is not the size of the body, length of the limbs, number of arms, or variety of weapons, but bravery, manhood, which tells. The Latin word we translate "man" is *vir*, strength, valor, from which we take our word virtue. It was the highest ambition of these heroes to have this strength, valor, manhood, and neither the giants nor any other earthly power were ever able successfully to resist them. It is the heart of the man behind the weapon that is the measure of its victory.

In spiritual conflicts, although there are foes, huge-bodied, long-limbed, many-armed, and malignant in their design, the heart that is full of strength, valor, manhood, virtue, need not fear to encounter such an enemy—it is sure of victory. But the natural heart can have no such strength, it must have a new birth, by divine grace, before it can have the power to overcome the forces of moral evil. Even then there must be the inbreathing and continual indwelling of the Holy Spirit in that heart to enable it to slay or put to flight the evil giants that resist it.



THE SONG "NINETY AND NINE"

T the East Northfield Conference of 1900, Mr. Sankey told this incident: Mr. Moody and I were riding in a railway carriage in Scotland, and I read aloud to him a little poem that had caught my eye in the corner of the paper, and I had cut out for my scrap-book. We went to the great assembly hall of Edinburgh. It was in May, 1874. Mr. Moody and a number of others spoke that morning on the subject "The Good Shepherd." The last speaker was Dr. Horatius Bonnar. He spoke so softly and kindly that we could feel the

presence of the Good Shepherd in our hearts. When he got through, Mr. Moody stepped down to where I was sitting and asked me if I had anything appropriate to sing. I could not think of anything but the twenty-third Psalm, and that had been sung three times before during the service. All at once the impression came to me to sing that little hymn I found on the train. But that was followed by the thought "How can I sing without a tune?" Yet the impression came back to sing the song. I opened my book to where I had placed the little hymn and drew my thoughts away from the crowd. I uttered a short prayer to God to help me to sing in such a way that the people could hear and understand me. I started in on A flat, and God gave me the notes as I went along. I got through the first verse all right, but the thought came again, "How am I going to get through the next?" I uttered a silent prayer to God again, and he answered me. I got through the second all right. And by the time I got to the fifth verse I knew the tune, and the "Ninety and Nine" was born. From that day to this not a note has been changed.

Few hymns have brought more souls to Christ than Sankey's "Ninety and Nine." There is no such mockery nor injury to an evangelical service as the cold, mechanical mouthing of sacred songs by spiritless lips, and nothing more beautiful or helpful to the service than the hearty singing of songs born of and breathed by the Holy Spirit.



THE GREAT STONE FACE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE has told the beautiful story of the Great Stone Face. A little boy was playing about the door of a cottage in the vale and fastened his eye on a place in the mountain that looked like a human face. It was a huge figure, with forehead a hundred feet high and the rest of the head in proportion. The name of the boy was Earnest. His mother told him that there was a prophecy that some one in the neighborhood was to grow up to be the ideal character, and that in manhood he should resemble the face in the mountain at which he was looking. She said the Indians first told the prophecy and said that the mountain streams murmured, and the winds in the tree-tops whispered to them the prophecy. There was a rumor that the man promised had appeared. A man born in the valley had gone out into a foreign land and had become a successful merchant. The frozen North and the torrid climes poured their treasures into his lap. He owned a fleet of ships, and had accumulated more wealth than he could count in a hundred years. He returned to his native place to spend the rest of his days. On the site of his father's farmhouse, where he was born, he erected a superb marble palace and furnished it at a fabulous cost. Every one said this was the ideal man. Earnest was walking on the road one

day, and the millionaire came along riding in his carriage drawn by four horses. The man had his face half out of the carriage window. He was a little man with low forehead, small, sharp eyes, and a wrinkled skin as yellow as saffron. As he rode by Earnest looked at him, and then down the valley at the sublime, benign features in the mountain, and said, "This man is not the image of the Great Stone Face." The man lost his wealth, and with it many of the friends who had admired and flattered him, and the people wondered why they had ever thought that the little man, with a narrow spirit and a cold heart, was the ideal citizen promised.

Years passed by, a native of the village went to war and became a great general. Weary and disabled by wounds he retired from service to his boyhood home. The people gave him a great reception and banquet in the woods. An arch was made festooned with laurel. In the speeches that were made they said that to a hair he resembled the Stone Face, that he was the old man of the mountain in a looking-glass. The crowd was so great that Earnest could not get a look at him till the banquet was over and the General arose to speak. Earnest saw in his features strong will and courage, but they seemed cold and harsh, and casting his eye toward the mountain and the beautiful stone face there, he said to himself, "He does not look like it; he is not the man promised." Earnest by this time had grown into middle life and had continued his simple calling of a farmer. Another young man had gone out from the neighborhood, not with purse or sword but a marvellously eloquent tongue. He became a statesman and a candidate for the Presidency. The people gave him a great reception. The soldiers were out, the band played, the farmers in their Sunday clothes rode horseback. The people were wild in their enthusiasm. The big banner had a picture of the statesman and one of the Great Stone Face side by side. The people all said the similarity was complete. As he passed by in a carriage drawn by four white horses, Earnest looked at him and said, "What a massive brow, what a superb countenance, but there is too much ambition, too much self there, too little gentleness, too little love," and as he turned his eye to the lovely features of the man in the mountain he said, "He does not look like it; he is not the ideal man promised."

Earnest had now grown to be an old, gray-haired man. A brilliant young man had gone from the village to the great city and had become a famous poet. His native mountains often towered in his verses above the spires of the city. A copy of his poems fell into the hands of Earnest, and he was charmed with them, especially the one on the Great Stone Face. And he said, "One who can write such sublime and divine verses must be the image of the Stone Face, and one for whom the generations have longed." Earnest, though but a simple farmer, by his simplicity, his wisdom, his virtue and his love had become known and admired far beyond the boundaries of his native valley. The poet of the great city came out to his country home to see him and learn of him. He



THE POET AND THE OLD MAN WALKED ARM IN ARM


found the old man reading a copy of his poems, and introducing himself to him said: "You think I am the image of the stone face, the ideal man; you are mistaken. My life is not as lofty or beautiful as my song; I am not worthy of the honor you bestow." Earnest had an appointment to speak to the people of the village that evening, and the poet and the old man walked arm in arm to the place of meeting out of doors. His address was so simple, so wise, so pure and so tender, that the poet said he was a prophet, and looking down the valley at the Great Stone Face, lighted up gloriously by the rays of the setting sun, he said: "Earnest is the exact image, he is the ideal man promised." And the people agreed that he was the most truly great man in all the land. The old man modestly protested, and said that the ideal man would appear some day.

The reason why Earnest became like the Stone Face in the mountain was, that from the time he was a little boy he looked upon and admired it. Day by day, hour by hour, he kept his eye and his heart upon it. Another reason why his face was so beautiful, was that he seemed to talk with the angels, and their delicate fingers fashioned his features into comeliness.

The most beautiful face the world has ever seen stands out in bold relief from Mount Calvary, and those who become like him are ideal men and women. And they become like him by looking constantly upon him and loving him. And they become like him because they whisper to the Eternal Spirit whose invisible fingers fashion their spiritual features into the image of their Elder Brother and Heavenly Father.



EVERY MAN HAS HIS PLACE

N our boyhood we frequently went hunting through the woods. We were looking for quails in the dead grass, and for squirrels in the trees. We took two dogs along to find the game; a little black dog which was called Jack, for squirrels, and a handsome pointer called Dan, for the birds. We had considerable difficulty in holding the dogs in, at the proper time; every now and then Jack would slip away from us in the field, and, catching the scent or the sight of the birds, would pursue them and get them out of range of the guns; and Dan, feeling unusually gay, would break away from us in the woods, and in his wide ranges would scare every squirrel within a quarter of a mile of us, into the top of the highest tree; now and then he would come to a full stand on the track a squirrel had made some time before. So it was with considerable skill and patience that we kept each dog undisturbed, on his own territory. If Jack found the trail he followed it quickly until he had sent the squirrel up a tree, when he gave a short bark if we were near, and several louder barks if we were some distance away, to indicate to us the fact

that he had found and imprisoned the game. I do not recall his ever fooling us. When we came to the field, Dan covered every inch of the ground, first going to one side and then to the other. When he came near to the birds he went cautiously, and still more cautiously till he came to a stand; with eyes set, tail rigid, and body immovable as a statue. At a word of command, he took a step or two, and up went the birds and our opportunity for the shot came. After all the shots had been made that were possible on the one point, he went after the dead and wounded birds, and brought them in. Jack was a fool in the field with the birds, Dan had no sense in the woods with the squirrels, but each was an expert in his own territory.

Every dog has his place; so has every man, if he can find it. Many men do find it, and are useful and happy; many are a misfit, and are neither successful nor happy. They are the black Jacks, trying in vain to catch quails; they are the Dans, having as little success in hunting squirrels. There are professional men who ought to be merchants and mechanics, and *vice versa*. The God that made one dog to hunt animals with feathers and another to hunt those with fur, will by human instinct, reason, affection, and the direction of the Holy Spirit, lead his children out into that occupation where they will have the largest happiness and usefulness.

Every person has his place in the kingdom of God, in practical church work. The failure to recognize this individual adaptation to spiritual work, results in a lack of efficiency and of true success. Every true minister of the Gospel is called unerringly to his sacred task; every child of God is called to some specific work, for which he has peculiar adaptation, and he will have the aid of the Holy Spirit in the selection and prosecution of his work, if he will only ask for it.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE BIBLE



AT a memorable meeting of the Long Island Bible Society, held in the Presbyterian Church at Oyster Bay, June 11, 1901, Vice-President Roosevelt made an able address on "The Bible," which could be read to advantage by every one old or young in the United States. The address is as follows:

There are certain truths which are so very true that we call them truisms; and yet I think we often half forget them in practice. Every thinking man when he thinks, realizes what a very large number of people tend to forget, that the teachings of the Bible are so interwoven and entwined with our whole civic and social life that it would be literally—I do not mean figuratively, I mean literally—impossible for us to figure to ourselves what that life would be if these

teachings were removed. We would lose almost all the standards by which we now judge both public and private morals; all the standards toward which we, with more or less of resolution strive to raise ourselves. Almost every man who has by his life-work added to the sum of human achievement of which the race is proud, of which our people are proud, almost every such man has based his life-work largely upon the teachings of the Bible. Sometimes it was done unconsciously, more often consciously, and among the very greatest men a disproportionately large number have been diligent and close students of the Bible at first hand. Lincoln, sad, patient, kindly Lincoln, who after bearing upon his weary shoulders for four years a greater burden than that borne by any other man of the nineteenth century, laid down his life for the people, whom living he had served so well—built up his entire reading upon his early study of the Bible. He had mastered it absolutely; mastered it as later he mastered only one or two other books, notably Shakespeare; mastered it, so that he became almost “a man of one book,” who knew that book, and who instinctively put into practice what he had been taught therein; and he left his life as part of the crowning work of the century that has just closed.

In this country we rightly pride ourselves upon our systems of widespread popular education. We most emphatically do right to pride ourselves upon it. It is not merely of inestimable advantage to us; it lies at the root of our power of self-government. But it is not sufficient in itself. We must cultivate the mind; but it is not enough only to cultivate the mind. With education of the mind must go the spiritual teaching, which will make us turn the trained intellect to good account. A man whose intellect has been educated, while at the same time his moral education has been neglected, is only the more dangerous to the community because of the exceptional additional power which he has acquired. Surely what I am saying needs no proof; surely the mere statement of it is enough, that education must be education of the heart and conscience no less than of the mind.

It is an admirable thing, a most necessary thing, to have a sound body. It is an even better thing to have a sound mind. But infinitely better than either is to have that, for the lack of which neither a sound mind nor a sound body can atone—character. Character is in the long-run the decisive factor in the life of individuals and of nations alike.

Sometimes in rightly putting the stress that we do upon intelligence, we forget the fact that there is something that counts more. It is a good thing to be clever, to be able and smart; but it is a better thing to have the qualities that find their expression in the Decalogue and the Golden Rule. It is a good and necessary thing to be intelligent; it is a better thing to be straight and decent and fearless. It was a Yale professor, Mr. Lounsberry, who remarked that his experience in the class-room had taught him “the infinite capacity of the human mind to withstand the introduction of knowledge.” Some of you

preachers must often feel the same way about the ability of mankind to withstand the introduction of elementary decency and morality.

A man must be honest in the first place; but that by itself is not enough. No matter how good a man is, if he is timid he cannot accomplish much in the world. There is only a very circumscribed sphere of usefulness for the timid good man.

So, besides being honest, a man has got to have courage, too. And these two together are not enough. No matter how brave and honest he is, if he is a natural born fool, you can do little with him. Remember the order in which I name them. Honesty first; then courage; then brains. *And all are indispensable*; we have no room in a healthy community for either the knave, the fool, the weakling, or the coward.

You may look through the Bible from cover to cover and nowhere will you find a line that can be construed into an apology for the man of brains who sins against the light. On the contrary, in the Bible, taking that as a guide, you will find that because much has been given to you much will be expected from you; and a heavier condemnation is to be visited upon the able man who goes wrong, than upon his weaker brother who cannot do the harm that the other does, because it is not in him to do it.

So I plead, not merely for training of the mind, but for the moral and spiritual training of the home and the church; the moral and spiritual training that have always been found in, and that have ever accompanied the study of, this book; this book, which in almost every civilized tongue can be described as "The Book," with the certainty of all understanding you when you so describe it.

The teaching of the Bible to children is, of course, a matter of especial interest to those of us who have families—and, incidentally, I wish to express my profound belief in large families. Older folks often fail to realize how readily a child will grasp a little askew something they do not take the trouble to explain. We cannot be too careful in seeing that the biblical learning is not merely an affair of rote, so that the child may understand what it is being taught. And, by the way, I earnestly hope that you will never make your children learn parts of the Bible as punishment. Do you not know families where this is done? For instance: "You have been a bad child—learn a chapter of Isaiah." And the child learns it as a disagreeable task, and in his mind that splendid and lofty poem and prophecy is forever afterward associated with an uncomfortable feeling of disgrace. I hope you will not make your children learn the Bible in that way, for you can devise no surer method of making a child revolt against all the wonderful beauty and truth of Holy Writ.

Probably there is not a mother or a school-teacher here who could not, out of her own experience, give instance after instance of the queer twists that the little minds give to what seem to us perfectly simple sentences. Now, I would make a very strong plea for each of us to try and see that the child understands

what the words mean. I do not think that it is ordinarily necessary to explain the simple and beautiful stories of the Bible; children understand readily the lessons taught therein; but I do think it necessary to see that they really have a clear idea of what each sentence means, what the words mean.

Probably some of my hearers remember the old Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York when it was under the ministry of Dr. Adams, and those of you who remember the doctor will, I think, agree with me that he was one of those very rare men with whose name one instinctively tends to couple the adjective "saintly." I attended his church when I was a little boy. The good doctor had a small grandson, and it was accidentally discovered that the little fellow felt a great terror of entering the church when it was vacant. After vain attempts to find out exactly what his reasons were, it happened late one afternoon that the doctor went to the church with him on some errand. They reached the pulpit he said, "Grandpa, where is the zeal?" "The what?" asked Dr. Adams. "The zeal," repeated the little boy; "why, don't you know, 'the little boy clasping the doctor's hand and gazing anxiously about. When they walked down the aisle together, their steps echoing in the vacant building, the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up?'" You can imagine the doctor's astonishment when he found that this sentence had sunk deep into his little grandson's mind as a description of some terrific monster which haunted the inside of churches.

The immense moral influence of the Bible, though of course infinitely the most important, is not the only power it has for good. In addition there is the unceasing influence it exerts on the side of good taste, of good literature, of proper sense of proportion, of simple and straightforward writing and thinking.

This is not a small matter in an age where there is a tendency to read much that, even if not actually harmful on moral grounds, is yet injurious, because it represents slipshod, slovenly thought and work; not the kind of serious thought, of serious expression, which we like to see in anything that goes into the fibre of our character.

The Bible does not teach us to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them. That is a lesson that each one of us who has children is bound in honor to teach these children if he or she expects to see them become fitted to play the part of men and women in our world.

Again, I want you to think of your neighbors, of the people you know. Don't you, each one of you, know some man (I am sorry to say, perhaps more often, some woman) who gives life an unhealthy turn for children by trying to spare them in the present the very things which would train them to do strong work in the future? Such conduct is not kindness. It is shortsightedness and selfishness; it means merely that the man or woman shrinks from the little inconveniences, to himself or herself, of making the child fit itself to be a good

and strong man or woman hereafter. There should be the deepest and truest love for their children in the hearts of all fathers and mothers. Without such love there is nothing but black despair for the family; but the love must respect both itself and the one beloved. It is not true love to invite future disaster by weak indulgence for the moment.

What is true affection for a boy? To bring him up so that nothing rough ever touches him, and at twenty-one turn him out into the world with a moral nature that turns black and blue in great bruises at the least shock from any one of the forces of evil with which he is bound to come in contact? Is that kindness? Indeed, it is not. Bring up your boys with both love and wisdom; and turn them out as men, strong-limbed, clear-eyed, stout-hearted, clean-minded, able to hold their own in this great world of work and strife and ceaseless effort.

If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord; to do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by the man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by the man who in the fullest sense of the word is a true Christian, like Great Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact as well as in theory "doers of the Word and not hearers only."

What a splendid specimen of Christian manhood President Roosevelt has proven himself to be! It speaks well for the Republic, that our rulers are so pronounced in their faith in the Bible and profession of the Christian religion.



UNDYING FRIENDSHIP

DIANA, who caused a mountain hind to receive the knife that was meant for Iphigenia, seized her miraculously from the altar, and, carrying her to the land of the Taurians, appointed her priestess of the temple. A Grecian young man, who had committed a crime, was pursued by the Furies. He went from place to place in his vain attempt to escape their rage, when Apollo promised him relief upon the condition that he would go to the territory of the Taurians, get the image of Artemis, and return with it to Argos. A friend of his, intimate from earliest childhood, accompanied him in the merciful but perilous undertaking. Reaching the shore, they approached the temple, but finding the walls so high, and the gates so secure, they became discouraged and came near taking their ships for home. They determined, however, to hide in a cave some distance from the sea, and at night attempt to break into the temple, and secure the image. Native herdsmen discovered them, and being

so tall and so fair some of the people thought they were gods and worshiped them. Others laughed at the idea of their divinity, and said that they had hidden in the cave knowing that the law of the land visited death upon strangers found within its bounds. The two brave men, with swords, at first resisted successfully the natives, but afterward they were overcome and carried before the king, Thoas, who gave them over to the priestess of Diana for slaughter. Seeing that they were Greeks, she told them she was of their nation and had long desired to send a message back to her people, which a captive had cut out for her on a tablet of wood. She told these young men that one could go and take the tablet, and escape, and that the other should remain and die. The priestess selected the one who had been pursued by the Furies to take the tablet, and his companion for slaughter. But the young man who was to go said, "I am the cause of all the trouble; this dear friend has accompanied me out of the kindness of his heart, and it would be base of me, indeed, to suffer him to perish in my stead. He must go, and I will die." His companion positively refused to go, and insisted upon remaining for sacrifice, while his friend should return and live. While the men were engaged in a dialogue, in which each showed his willingness to remain and die and his unwillingness to go and live, Iphigenia, who had withdrawn herself for the search, returned with the tablet in her hand, which contained the following message:

"To My Brother Orestes, Son of Agamemnon:

"I that was sacrificed in Aulis, even Iphigenia who am alive, yet dead to my people, bid thee fetch me before I die, to Argos, from a strange land, taking me from the altar that is red with the blood of strangers, whereat I serve."

She gave it to the young man who had been selected to go, and whose name was Pylades, and bound him with an oath. Taking it from her, he said: "My oath is easy to keep." Then turning to his companion, who was ready for slaughter, said: "Orestes, take thou this tablet from thy sister." Orestes, with surprise and delight received the message, and embraced his long-lost sister, the priestess Iphigenia. At first she hesitated to believe so strange a story, until Orestes had thoroughly identified himself; then securing the image, for which the men had come, she now ran with them to their ship, and sailed away with them for their native land. The Taurians were so impressed with the devotion of these Grecian young men to each other, that they built temples in their honor and worshiped Orestes and Pylades as the Gods of Friendship.

The Old and the New Testaments, which contain descriptions of the bad as well as the good side of human nature, present many instances of this devotion of friend to friend. The friendship of Orestes and Pylades reminds us of the love Christ had for his apostles, and the love all but one of them had for him. He gave his life for them, and most of them laid down their lives for him. Many of the disciples of Christ, from his time till the present, have copied

this beautiful example of brotherly love. Every hour of the day, in every rank, however conspicuous or obscure, there are instances of this undying friendship of one for another, which add immeasurably to the beauty, charm and hope of mankind.



A SOUND HEART

IN the royal gallery at Versailles hangs an equestrian portrait of one of the early marshals of France. He is represented with one wooden leg in the stirrup; one coat-sleeve is empty, and one eye is covered by a patch to conceal its loss. Over the painting is an inscription containing his name, and these memorable words:

“He scattered everywhere his limbs and his glory. His blood was in a hundred places the price of his victory, and the warfare in which he was engaged left nothing sound about him but his heart.”

In the great battle of life, no matter how much a man may be cut or shot to pieces by the weapons of misfortune, he will be a royal hero if he will only keep his heart sound.



A BLIND MAN WHO SAW

I REMEMBER that once our collie, in language quite plain to us, told us that there were strangers on the premises. I went out of the door and found workmen, who had come to repair the stone flagging in front of the church and parsonage. One of the number was making chips fly, cutting away a root which had lifted up the pavement. I said to him: “My friend, are you not afraid that it will injure the tree to cut off so large a root?” He answered, “No, it has a million roots, and it will not miss the one I am taking away.”

My son said, “That blind man yonder is the contractor, it might be a good thing to speak to him about it.” I went over to him, and had not exchanged two sentences with him before I forgot the root and the tree, so deeply interested did I become in the skill and enterprise of the man himself. I asked him how he got along in the stone-paving business, disabled as he was. He answered: “Any kind of an occupation to a blind man is an uphill business, but he will get up the hill if he will climb hard enough. The way I get along in my business is to use the sight of the men I employ. I have as many eyes as those of the men that work for me. It would hardly do to let them know I could not get along without them, for then they would put up the price of wages on me and I would have to go out of the business, and hence I use all kinds of good-

humored tact in availing myself of the benefit of their sight." Continuing, he said: "I would not trade shoes with lots of people I meet on the street; they see some things I do not, but I see a good many things they do not." Suspecting what he meant, I thought I would draw him out a little. I asked him what things he saw that escaped the notice of others. He replied: "For instance, mental things. Being blind, I am thrown back on my other organs, which are compelled to do the work of the missing one. I see a good many things through my ears. I can tell a man by his voice. I can tell a tall man and a short man, a smart man and a dull man, and, more times than you would think, a good man and a bad man, by the tone and quality of the voice and the manner in which it is handled. After three minutes talk, I have as good an estimate of a man's character as those who have their sight could have. I also see through my feet. That foot of mine knows a good deal. I never think of touching my hand to a stone to determine the accuracy of its position. I have trained my feet so well that not a man who works for me can tell when the stone is in its exact place so quickly as I can, by standing on it. My foot is pretty nearly as accurate as a level, in laying the pavement. What I meant by saying I would not trade shoes with many I meet is this, that they are mentally asleep; that they will not use the faculties they have, while I, with the loss of one faculty, have to work harder for the knowledge I have, and the additional exercise of the brain strengthens it. There are other people I pass on the street who do not see morally; they do not distinguish between their money and somebody else's, or between their rights and those of others; they do not see the tired face of a hungry widow, nor the bare feet of an orphan boy. I take a great deal of satisfaction in knowing that I see these things, and try to govern my life accordingly.

"It is true, of course, that many people who go by me, will not run into an iron lamp-post, as I do sometimes, but they will run up against moral lamp-posts, that stun them, and throw them sprawling into the gutter; and the strange thing is that they will continue to run up against these posts each day till they have knocked out their brains and their life. Many who pass me on the street do not see spiritually; they do not see any Being behind the flowers and trees and stars. They have never seen the Man on the tree who died for us, nor the Other Person who walks by the good man's side; they have never had any vision of any other world but this. I see God and Christ and the Holy Spirit, and Heaven; I claim I have the light from above. I know I have it, and," continued the blind man, "the vision of these unseen things makes me very happy."

I was so entertained with his words, that I asked him to sit down on the church steps and tell me something about himself. He said, "My name is Frank Wolven; my partner and I are in the stone-paving business." "Were you always blind?" I asked. "No, sir," he replied; "we lived in the country,

and my father, who was in the stone business, was loading a blast, which was exploded by accident, by a spark from a stroke of the crow-bar. Pieces of stone struck both eyes, putting them entirely out; a small piece also went into my forehead, which you can feel now if you will put your finger on it. I was then twelve years old; being a country boy, I had never seen a blind person in my life. In the old *Lander's Primer* I had seen the picture of a blind man led by his dog, for whom I had always felt very sorry. I was taken to the best specialists in New York City, who could do nothing for me, and sent me back to the country. Two years later I went to an institution for the blind in New York.

"Afterwards, for eight or ten years, I followed the business of piano tuning, spending part of the time in a large factory. I can take any piano apart, even to the removal of the smallest screw, and put it together again. Then I went into the stone business, in which I was at first unsuccessful. I think it does a man good, that it wakes him up, to get bitten a time or two at the start; I profited by the lesson of my misfortune, and am getting along very nicely now."

I said: "My friend, it is more than likely that our Heavenly Father did you the greatest possible kindness in taking away your eyes, that he has shut you in, on a world of truth, beauty, and goodness, which you might have missed if they had been spared, and that you will behold more beautiful things in the next world than would ever have been revealed to you if your natural sight had been preserved."

To the Christian, misfortune is often the greatest fortune, and total blindness the most perfect vision. God often has to hang a curtain to shut out the visible, that his children may be able to see the invisible.



UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE



ALFRED A. DUNHAM, a retired architect, and his wife, called one day at the parsonage of Rev. Dr. L. W. Allen, of the South Park Presbyterian Church, of Newark, N. J. They spent some little time in speaking of temporal and spiritual matters. The ill health of Mrs. Dunham was a source of great concern to her husband. The minister suggested that the three kneel down and offer prayer for the restoration of Mrs. Dunham's health. They did so, and while they prayed, Mr. Dunham fell over on the floor dead. A stroke of apoplexy caused his death.

If a man be ready a sudden death is no calamity, it is only a chariot with horses of swifter feet, or angels with swifter wing to convey him to his palace and his throne.

PROFESSOR MORSE AS A CHRISTIAN



PROFESSOR SAMUEL MORSE was as faithful and efficient as a Christian as he was conspicuous as an inventor. His success in life under great difficulties was another illustration of the fact that the children of ministers usually turn out well. Being thoroughly indoctrinated in a Christian home, he early entered upon the earnest discharge of religious duties. He took a special interest in the spiritual tuition of the young, becoming superintendent of one of the first Sunday Schools in America. While he taught fine art in the recitation room, he taught, by precept and example, the highest art of noble living. He was a conspicuous and potential member of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of New York City, being constant in his attendance at the church services, and taking as deep interest in the temporal and spiritual success of the charge as the pastor himself. His personal knowledge of God was very distinct, and his consciousness of an indwelling Christ was exceedingly precious to him. At about the time the world was showering its honors upon him, he nestled up to the heart of his pastor to say to him, that the favor of Christ was so much better than the praise of kings. At the close of the solemn communion service, one Sabbath morning, he took the hand of the pastor, and with voice trembling with deep emotion that filled his soul, said: "O, this is something better and greater than standing before princes." He felt that he had had audience with the King of kings, and that seated at the table with his Lord, he had been fed upon the Bread of Life. The love of God, in the death of Christ, gave him the sweetest enjoyment and divinest inspiration a mortal can have in this world. He was always of a generous disposition; even when he was struggling with poverty, he divided his scanty income with the Church of Christ and with the general causes of Charity. The first money he ever earned by his new invention was forty-seven dollars, which was his share of the right to use his instrument in the communication between the Post Office and the National Observatory in Washington, every penny of which he sent to the Rev. Dr. Sproll, as a thank-offering to God, to be used for Church purposes. This was the first sheaf of ripe wheat which was waved before the Lord, as a pledge that the harvest belonged to him. And as his financial ability increased, his benevolences were multiplied in every direction. While he was in Paris he took quite an interest in the American Chapel there, and subscribed the first thousand dollars to lift the debt upon it.

As might have been expected, his old age was sweet in contentment, beautiful in the advancement of Christian graces, glorious in the hope of immortality. He read his Bible constantly, prayed unceasingly, and revelled in the consciousness of Christ's presence, and in the prospect of Heaven. He said: "I love to be studying the Guide-book of the country to which I am going; I wish to know more and more about it." A little while before he died,

his pastor reminded him of God's special goodness to him through his eventful life, and he responded: "Yes; so good, so good, and the best part of all is yet to come."

It is a beautiful thing to see a character so symmetrically developed as that of Professor Morse. There are some men of genius, who are so engaged with the material forms and forces that they do not reach the spiritual Personality behind them. Their intellects grow to be large, but their religious natures remain very small. They become great scholars, artists, scientists, discoverers, but are very small Christians. There are others, whose study of nature brings them closer to the Author of Nature, and as they become great scholars, artists, scientists, inventors, they grow to be correspondingly great in their Christian character and experience. It is impossible to calculate the religious influence of men thus splendidly equipped in their intellectual powers; who advance in divine favor as they grow in earthly honor, who pay a due regard to the realities of the next life, while they busy themselves with the practical concerns of this one. The great inventor, while he handled the subtle current, and made it do his bidding, saw to it that his own spirit was constantly charged with the electric current of love divine; and while he spoke in a flash of lightning, to cities, and to distant continents and islands of the sea, he whispered perpetually in the ear of the Absolute and received continual messages in return from Him.



LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE NEGRO GIRL

I WAS fishing in a little boat on a lonely lake in northern Michigan one summer day. The sky was blue, the air invigorating, the scenery wild and exquisitely beautiful. My companion was a retired merchant of Detroit. We had caught forty or fifty pounds of splendid fish, richly hued and fierce with the line. There was a pause in the biting, and we had time to talk. I said to him; "Mr. Gray, I understood you to say that you were from Illinois." "Yes, I lived in that State," he replied. "In what part?" "In Springfield," he answered. "Did you know Mr. Lincoln?" "I should think I did," he said. "He and I were warm personal friends. We were playing hand-ball together against the side of a store at the very time a messenger came to tell him they were balloting for him for the Presidency in Chicago. He said, 'Boys, it is time for me to quit,' and went back to his office."

"Mr. Gray," I asked, "can you tell me some incident connected with Mr. Lincoln for whose truthfulness you can vouch, which has not found its way into any magazines or books?" He said: "I do not think this one has been printed. I was cashier of one of the banks of Springfield, and Lincoln came into the bank one morning convulsed with laughter. He came up to my window and said


to me, 'Do you want to hear a good joke on me?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Well, as I came from my office here I saw a little girl going to school. She was drenched with the terrible storm, and was standing on the corner unable to cross the street, which was flooded with water more than ankle deep. Her back was to me, and I put my hands under her arms, and, wading across the street, I set her down safely on the other side. As I did so, I reached around and kissed her cheek, and as she turned to thank me for my kindness, I discovered that she was a little nigger.' Lincoln broke out into a hearty laugh again.

"I have thought so many times since, that Lincoln helping the little colored schoolgirl over the flooded street in Springfield was the type and prophecy of Lincoln carrying four millions of the same race over the Red Sea."

A six-pound beauty struck my hook, and we had no more time for Lincoln stories, nor anything else except the task at hand.



BALMORAL

S children were born to her, and as the responsibilities of office increased, Queen Victoria felt the need of a country home, removed from the press and the noise of the busy throng, a home where she might take off her crown and unbend and be a simple wife and mother. She wanted to buy an estate on Loch Laggan, but Prince Albert persuaded her to wait and look at Balmoral with him. She was charmed with the Highlands and the castle, and Albert bought the estate from Lord Aberdeen for £31,500, and presented it to her. Of it he writes: "We have withdrawn for a short time into a complete mountain solitude, where one rarely sees a human face, where the snow now in September covers the mountain tops, and the wild deer come creeping stealthily around the house. I, naughty man, have been creeping stealthily after the harmless stags, and to-day I shot two red deer. The castle is of granite, with numerous small turrets, and is situated on a rising ground, surrounded by birchwood and close to the river Dee. The air is glorious and clear, but icy cold." The Queen afterwards bought much adjoining property, and the estate now includes forty thousand acres, six miles of which are along the banks of the Dee. She built several cottages on the grounds, and there is now quite a village near the palace.

At this home in the Highlands of Scotland, the Queen spent as much time as possible while Albert lived, and after he died, because she preferred solitude and because it was a gift from him to her and because of the precious memories of a perfect married life that were associated with it. It lengthened her life and multiplied her usefulness. She fed soul and body on the pure atmosphere, the sublime mountain, the beautiful vale, the lovely landscape, the winding

stream, the purple heather, the sacred communion with her family, love for the poor and the simple worship of Almighty God. Balmoral was the expression of everything that was most beautiful in the character of the Queen and most potential in her reign. A few hours each day she devoted to the affairs of State, but much of the time was spent in recreation and rest in the bosom of her family and on the breast of her Redeemer. Though at ease in the highest social function, and exact in her requirements of Court etiquette, and acquainted as almost no one with the affairs of this busy world, she was a simple child of nature from the time she took the sceptre, a girl of eighteen, till death removed it from her fingers. Almost all great persons have had their places of solitude and hours for reflection, their contact with nature and communion with self. A proper proportion of society and solitude, of work and of rest, is necessary for the development of a complete character.



BURIED TALENT


SAMUEL McMICHAN, of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, was ploughing recently in the field, and, resting his team for a moment, he looked back over the furrow and noticed a crooked place in it. He returned to find the cause of it, and he discovered that his plough had broken open an earthenware pot that had been buried there, and scattered hundreds of pieces of silver money in every direction. The coin was most of it silver pennies of the reigns of Edward I., who annexed Scotland, and Edward II., who lost it. Some of the coins were those of Alexander III., of Scotland, who ruled from 1249 to 1286. There were more than two thousand pieces of the money. About two hundred years before Columbus discovered America some man hid that money in the ground. What his name was, or what was his motive, no one can tell. Maybe he stole it, and was afraid to circulate it. Maybe he hid it to keep lawless bands from confiscating it; possibly he could not find the place in the field where he had buried it; more than likely it was some old miser who salted it down, infinitely happy at the thought that he had it, and, losing his senses or his life, never came to claim it. If those pennies could speak what a story they would tell, but as they are dumb, we will have to guess at their history. Whoever hid them there, or from whatever motive, the fact remains they were idle for nearly 600 years, doing no one any good. That money put out at interest would have amounted to a fabulous sum by this time, and would have done incalculable good.

Whoever he was, what a fool he was to do as he did. And yet he has his imitators to-day, many of them who pack their silver away in idleness, where it will not do them or anyone else any good. He has imitators, in the many who take the faculties the Divine Master has given them to employ in mental

and spiritual commerce for their own benefit and that of others, and leave them unemployed, like the one in the parable, who digged in the earth and hid his lord's money.




SCIENCE AND BELIEF

HOMAS A. EDISON has been so intensely human; has been so thoroughly engrossed with the investigation of natural facts, that some people have thought he was not a believer in God. Such people are greatly mistaken. He does not hesitate to declare his faith in the existence of God and of his divine providence. He says: "Too many people have a microscopic idea of the Creator. If they would only study his wonderful works, as shown in the natural laws of the universe and in Nature herself (seen on every hand, if people would look for them), they would have a much broader idea of the Great Engineer and of his divine power. Indeed, I can almost prove his existence by chemistry." Mr. Edison thinks that a strong probability of the existence of an intelligent Creator, can be deduced from the fact that the harmonious mingling of elements in the chemical world will produce beautiful colors and exquisite fragrance; and that the inharmonious mingling of them will produce disintegration, death, and foul odors. In several instances, the great scientist has expressed not only his intellectual faith in a Divine Being, but also his personal knowledge of him.

We hear very much talk about the atheism of science, and see many persons who are frightened at its supposed danger, but the fact is that atheism among men of science is the rare exception; that a majority of those who investigate the facts of the natural world are believers in infinite Wisdom and Love.



A YOUNG MAN SAVES A HUNDRED AND TWENTY LIVES


N the night of June 30, 1900, there raged that terrific fire at the Hamburg-American Line docks at Hoboken, N. J., which destroyed three ships and many precious lives. During the conflagration there were many acts of heroism worthy of mention. Frank Rademacher, a boy of eighteen years, took his skiff, and picked out of the wreckage, and fished out of the river, one hundred and twenty persons, who otherwise would have perished, and rowed them safely to the land. The coolness of his head and the skill of his hands were matched by the warmth of his heart. He constantly risked his life in his attempts to rescue others. The simple-hearted young man did not seem to

think he had done anything worthy of especial praise. Some time after the fire, Colonel Wesley P. Jones, President of the United States Life Saving Corps, visited the Valencia Boat Club at Hoboken, and awarded to young Rademacher a gold medal for having saved so many lives, and said that he was the only person but one to whom the Corps had awarded such a medal. Colonel Jones also presented at the same time a silver medal to Philip Heckel, for saving lives that fatal night. President Jones said that young Rademacher's heroic conduct was known and honored throughout Germany as well as this country.

There is a spiritual conflagration raging, and many are in the wreckage and in the water, and will speedily perish unless they be rescued. Christians ought to go to them with zeal and heroism and save them. A crown of gold adorned with sparkling jewels the King will bestow upon those who save the souls of their fellows, and they themselves will "shine as the brightness of the firmament, as the stars forever and ever."



A TIN ROOF FOR A BED ; THE BLUE SKY FOR A QUILT

T the close of a mission service in London, the man having charge began to put out the lights and to close up for the night. He noticed a little fellow, bareheaded and barefooted, with face besmeared and with garments ragged, whom he told pleasantly to leave the room. The man went on with the rest of the work of closing, and when he was ready to put out the last light and turn the key, he saw the boy still there. In a louder voice and more peremptory manner, he ordered the urchin to go home. The little fellow answered plaintively : " I ain't got no home, and ain't got nowhere to go ; and I'm awful hungry." The man thought he was putting up a story of need for the purpose of getting a few pennies out of him, but he invited the little fellow to go home with him, and gave him a good square meal. He asked the boy if he knew any others who were in the condition that he was in. The boy said : " Plenty of 'em." " Where?" he asked. The boy answered, " Jes' foller me, an' I'll take yer to 'em." At midnight they started, and going down some of the streets of the slum districts they came to a place that looked like a coal bin, and the boy, pointing to it, said : " There's lots of 'em there." Lighting a match, he looked in, but there was not one of them there. The little urchin said : " The cops 'uv scared 'em out, and I will find 'em fer you." With these words he climbed up the side of the brick wall to the roof of the building, and the man followed him, and there lay thirteen dirty-faced, ragged, fatherless, motherless, homeless, little fellows, huddled together like so many swine, with no bed under them but the tin roof, and no quilt over them but the blue sky. The little fellow started to wake the boys up, but the man prevented him from doing so ; and as he stood, looking at those



boys asleep on the roof, God told him that henceforth it should be his life-work to provide homes for such little ones of His as those, and Dr. Barnardo was obedient to the heavenly voice and organized that charity which has so blessed the waifs of London. And each night, in that great city, there are sheltered in Christian Homes five thousand motherless and fatherless boys and girls, who are saved from the weather and the greater peril of temptation to lives of usefulness and honor.

In all the cities of our country there are faithful men and women who hear the same voice that spoke to Dr. Barnardo, and are caring for the little waifs. There are others to whom God is speaking who do not listen to the call. It is difficult to conceive of a more beautiful charity than that of taking precious ones whose lives are virtually lost at the start, and saving them for humanity and heaven.



GENERAL HARRISON'S AFFECTIONS



WENT at one time to Washington to request President Harrison to appoint a friend to an important office. The President received me kindly, and after I had made a statement of facts in behalf of my friend, he said, "That appointment has given me more trouble of mind than any other one in my gift, including membership in my Cabinet. At least a dozen good men are urged for the position. I have narrowed the list down to two men, the one in whose interest you have come, and another from the northern part of the State. It is the choice between these two men that has troubled me. Both have brilliant minds, both are able lawyers, both are men of the highest integrity, both are intimate personal friends, and both have rendered signal service in the campaign. I have taken the matter to bed with me, and have lost more than one hour's sleep over it." I replied, "Mr. President, knowing you as well as I do, I am surprised to hear you speak as you do, and I am as much delighted as surprised. You are perhaps aware that you, like John Sherman and Senator Edmunds, are credited by the public with having a heart, but a heart largely under the control of the intellect." "Yes," he said, "I know that, but how little either of us is understood in this regard. Let me give you an incident about Senator Edmunds that will illustrate my thought.

"There was an important bill to be considered in the Senate, in which I had an especial interest, and I said, 'Senator Edmunds, I want you to be sure and be present this afternoon to help me with my measure.' He said, 'I will not be there.' 'You must,' I said. 'I cannot,' he replied. He continued, 'I have an invalid daughter, who is the idol of my heart. I am trying to make life just as happy for her as possible. I promised her to stay with her this afternoon, and I intend to do so if the wheels of the government stand still.'

The senator's eyes were full of tears as he talked, and I said to myself, the people think Edmunds is cold as an iceberg, they do not know him; his heart is warm and tender as a woman's. Like the Senator, I do not wear my heart on my coat-sleeve, but a little farther below the surface, perhaps, than in most men it lies, bringing joy to me, and, I hope, some blessing to my fellow men." As the President related the pathetic incident, I looked into his face and noticed that his heart was mellow and his eyes were moist, and I thought how easy it is to misjudge others, to consider a nature cold as ice, which is, in reality, tender and warm.



A POOR MAN RICH; AND A RICH MAN POOR



HERE was a very old man, who had been intelligent, honest, industrious, and faithful to his religious duties, whose reason was shaken a little from its throne. He had an innocent and harmless kind of mania, he labored under the delusion that he was exceedingly wealthy, that he owned most of the property of the State in which he lived. With a palm-leaf fan in his hand, which he carried in cold weather as well as warm, he would walk through the various parts of the town, where men were working on the street or canal or river front or upon some building, and give specific instructions as to how he wanted the work done. When a boy, I used to see him in the bank, depositing and drawing out vast sums of money to keep his great enterprises going. Being a man so highly respected, the tellers of the bank humored him in his delusion. They would take little pieces of paper, which he thought were money, and give him due credit on his book; or they would give him out little scraps of paper, which he would count carefully, say, "Correct," and put in his purse as precious treasure.


Going up and coming down the steps of the same bank, I used to see another old man, who was laboring under a similar delusion. He thought he was rich; he had a store, and a stock of goods, a number of farms, a beautiful residence, stocks and bonds, and the people considered him about the most prosperous merchant in the town. But, in fact, he was not really rich. He lacked those elements which contribute to the development of man's better self. He loved his money so much that he had almost no disposition or time for anything else; he was so fond of it that it did him and other people very little good. The pieces of paper, that he put in one bank window and took out of the other, with their colors of green and red and black, with their figures, and faces of President, Secretary or General, upon them, were more handsome than those the other old man had, but they were as powerless to make him really wealthy. As his relatives died away from him he became more sordid in spirit, and dwarfed in his manhood. I was present at his funeral, and

looked carefully to see if a single tear fell from any eye during the exercises. If one fell I did not discover it. After his death, there was a bitter fight in the courts over the pieces of paper that the poor-rich man had left.

The other old man, with the fan in his hand, who was laughed at because he thought he was rich and was poor, was in reality rich. Until the time of his extreme old age, he had lived a life of intelligence, truthfulness, integrity, kindness, generosity, and piety. Even in his strange delusion the moral equalities dominated his heart. He had all that he really needed in this life, and had laid up treasure in heaven. He thought he owned a state; he was the son of a King, and owned an empire.



THE FABLE OF THE EAGLE AND THE CAT

ORD SPENCER gave a dinner to some literary friends at his home in London. Benjamin Franklin being among the number. During the conversation the host lamented the fact that the fable, as a form of expression, had gone out of date; that the birds and the beasts, and other creatures had said all that they knew, and were not likely to replenish their stock of learning. With this in view all the guests were in accord except Franklin, who remained silent. Lord Spencer appealed to him directly for his opinion, and he replied: "Why, my lord, I cannot say that I have the honor to think with you in this affair. The birds and beasts have indeed said a great many wise things; but it is likely they will say a great many more yet before they are done. Nature, I am thinking, is not quite so easily exhausted as your lordship seems to imagine." The host then asked Franklin to offer an illustration of the truths he had uttered, by giving them an impromptu fable. This he declined to do, but the other guests insisted so urgently that he wrote upon a piece of paper this fable, which he read to them: "Once upon a time, as an eagle, in the full pride of his pinions, soared over a humble farm-yard, darting his fiery eyes around in search of a pig, a lamb, or some such pretty titbit, what should he behold but a plump young rabbit, as he thought, squatted among the weeds. Down at once upon him he pounced, and, bearing him aloft in his talons, thus chuckled to himself with joy: 'Zounds, what a lucky dog am I! Such a nice rabbit here, this morning, for my breakfast!' His joy was but momentary; for the supposed rabbit happened to be a stout cat, who, spitting and squalling with rage, instantly stuck his teeth and nails like fury into the eagle's thighs, making the blood and feathers fly at a dreadful rate. 'Hold! Hold! for mercy's sake!' cried the eagle, his wings shivering in the air with very torment. 'Villain!' retorted the cat, with a tiger-like growl, 'dare you talk of mercy after treating me thus, who never injured you?' 'O God bless you, Mr. Cat, is that you?' rejoined the eagle.


'Pon honor, I did not intend it, sir. I thought it was only a rabbit I had got hold of—and you know we are all fond of rabbits. Do you suppose, my dear sir, that if I had but dreamt it was you, I would ever have touched a hair of your head? No, indeed; I am not such a fool as all that comes to. And now, my dear Mr. Cat, come, let's be good friends again, and I'll let you go with all my heart.' 'Yes, you'll let me go, scoundrel, will you, here from the clouds, to break every bone in my skin! No, villain, carry me back, and put me down exactly where you found me, or I'll tear the throat out of you in a moment.' Without a word of reply, the eagle stooped at once from his giddy height, and sailing humbly down, with great complaisance restored the cat to his simple farm-yard, there to sleep or hunt his rats and mice at pleasure."

After he had completed his story, all were silent. Finally, Lord Spencer, in a sad tone replied, "Ah, Dr. Franklin, I see the drift of your fable; and my fears have already made the application. God grant that Britain may not prove the eagle and America the cat."

In a little over a year from that time the Declaration of Independence was passed. The British eagle undertook to devour the American rabbit, and, after eight years of scratching and fighting, it was glad to lay down the cat. There are individuals like nations, who are very quick to lay hold upon a rabbit, without teeth or claws with which to defend itself, who are very shy about touching a cat, which can make such a savage fight.



A BRAVE CHINESE BOY

 HE besieged in Pekin sent a number of natives with messages to Tien-Tsin, almost all of whom were detected and killed. Three, however, returned. One of them was a Chinese boy, fifteen years of age, who carried the message from Sir Claude MacDonald to Mr. Charles, in Tien-Tsin, which prompted the relief force to start immediately, and not wait until September, and likely saved the besieged from annihilation. He had been a scholar in the Sunday School of the Congregational Mission in Pekin, and when the Boxer troubles became more threatening, his employer discharged him, fearing that the mob would burn down his establishment if he kept a Sunday School scholar in it. When the Boxers came through the streets he joined their ranks, as a pretended follower, and spent the night in howling, and making as much noise as the rest. After the Congregational Mission buildings had been destroyed, a missionary went to the neighborhood of the ruins, to see if there were any native Christians desiring shelter. He found this lad, who followed him into the Methodist Mission, and afterward went with the missionaries and native Christians into the British legation. He offered to risk his life in undertaking to carry a mes-

sage to Tien-Tsin. They dressed him up as a beggar, gave him a bowl of porridge, with Sir Claude MacDonald's letter, wrapped in oiled silk, at the bottom of it, and let him down in a basket from the Tartar wall. This was done on the night of July the fourth; he reached Tien-Tsin, after a series of thrilling adventures, on July the twenty-first, delivered his message, and in one week to the day, he was back again, with encouraging news, to the British legation. They cheered him lustily, and honored him as one of the greatest heroes of the siege.

This boy's bravery, devotion to the allied forces, and signal service in their behalf, entitled him to the esteem and gratitude of the civilized world.

If this heathen Chinese Sunday School scholar could be so brave and do so much for the cause of God, what great things should the Sunday School scholars of Christian lands undertake for the cause of Christ and his church, and what an inspiration this example of heroism should be to all workers, old and young, in the service of the Master.



THE WATER SUPPLY AT LADYSMITH

ANSON PLENUS, who obtained employment in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, had been awarded a medal by the British Government for special acts of bravery during the siege of Ladysmith. On being notified that the honor had been conferred upon him, he said to a reporter who visited him: "I didn't do so much at Ladysmith. One of the first things the Boers did after surrounding the town was to destroy the waterworks system. Now, fifteen thousand men and women couldn't be bothered going a half-mile or more down to the creek every time they wanted a drink, so some means had to be found of getting the water into the town.

"There was an old relic in the shape of a fire department at Ladysmith, and the oldest thing about it was a fire engine. It would not have put out a fire in seven years, but that did not matter. In South Africa they prefer to let a building burn down and then rebuild it. We moved the old thing down to the river, and laid a line of leaky woven hose up into the town. We hid the engine where the Boer guns could not reach it with their shells, and started pumping. There was only one kind of coal—very soft, and much given to smoking. This black smoke made an elegant target, and the Boers were not in the habit of overlooking a good thing. They shot at it continually, and several times ploughed up the gravel about the engine. I was not injured in any way, however, and kept the old engine pumping through the entire siege. It broke down many times, and it was not the easiest thing in the world to make repairs with nothing with which to make them."

It seems that this man, who speaks so modestly of himself, had performed

a deed of heroism which was worthy of the recognition of the British Government; that by his skill, bravery, energy, and constancy, he did much toward preserving the health and life of the besieged by furnishing them with an ample supply of fresh water, and in the midst of flying shot and shell, risked his own life in his efforts to do so. Water forms such a large percentage of plants and animals, that they quickly die without it. The water supply in a campaign is as important as that of ammunition or arms.

Christ is the water of Life, which refreshes thirsty souls and saves from death, and he who furnishes to famishing mortals this water shall have the notice and favor of the Divine Ruler, and shall be rewarded, not by a medal, which will be tarnished by the touch of time, but with a crown of life. To risk the life in supplying this living water to fellow men is to reach the highest point of human heroism.



THE DANGER OF LETTING THE LIGHT GO OUT

AT a circus entertainment in San Francisco, a man with gaudy dress and all bespangled, entered the cage of wild beasts. He had them under such perfect control that he had to sting them with his whip to make them snarl and howl. The light went suddenly out and in an instant they sprang upon him, and though he screamed for help, they tore him to pieces before help could reach him.

Darkness is the curtain behind which vice hides and preys. It is said that the improved lighting appliances of cities has greatly reduced crime. It is the safe thing to keep the light of Christ's love burning in the heart, for if it shall burn low or go out, the wild beasts of evil passion will pounce upon and destroy the soul.



VICTORIA TEACHES A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

SOME twenty years ago Queen Victoria conducted a Bible class in Buckingham Palace. When the court is staying in London, there are many servants in the palace, and, as a considerable number of these are married and have children, her Majesty formed a Bible class for the especial benefit of the little ones.


This novel Sunday School was held in one of the Queen's private rooms, and sometimes quite a large number of children were present. Her Majesty conducted the class herself, and many of the children, now grown to be men and women, look back with intense pleasure to the time when they had for their Sunday-school teacher none other than the Queen of England. A chapter in the Bible would be selected by her Majesty. This the scholars read in turn,

verse by verse. The Queen would then explain the more difficult passages in simple language, and set forth the lesson to be learned.

The Queen furnished a most excellent example to the thin-brained, shallow-hearted, who think the poor beneath their notice, and to the Christians who consider the teaching of children in Scriptural truths a small thing, unworthy of their ability or energy. Victoria was great on state occasions, and at Jubilees, but nowhere greater than as teacher of the Bible class composed of the children of the servants. There is no element more permanent in the British, or any other empire, than the education of the children, the children of the common people, especially in Biblical truth. God seems great in making worlds, and creating intelligences, but nowhere greater than when he stoops lowest at the Cross, to save the poorest child of earth.



BEN FRANKLIN AS A BOY

HE boy, Ben Franklin, as he went away from home to make his living, took a boat at Burlington, New Jersey, and worked his passage by rowing all night to Philadelphia. He landed in that city, having in his pocket a dollar and a shilling, and on his back a bundle of clothes, the only possessions he had in the world. On leaving the boat he gave his shilling to a poor old man who belonged to the crew, and started up Market street with a capital stock of one dollar. He bought three loaves of bread at the bakery, put one loaf under each arm, and gnawed the other as he went along the street. A greener looking specimen could hardly be imagined than this gawk of a boy, with his soiled clothes and begrimed face, eating his bread in the open street. He passed the residence of the beautiful Miss Deborah Read, who laughed heartily at the ridiculously verdant appearance of the youth. He went along apparently aimlessly until he came to the dock, near to the place where he had landed, and seeing a poor woman with a hungry child leaning against her, he gave her two of the loaves which he had, retaining the part of the one which he had been eating. This green boy, at the very start in life, exhibited those traits of character which made his life so beautiful and so valuable. The young woman that laughed at him, as being the symbol of everything that was awkward and undesirable, afterwards was glad to become his wife, and share the affections and honors of this great man. Hard thinking and hard work, together with good native ability, turned this awkward boy into the great philosopher, scientist and diplomatist.

The world afterward learned what Miss Read, the society belle, found out by experience—that it is not wise to judge a boy by the cost or cut of his clothes, by his gait or by his manners on the street, as real manhood is in the brains under the hat and in the heart under the vest.

SNOW BRIDGES

THE crevasses of high mountains are often spanned by bridges, made by the falling snow. The wise tourist and guide always passes over these bridges with extreme caution. Every now and then some venturesome person or party falls through them and is lost. About a year ago, Dr. Schaffer and a guide undertook to pass over a crevasse in the Alps on the snow. The guide got safely across, but the doctor fell through and dragged his companion with him down into the chasm. The fall did not kill them, and they called and called, and struggled and struggled, for a day and night in vain; and, writing in their diary an account of their experiences and messages to their survivors, laid down in their ice bed, with its blue canopy of sky, to a painless sleep that knows no waking.

In climbing the steeps of life's mission, the traveler will find chasms that are spanned by snow bridges, which are beautiful and solid to behold, but thoroughly unsafe. The sun that smiles upon them weakens them; and yet incautious travelers are constantly trying and falling through them. There is one safe bridge over the dangerous chasms of earth and over the river of death—the one which is made out of the timbers of the Cross on which the Saviour died.



YOUNG CONVERTS ON THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE"

WHILE a pastor in Brooklyn, I promised the local chaplain of the Navy Yard that I would preach for him some time. One morning he called at the parsonage and said: "I want you to help me to-night. There are several ships in the Yard, and we are likely to have a good audience. Come and preach a short, earnest Gospel sermon." I consented, and at the hour appointed I crossed the little ferry to the cob dock, where services were held in the chapel. The room was full of sailors and marines. An enthusiastic preliminary service of song and prayer was led by the chaplain. I preached a short sermon on "Present Faith in a Present Saviour for Present Salvation." The sight of so many men, with lives exposed to peril and giving themselves up to the service of their country, affected me greatly and made me peculiarly anxious that some souls might be saved during the service. The Holy Spirit seemed sensibly present, melting the heart of the speaker and of the hearers. I could not keep back the tears, as I told them of Christ's love for them in his death upon the Cross, and his desire to accept them as children, there and then. The boys wept also, as they yielded to the constraining power of divine grace. Seldom have I ever felt the burden of souls resting upon me as I did that night. I felt, in the depths of my soul, that there were some listening to me who, if they

did not receive Christ at that time, would never have another opportunity to do so, and in the exhortation which closed the sermon I frankly expressed my anxious fear that that might be the last public opportunity some of them would ever have to give themselves to God. When the invitation was given, about fifty of those strong men arose for prayers, a large number of whom, before the meeting closed, professed Christ. Several of those professing conversions were from the battleship *Maine*. A day or two afterwards they were ordered to Cuba, and, perishing in the explosion in Havana harbor, they became martyrs of the Republic. They embraced, perhaps, the last public opportunity they ever had to give their hearts to Christ.

It is especially important for men whose lives are full of unusual peril, to attend promptly to the matter of personal salvation; but the uncertainty of life in all ordinary occupations is so great that it is the safest thing to give the heart to God without a moment of delay.



NAPOLEON'S RELIGION



NAPOLÉON'S exile afforded him the opportunity of thinking of and communicating with God, which he did constantly. His religious opinions became very clear, and his faith exceedingly strong. Toward the close of his life he had a conversation with General Bertrand, who was an unbeliever, in which he expressed some religious views which are worthy to be preserved through the centuries. He said: "I perceive God; I see him; have need of him. I believe in him. If you do not perceive him, if you do not believe in him, so much the worse for you. But you will, General Bertrand, yet believe in God. I can pardon many things, but I have a horror of an atheist and materialist." Continuing, he makes this reference to the New Testament Scriptures: "The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power which invades everything that opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table, this book surpassing all others (here the Emperor solemnly placed his hand upon it), I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

"Nowhere is there to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable, moral maxims, which file like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotion which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night with all the brilliancy of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our

spirit, the faithful Gospel loves us. God ever is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses."

In the discussion about the Divinity of Christ, General Bertrand said: "If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude, if he has revolutionized the world, I see in that only the power of genius and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sire, and Mohammed—by the sword." Napoleon replied with considerable feeling, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of Empires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.

"We can say to the author of every other religion, you are neither gods nor the agents of Deity. You are but the missionaries of falsehood moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin. Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience, of whoever examines the gods and the temples of paganism. Everything in Christ astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible comparison. He is a being by himself. His birth, and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties; his Gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms; everything is for me a prodigy. Here I see nothing human.

"In every other existence, but that of Christ, how many imperfections! Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last, he is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm, and infinitely gentle.

"Christ died, the object of the wrath and contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own disciples. 'They are about to take me,' he said, 'and to crucify me. I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me, for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies, and I shall send to them a spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the Cross will enable them to understand my Gospel. In fine, they will believe it, they will preach it, and they will convert the world.'"


By his own admission, Bonaparte paid almost no attention to religion during

his public career. He was so busy with this world that he could not take the time to think about the next. But as this world grew small and dim to him on St. Helena, the other one became large and distinct. As he lost the Alps, he looked toward Mount Zion; as Europe slipped from his fingers, he reached his hand out to secure the heavenly Canaan. He lost an earthly kingdom, he conquered a greater empire within himself. He lost the crown of France, he gained a crown of immortality. It was worth his colossal failure to have succeeded in finding God in the Divine Christ who saved his soul. What do the ages care whether Napoleon Bonaparte lived to old age, as the Emperor in Paris, or died in exile chained to a rock in the ocean? And what difference does it make to him now?

Subjects as well as rulers are treated to this kind of earthly discipline for their spiritual good. Money is often taken away that men may lay up treasures in heaven; friends are allowed to desert, that the lonely one may find "Him who sticketh closer than a brother." Loved ones are taken to heaven, to bring it closer and make it more real. In a hundred ways God chops down the earthly supports that hold us up, that we may fall into the arms of the Everlasting. No earthly misfortune is so dark that it will not be the greatest blessing, if it shall bring the soul to a knowledge of God, the joys of Christ's love, and the bliss of immortality.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND THE BIBLE

ROFESSOR HUXLEY, who invented the word "agnostic," and claimed to be an agnostic all his life, entertained views of the Bible in his last years which greatly surprised the world. Sir John Lubbock, in an address given before the Anthropological Institute in London, gave a quotation from an address of Professor Huxley before the London School Board, in which he maintains the importance of the Bible to the mental and moral training of the children. The following is what the professor said:

"I have been seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of conduct, was to be kept up, in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters, without the use of the Bible. Take the Bible as a whole, make the severest deductions which fair criticism can dictate for shortcomings and positive errors, eliminate, as a sensible lay teacher would do if left to himself, all that it is not desirable for children to occupy themselves with, and there still remains in the old literature a vast residuum of moral beauty and grandeur. And then consider the great historical fact, that for three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of

Britain, and is as familiar to noble and simple from John O'Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of mere literary form, and finally, it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations in the world. By the study of what other book could children be so humanized, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessing or the curse of all time according to its effort to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work."

The Bible, with the human element so beautifully emphasized by the professor and the divine authority which he denied, is at the basis of all best culture and learning, and is indispensable to the education and salvation of childhood. It should be a matter of congratulation to the Christian Church, that in so many of the public schools of this country a chapter from the Bible is read at the beginning of the day's work, and that millions of children then say the prayer of our Lord.



PETER COOPER THE INVENTOR

PETER COOPER was of such an inquisitive turn of mind that he made some new discovery in about every field of employment which he tried in his earlier years. As a workman in the carriage factory, he invented a new hub for a buggy-wheel. Employed at another place, he patented a pair of shears for cutting cloth. Being domesticated in his disposition, he used to help take care of the children and attend to the housework; but, as he kept his books and did considerable figuring at home, he made a cradle which rocked itself, with a fan for keeping the flies off the baby, and a music-box to entertain and put it to sleep. He built the "Tom Thumb," the first locomotive engine ever made in this country, and ran the first car by steam over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He discovered numerous appliances for the use of anthracite coal in the making of iron. The first invention out of which he made any considerable money was his shears for cutting cloth. When he had made the first five-hundred dollars out of it he was highly elated, and had several plans for its expenditure. But he learned that his father was seriously embarrassed financially, likely to "go to the wall," and he gave him his five hundred dollars, all he had in the world. And he never ceased to be thankful for the fact that he had saved his father from bankruptcy. He was already moving toward that large-hearted benevolence which brought such blessing to his fellows, and honor to himself.

CONVERTED IN HIS CELL



HAPLAIN MUNRO, of the New York Tombs Prison, tells this story of the conversion of one of the prisoners:

Seldom have I seen the hand of God more clearly manifest than in the experience of a young man, who, I have reason to believe, was converted in prison through the instrumentality of a copy of *The Christian Herald*. When I visit a prison, I make it a point to hold up Jesus Christ and him crucified, for it may be my last opportunity; I may never see those I meet in this way a second time. The young man of whom I speak was between thirty and thirty-five, of more than the average intelligence and ability, and withal a ready conversationalist. He had passed through a checkered career, had embarked in many wild schemes, and failed in all. He was still on the stormy sea of life without a pilot, without hope and without God. Like thousands of other young men, he started out on a career of drinking and gambling, went on the rocks, and became a total wreck. Poor soul! He never expected to come to such a sad end. But then the way to hell is paved with good intentions. His wild career brought him, at last, to a felon's cell, where he drank the bitter dregs of a misspent life. I had many interviews with him on the subject of personal religion, but without apparent result. While I sought to point him to Jesus Christ, the sinners' friend, he thought only of the troubles which he had brought upon himself by his own misconduct. I could see he had no desire to forsake his sins and turn to God.

As the weeks passed by, I became deeply interested in him. In going over his past life, he mentioned that he had been in business in New York City for several years, during which time he had made his home in Brooklyn. Though he had made no profession of religion during those years, yet he was a frequent attendant at church, and was often greatly impressed, perhaps, like King Agrippa, "almost persuaded" to be a Christian; but when he came to decide the great question, business absorbed his attention, and he delayed, hoping for a more convenient season. But God's gracious spirit did not leave him, even in prison; and I know from the conversations I have had with him that his heart yearned continually for something more than this world could give. This young man came from a Christian home, and had had a praying mother, who taught him the Word of God in his earliest days. Often in the prison night-watches, promises from the Word of Life would come rushing to his mind like an Alpine torrent. How he came, finally, to trust in Jesus and become a child of God was little less than a miracle. I will allow him to tell the story in his own words:

"I came to the conclusion that I was a lost young man on the brink of a hopeless despair. That I ever should have come to a felon's cell. I had never for a moment expected. In passing my cell one morning, you gave me a copy of *The Christian Herald*. I looked it over carefully, as I had done on many previous occasions, and in due season I laid it aside, where it found the same

resting-place as other exhausted literature, viz, the floor. Being at constant war with myself, I would alternately pace my narrow cell until fatigue would seize me; then throw myself on my cot again to lose consciousness in sleep. But, instead of finding sweet rest, I was often dashed back into the gulf of my own unfathomable despondency and doubt.

"As I turned on my bed in almost hopeless despair, I stooped to pick up the paper from the floor, where it lay with others. One of the pictures seemed familiar to me; it was that of Dr. Talmage. The text of his sermon published in that issue of the paper was: 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver' (Prov. 25: 11). This sermon I read, and re-read many times. It fitted my longing heart exactly, and took a deep hold upon me. What a solace those words became to my soul! My burden rolled away; my anxiety ceased; the troubled waters within became calm; and out of chaos and despair proceeded order and courage. From that moment I was a changed man, fully determined to live the rest of my life for Him who died for me, and saved me by his blood. That I may remain steadfast is my sincere prayer, and when I am again a free man, I will strive to ever keep before me the guiding hand of God; and the fact that, through his mercy and the instrumentality of the sermon, I became a saved man in the New York Tombs prison."

He is now a free man, and I have the best reason for believing that he is "holding fast" to his faith and living as a humble and exemplary Christian.

How great is the power of a live preacher! How wonderful is the influence of a live newspaper. Neither the preacher nor the editor knows the one millionth part of the good his message will do; it will go on in ever-widening circles to eternity.



LEE AT PRAYER-MEETING DURING A BATTLE



EV. J. WILLIAM JONES, of Lexington, Virginia, makes the following reference to the religion of General Robert E. Lee:


"He always attended public worship, if it were in his power to do so, and often the earnestness of the preacher would make his eye kindle and his face glow. He frequently attended the meetings of his chaplains, took a warm interest in the proceedings, and uniformly exhibited an ardent desire for the promotion of religion in the army. He did not fail, on many occasions, to show his men that he was a sincere Christian. When General Meade came over to Mine Run, and the Southern army marched to meet him, Lee was riding along his line of battle in the woods, when he came upon a party of soldiers holding a prayer-meeting on the eve of battle. Such a spectacle was not an unusual one in the army then and afterwards—the rough fighters were

often men of profound piety—and on this occasion the sight before him seems to have excited deep emotion in Lee. He stopped, dismounted—the staff officers accompanying him did the same—and Lee uncovered his head, and stood in an attitude of profound respect and attention, while the earnest prayer proceeded, in the midst of the thunder of artillery and the explosion of the enemy's shells."

The General-in-Chief of the army and the private soldier are on the same level in prayer before the God who ruleth over all.



THE MAN WHO SAVED THE DAY AT PEKIN

RAGIC events bring forth worthy leaders; often they call up an unexpected hero, one not in the eye or on the lip of the public. One would little have thought, at the beginning of the siege of Peking, that the greatest hero of that terrible occurrence would in the end prove to be a modest preacher.

Such, however, was the case. Rev. Francis D. Gamewell, of the American Methodist Mission, was appointed by Sir Claude MacDonald chief of staff on fortifications of the British legation, and it was largely through his wisdom and energy that the besieged were saved. There is abundant evidence of that fact.

Mr. Gamewell took a more serious view than most foreigners of the deposition of the Emperor by the Empress Dowager, and feared her insincere ruling. As matters went from bad to worse, he began to put his house in order for an attack. Though a preacher and teacher, his engineering instinct, inherited from his father, and his technical learning arranged themselves to defend the Methodist compound. He dug trenches, threw up earthworks, made barbed-wire fences. He did his work so thoroughly that, when the situation became extremely critical and the foreigners were seeking safety in the several legations, Minister Conger suggested that all the Protestant missionaries, and the native Christians under their charge, should go into the Methodist compound for protection. This they did, and twenty-two American marines were detailed to aid in defending them. The splendid church was transformed into a fort, and guards stood upon its roof. The Boxers said that the reason that compound made such a strong resistance, was that a divine being from America had descended on the church, and had neutralized their power.

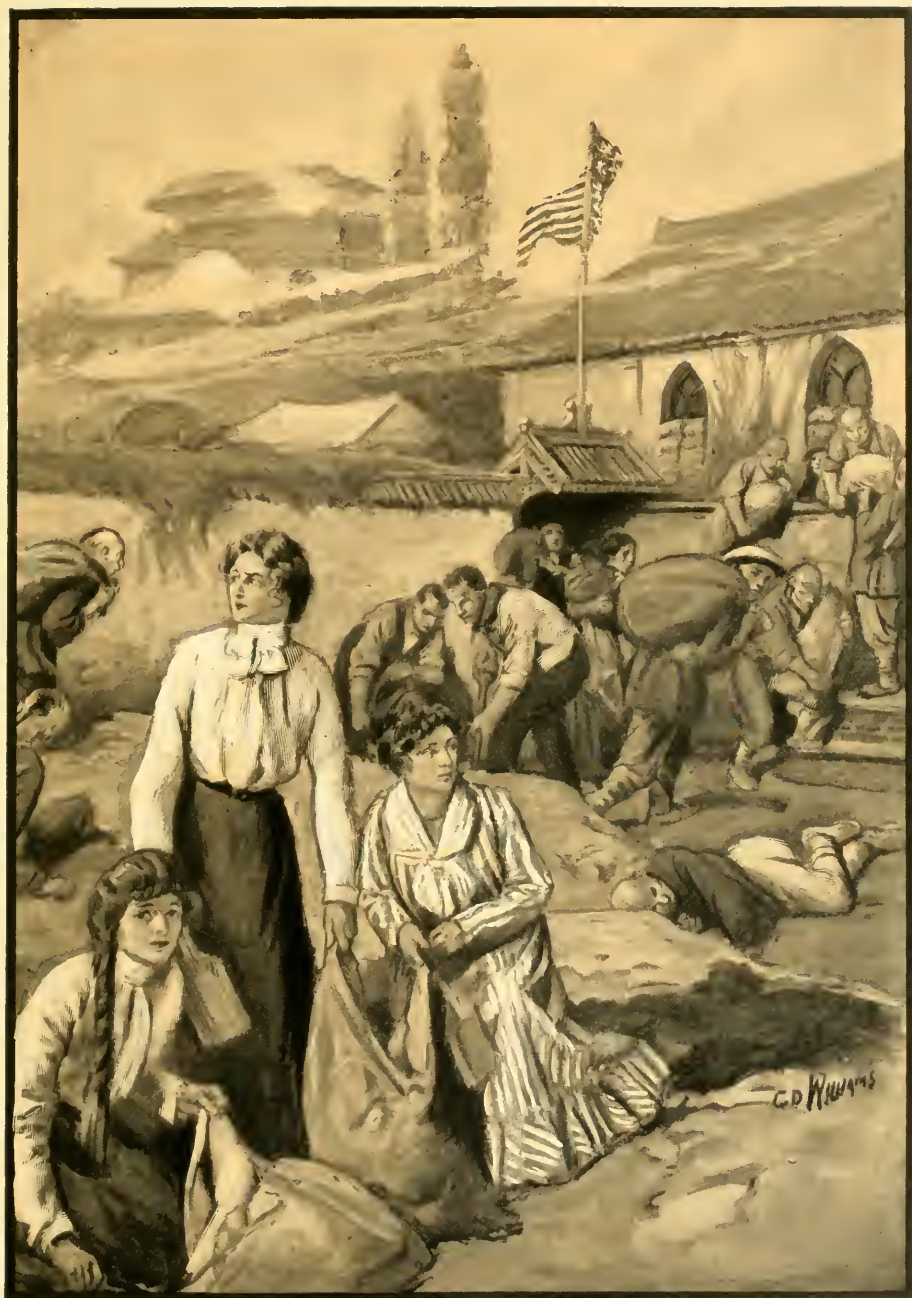
On the morning of June 20, 1900, Mr. Gamewell found a man on the floor of the hallway of his residence, faint from a bullet wound. He was Mr. Cordes, the secretary of the German legation. He told Mr. Gamewell that, as Baron von Ketteler and he were on their way to the Foreign Office, a white-buttoned mandarin, with a peacock feather in his hat, had shot the baron, who was being carried in a chair. Mr. Cordes had been wounded, and had crawled along the

narrow street to Mr. Gamewell's house, for shelter. Mr. Gamewell then knew that the Chinese Government was behind the "Boxers," and that the compound could not hold out against the Imperial troops. Two hours later, he had under his protection seventy missionaries and seven hundred native Christians, many of them children of the schools on their way to the British legation, and the palace opposite. That morning, Professor James, of the Imperial University, and Dr. Morrison, secured the consent of Prince Su, that a portion of his palace opposite the British legation should be occupied by the native Christians. Then Mr. Gamewell took the Chinese Christians from his compound to the palace. At three o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Gamewell went over to the palace, and, meeting Professor James, was informed that Prince Su had given assurance that the Imperial troops would not fire on the foreigners. Professor James, returning to the British legation, was killed by Chinese soldiers. After saving the lives of three thousand native Christians, he gave his own life as a sacrifice.

Mr. Gamewell had defended the Methodist compound so scientifically and splendidly that Sir Claude MacDonald placed him in charge of the fortifications of the British legation. So complete was his work that, although a number of men among the allies who exposed themselves to fight were stricken down, not a single woman or child within the bounds of the legation was killed during the siege. It is said that Mr. Gamewell took his first lesson in sand-bag defense, when he saw the Confederate soldiers fortifying his native town. Whether this be true or not, he made extensive use of this means of defense. He stacked up over fifty thousand bags, which women made and helped to fill with sand.

Professor Gamewell has proved, beyond a doubt, the complicity of the Imperial Government with the "Boxer" attack on the allies. After the siege, he was looking for a place where five hundred native converts could be sheltered. He secured a vacant house that had been occupied by Chinese officials, and, in a drawer of a table in the building, he found a placard, and a block from which the circulars had been printed. The circulars were yellow, with a stain of red. Yellow is the Imperial color. When the Emperor wishes to issue an Imperial decree, he writes in vermilion. On the placard was printed: "Let the Boxers and military at Peking have the victory. Exalt the Manchu dynasty, and drive out foreigners."

I have heard Mr. Gamewell read from the oldest newspaper in the world, the *Peking Gazette*, of July 24, an edict of the Empress Dowager, ordering the princes to lead the Boxers, and to distribute rations of rice to them. The American representatives, soldiers, sailors, and missionaries, acted heroically during the siege. It is a matter of national pride that the greatest of all the heroes of the siege was the humble, able, consecrated American missionary and man, Francis D. Gamewell.



In his report to the United States Government, dated August 17, 1900, three days after the allied forces entered the city, Hon. E. H. Conger, then American minister to China, said:

"All were industrious and helpful, but everyone will agree that to no one is done any injustice if Rev. F. D. Gamewell is mentioned as the man to whose practical intelligence, quick perception, executive ability, untiring energy, and sleepless activity, more than to any other's, is due our successful and safe resistance."

Official notice was taken of Mr. Gamewell's signal services by the British Government, and by our own, in the following communication:

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

"Pekin, China, February 18, 1901.

"DEAR MR. GAMEWELL: It is with great pleasure that I have received, from the Department of State, and hand you herewith, a copy of a note from the British Ambassador in Washington, expressing his government's appreciation of the eminent services rendered by you during the attacks on the legations in Pekin, and for the invaluable assistance rendered by you both to Sir Claude MacDonald, personally, and to the defense in general.

"I am instructed to inform you that the Department of State is much gratified at the tribute to your skill and heroism, in which sentiment I most heartily join.

Yours very truly, E. H. CONGER."

Mr. Gamewell was born in Camden, South Carolina. He inherited marked originality and a scientific instinct from his father, the late John N. Gamewell, the inventor of the Gamewell fire alarm and police telegraph. He naturally turned to civil engineering, and, in 1875, entered the Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York, where he remained two years. He then went to Cornell University, but a severe attack of illness cut short his course there. In 1881, he was graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. A few months afterwards, he went to China as a missionary, and was stationed at Pekin. Three years later, he was made superintendent of the West China Mission. His recent experience was not his first with the Boxers. In 1886, they drove him and his little band of workers out of Pekin. He escaped from them, barely saving his life. On the last occasion he did not run; but, with adamantine purpose, he held at arm's length an empire of four hundred millions for fifty-six days.

Professor Gamewell, like most real heroes, is as simple and modest as a child. In his public discourses he makes only the most humble references to his own personal relation to the tragedy. On several occasions I have heard him express his gratitude to God, for the providence which was so manifested in the relief of the besieged. Mr. Gamewell is of the opinion that the last "Boxer" uprising will be of untold spiritual value to the Chinese Empire;

that it will increase the security of the missionaries and multiply their usefulness in the realm. He has a very high estimate of the average Chinaman, and believes that there are incalculable religious possibilities for him in the near future.

There were many heroes in Pekin during the siege, but Americans, and Christians throughout the world, will be glad to know that there was no one among them greater than Francis D. Gamewell, the humble missionary of the Cross.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S MORAL HEROISM


WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was President of the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City, and first began the rigid enforcement of the law closing the saloons on Sunday and at illegal hours, I preached a sermon in Park Avenue M. E. Church, of New York, of which I was the pastor, suggesting that it ought not to be considered a heroic thing for a public officer to do his duty in accordance with the oath which he had taken, and the salary which he received; but that vice was so dominant, and the sale of law so open and notorious, that it was considered a rash and foolish thing by one class, and a singularly heroic thing by another, for the head of the Police Department to dare to perform his sworn duty. I called earnestly upon the people to stand by the man for whom the good citizens had been long waiting, and help him to the success which his conscience and bravery deserved. I had never met Commissioner Roosevelt; I saw him in the New York delegation in the National Republican Convention at Chicago, which nominated Mr. Blaine and General Logan—he was a bright young man, fresh from Harvard, and attracted considerable attention at that early day. But on Monday, about noon, I went down to the office of the Police Commissioner and introduced myself to the president. Mr. Roosevelt said to me: “I read in the newspaper, this morning, what you said in your pulpit yesterday, and thank you very much for the good advice you gave to the people. I did not make the law; I have been appointed to enforce it, and intend to do so.” I said to him: “I am a very humble factor in this great city, but I want to stand up, and be counted in this conflict. I have come down this morning to tell you that I will stand by you in your work till the last hour of the last day. Whenever you shoot your big cannon at the enemy, I will fire off my small calibered pistol.” The Commissioner said: “I thank you very much, and the more because such offers of sympathy and assistance are so rare. There are a hundred letters and telegrams lying on that table, telling me that I have injured the party and ruined myself politically by my course; and you are almost the only man, thus far, who has

commended me." And then pausing, and speaking more seriously, he said: "Well, even if you had not come, and no one were to commend my course, there is a voice above my conscience, which speaks very plainly to me, and which I intend to obey at whatever cost." I said to him: "Most of the best people of the city and of the State will be with you in this conflict; you are bound to have terrific opposition; in the long run, your step will not be an unpopular one." Sure enough, when the people came to select a Governor for the Empire State, the fact that Colonel Roosevelt was a hero of the Spanish-American War was taken into account, but they also favored him because of his moral courage in fighting the wrong.

In many cities, small and large, there is the same insolence of vice, and same sale of law; people of moral courage are required to stand up and rebuke and resist crime, and maintain law and order in the community. In the short run, moral heroism may not be popular, but in the long run it will be. But whether it be popular or unpopular, the right is to be done, because it is right.



LINCOLN MAKES THE OLD MAN'S HEART GLAD

APTAIN GREENE once related to me an incident illustrating Mr. Lincoln's greatness of heart. He said, "I was in the Provost Marshal's department in Washington, during the Civil War, and General Martindale sent me with some papers to President Lincoln for signature. He took them and said, 'I will look over them and give them to you soon; meanwhile, take the papers for me to General Fry, and tell me what he says about them.' General Fry read the papers. They contained the proceedings and verdict of a military trial, condemning a young man to death. Mr. Lincoln had endorsed the papers, but had added, 'The execution in this case will be delayed until further orders from the President.' The general was much provoked, and said he deeply regretted the President's clemency. He said there had already been too much executive interference in such cases, and that it was breeding demoralization in the army. That evening I was in the United States Marshal's office and the President's action was freely discussed. Mr. John Alley, of Massachusetts, said: 'This morning I saw a plainly dressed old man walking back and forth in the lobby of the White House. He looked as though something was weighing very heavily on his heart. I had seen him walking back and forth in the same manner yesterday and the day before, and I went up to him and said, 'I have seen you here now three days, I hope you will not count me rude if I ask you what is the object of your visit to the White House.' He said, 'To see the President.' 'Is it a matter of great importance?' I asked. 'Yes, it is!' he replied. 'It is a matter of life and death!' I said to him, 'Come along with me.'

We made our way past the guards to the President. The man told his story, and begged for a pardon for his boy. Mr. Lincoln said, 'That case is all settled. The sentence of the court-martial is the death penalty, but I have ordered the execution suspended till further orders from me.' The man said, 'Mr. President, that word brings very little relief to me. That is not a pardon. Won't you please pardon the boy? Won't you save a father from death by a broken heart, as well as his boy from the disgraceful end? I will not plead extenuating circumstances, which naturally fill a father's heart. I will only beg for your mercy.' Mr. Lincoln said, 'Go away, old man! I say, go away from me. Get out of here! Go home! If you wait till I order your boy shot you will live to be as old as Methuselah.' The father clapped his hands and wept, and said, 'Thank God! I thank you, Mr. Lincoln, a million times. My boy will make a good soldier, and God will bless you for being so merciful to us.' The men in the office were much affected by Mr. Alley's recital of this pathetic incident, and no one dared to venture the opinion that such mercy would demoralize the army."

I said, "Captain, there is no measuring line long enough to sound the depths of Lincoln's heart. His love conquered his enemies in the North and many of his foes in the South, and if he had lived long enough he would have conquered the whole of the Southland. Your friend, Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, in his address at the New England dinner given in New York, December 22, 1886, shows what many of the ex-Confederates thought of him. Among other things the orator said, 'My friend, Dr. Talmage, has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the son of a Puritan and Cavalier; for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost.' In the mixing of the clay and the blood, and in the creation of his spirit, it seems to me, Captain Greene, that Providence mingled in proper proportion in Grady's hero, your great friend, the majesty of might and the mastery of love."

The new commandment to love one another, which Christ came to enforce, is very strict, but loyal believers are expected to obey it. When we remember that our love for our fellow men is to be measured by Christ's love for us, and that that measure has been expressed in his death in our behalf, all human words seem cold and tame and imperfect in their attempts to convey its meaning. We do know, however, that Christ came down from the tree on which he hung for us, to conquer the world by his love, that Paul and his companions

mastered Europe with their love and through it the rest of the world, and that we are to make our spiritual conquests by the same love.

The boy was pardoned, not because he was good, nor even because of the petitions and tears of the father, but on account of the great love of the President's heart. Souls condemned to death are pardoned and saved, not because they are worthy, but on account of the love of the Infinite Father, and the death and continual intercession of His only Son in their behalf.



A BOY SAVES HIS ENEMY FROM DROWNING



THE *Christian Herald*, through an able committee in New York City, awarded medals for acts of unusual heroism. The applicant for this honor had to come from the walks of every-day life and outside the ranks of paid or professional service, such as firemen, policemen, etc. The first medal was awarded to William Roher, of Delta, Pa., in recognition of his brave and humane act in rescuing Oliver Weiser from death by drowning. Although the young medallist is but a lad, yet, from a large and gallant company of heroes and heroines, he was chosen as the one to whom, all things considered, the highest honors were due. The deed for which this award was made, was described by Oliver Weiser, Sr., Postmaster at Delta, in the following letter:

"On a winter's afternoon, a number of children had repaired to Ramsay's Pond to skate. The pond was eight to ten feet deep. At some distance from the bank, the ice gave way under my son Oliver, and he was submerged, his head and shoulders alone excepted. He struggled a number of times to climb upon the ice, but as often it broke under his weight, the hole widening with his efforts. William Roher, a lad of fourteen, threw himself flat upon his stomach and began to crawl towards Ollie, directing his comrades to catch him and each other in turn by the feet, until a human chain should be formed to the bank. It was a desperately hard and dangerous task for the brave boy and his brave helpers, but they succeeded in getting my son from under the ice and safely to shore. During the progress of the work, Roher was in imminent peril, as he must have known he would be when he started out to save Ollie. He became partly submerged, and it looked as if he, too, would be lost under the ice, but he never once relaxed his grip on Ollie. What adds to the value of his noble and unselfish deed is the fact that the two boys have heretofore been opponents and antagonists; their quarrelings twice resulting in Roher's having his head badly cut by stones, on one occasion necessitating the services of a surgeon in repairing the wound. His bravery is all the more creditable in that he sunk all personal differences in the hour of danger and trouble, and imperiled his life to save another's. William is a manly little

fellow and, when not at school, is working to help support his mother and sisters."

The committee considered many cases of signal bravery, upon the part of people high and low, rich and poor, old and young. Some had rescued relatives, some friends, some even strangers, but the boy saved his enemy, one who had injured him. And this fact was justly regarded as a reason why he should receive the medal.

Those who are entertaining grudges against their neighbors, who are laying plans to resent some injury or to get even with some enemy, could profitably read and consider the story of this boy's forgiveness and love. He acted a great deal like one who had been in the school of Christ and learned of him. His medal, and similar ones, will be eloquent sermons, preaching to tens of thousands of people the principles of self-sacrifice, of magnanimity, and of bravery. The heroic act of this boy was one ray of the sun of the Saviour's love; was one drop of the ocean of his sacrifice. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.



FAITH AND WORKS

IN the year 891 the Danes invaded the kingdom of the West Saxons, bent on conquest and the extinction of Christianity. Ethelred was king of the Saxons, and commanded one wing of his army, while his brother and successor, Alfred, commanded the other force. The opposing armies encamped near one another at Aescesdune, resting in readiness for the decisive battle, which should be fought the next day. At early dawn, Ethelred gathered all his officers into his tent for worship, assured that the issue of the day would depend upon the favor of heaven. Alfred was eager for the contest, and drew his men up in battle array, inciting them to courage. Impatient at his brother's delay, he went out to meet the Danes and fought with marvelous skill and courage, but was facing probable defeat, when Ethelred, his devotions ended, marched to his assistance, and together they turned the tide of defeat into victory and checked the progress of the invader.

Some think that it was the prayers of Ethelred, and others that it was the soldiers of Alfred that gave victory that day. The praying and the fighting were both necessary to success. The prayer for divine help and the sharp steel of the men were both arms of God in the conflict. The Anglo-Saxon since that fight has waged wars for which there can be no justification; but he has also fought many just battles for liberty and God, in which his overcoming faith and keen sword have been factors equally essential. In the Christian conflict, faith without works is death, works without faith are death, but faith and works are life. We are to watch and fight and pray.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION



THE United States, in the beginning of the war with Spain, expressly stated that it was not the intention to appropriate, but to protect Cuba. After the war, the Government at Washington administered the affairs of the island till the people should be ready to undertake the experiment of self-government.

In the Constitutional Convention there occurred quite a struggle over the question of the separation of Church and State. Article thirteen originally contained the declaration that the Church was to be separated from the State. The Central Committee struck it out, leaving the Church and State united. A motion was made for a restoration of the original article, and an animated debate followed, participated in by the ablest speakers. On motion, the original article declaring a separation between Church and State was carried; and to make the separation more emphatic, another motion was carried that no subsidies or financial aid from the State should be granted to the Church. The members, we think, did wisely. History has shown that while it is a good thing to have a union between God and the State, a union between Church and State is dangerous to both.

Another question which excited the deepest interest in the Convention was that of God in the Constitution. In the preamble there occurs the phrase, "Invocando el favor de Dios." Salvador Cisneros moved to strike it out. Sr. Lolrente, one of the ablest men and lawyers of Cuba, arose and made an eloquent plea for the retention of that part of the preamble which implored the favor of God.

The venerable speaker presented a beautiful picture. He was more than three score years and ten, with hair and beard white as the driven snow. The snow was on his head, but the fires of a volcano were burning in his heart. His face was a study in its play of eager and absorbed expression. There was something finely dramatic as this man stood with earnest tone and gesture to declare as one who stood "near to the close of life" that the members of that Convention were not the representatives of an atheistic people. His views were shared by a majority of the members, and the word of God was put in the Constitution of the republic of Cuba.

I trust that the verbal declaration in the preamble may be the expression of the prayers of the Cuban people that the God of nations may lead them. It would have been well to have put in the Constitution of the United States a recognition of Divine Providence. But we rejoice in the fact that the Spirit of God has been in our Constitution and in its administration from the beginning until now, and that, despite the weaknesses and faults and sins of our people, we have been and are now a Christian nation—"that nation whose God is the Lord."

LORD ASBURTON AND THOMAS CARLYLE



R. JAMES McCOSH, before he came to this country to become the President of Princeton College, was visited at his home in Ireland by Lord Ashburton, the man who settled the line between the United States and Canada. He said to the doctor: "I am in great trouble, my heart is broken. My dear wife has recently died. She was my idol, the apple of my eye. She was a great friend of Thomas Carlyle, and I asked Mr. Carlyle what I should do to have peace and make me the kind of a man I ought to be. He simply told me to go and read Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. I read it carefully, and found nothing to comfort or improve me. I went back to him, and asked him what particular lesson he wanted me to learn from that book. His answer was, 'Read *Wilhelm Meister*!' I have done so again, but find nothing to meet my necessity. Do you know what Mr. Carlyle meant, or what there is in the book he recommended to give me relief?" Dr. McCosh said he did not know what the great essayist meant nor what there was in the book to comfort him; that it was not in the power of Carlyle nor Goethe to supply the balm his soul needed. Then he recommended to the heartbroken nobleman Jesus Christ as the only cure for man's sorrows and sins. It took Goethe twenty years to write *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. It is the story of a young man who grows tired of being a traveling salesman for his father's business house in a little town in Germany, and goes off with a theatre troupe and learns the art and becomes an actor. Not succeeding in the profession, he seeks the company of those who are richer and more cultivated, and after a series of unhappy experiences he marries a rich lady and becomes a landed proprietor. The promotion of this young man from a clerkship in a country store to the proprietorship of an estate, or from association with a second-class traveling troupe to a position in society amongst the nobility of the realm, traced by even so great a genius as Goethe, has no possible comfort in it for a man who has lost his wife and is afraid he will lose his soul. And yet literature, philosophy, society, and false religion are constantly recommending their unavailing substitutes for Christ, the only balm, the only cure of the soul. When our loved ones die, Christ alone can comfort us.



MAGNANIMITY



F Senator Francis M. Cockrell, of Missouri, shall live till the close of his present term, he will have served his State thirty consecutive years in the United States Senate, a period equal to that of the illustrious Thomas Benton, of the same State. At the close of the Civil War Mr. Cockrell was a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, and, returning to his native State, he began the practice of law. He had never sought office till 1874, when his

friends insisted on presenting him to the State Democratic Convention for nomination for Governor. After a most exciting struggle, he was defeated for the nomination by Mr. C. H. Hardin, by one-sixth of one vote. His friends knew he was sorely disappointed, and feared his political sun had set; but when the ballot was announced, Mr. Cockrell sprang to his feet, threw to the ceiling his gray slouch hat, and with a ringing shout called for three cheers for the nominee. The effect was magical. When the members of the convention had recovered from their surprise they gave three cheers for Cockrell and three more, and the cheering continued for several minutes. The defeated man's magnanimity won the Hardin men to him, as well as intensified the loyalty of his own men, and made him the logical and invincible candidate for the United States Senatorship the same year. There is scarcely a State in the Union large enough to hold in peace rival political candidates, even of the same faith. There would be good policy, as well as splendid principle, if in political life and every other field of endeavor there could be the substitution of appreciation for envy, of magnanimity for hate.



MISSIONARY ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT MCKINLEY



THE Ecumenical Missionary Conference began its important sessions in the Carnegie Music Hall, New York City, April 21, 1900. The meeting at night was one of unusual interest. William McKinley, the President; Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of the State, and Benjamin Harrison, ex-President, were announced to make addresses. As many people were on the outside of the building, striving in vain for entrance, as there were those who crowded within the house. President McKinley, leaning upon the arm of Morris K. Jessup, the chairman of the meeting, was the signal for the most tumultuous applause. There were the clapping of hands and the enthusiastic waving of hats and handkerchiefs. On being introduced by the chairman, it was some moments before the cheers of the audience would allow the President to proceed. He then made the following address:

"I am glad of the opportunity to offer without stint my tribute of praise and respect to the missionary effort which has wrought such wonderful triumphs for civilization. The story of the Christian missions is one of thrilling interest and marvelous results. The services and sacrifices of the missionaries for their fellow men constitute one of the most glorious pages of the world's history. The missionary, of whatever church or ecclesiastical body, who devotes his life to the service of the Master and of men, carrying the torch of truth and enlightenment, deserves the gratitude, the support and the homage of mankind. The noble, self-sacrificing, willing ministers of peace and good-will should be classed with the world's heroes. Wielding the sword of the Spirit, they have

conquered ignorance and prejudice. They have been among the pioneers of civilization. They have illumined the darkness of idolatry and superstition with the light of intelligence and truth. They have been messengers of righteousness and love. They have braved disease and danger and death, and in their exile have suffered unspeakable hardships; but their noble spirits have never wavered. They count their labor no sacrifice; 'Away with the word in such a view and with such a thought,' says David Livingstone; 'it is emphatically no sacrifice; say, rather, it is a privilege.' They furnish us examples of forbearance, fortitude, of patience and unyielding purpose, and of spirit which triumphs not by the force of might, but by the persuasive majesty of right. They are placing in the hands of their brothers less fortunate than themselves the keys which unlock the treasures of knowledge and open the mind to noble aspirations for better conditions. Education is one of the indispensable steps of mission enterprise, and in some form must precede all successful work. Who can estimate their value to the progress of nations? Their contribution to the onward and upward march of humanity is beyond all calculation. They have inculcated industry and taught the various trades. They have promoted concord and amity and have brought nations and races closer together. They have made men better. They have increased the regard for home; have strengthened the sacred ties of family; have made the community well-ordered, and their work has been a potent influence in the development of law and the establishment of government. May this great meeting rekindle the spirit of missionary ardor and enthusiasm to 'go teach all nations,' and may the field never lack a succession of heralds who shall carry on the task—the continuous proclamation of his Gospel to the end of time." Then followed the addresses of Governor Roosevelt and ex-President Harrison.

It should be a matter of congratulation to the Christian people of the world that the President of the Republic, the ex-President whom he succeeded, and the Governor of the Empire State, should have thus recorded themselves in favor of our holy religion and manifested their co-operation in its universal propagation.



UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE


GOING from New York west, to the home of my childhood, for a Sabbath, I was invited to make an address in the afternoon at a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. The splendid building, which was the property of the Association, was beautiful and complete in all its appointments. Its chapel was filled with people at the service. The General Secretary, before introducing me, gave a short history of the organization from its beginning, and, to my astonishment, he named me as the founder of the organization in

the city. There had almost faded from my memory the fact, that between thirty and forty years before I had gathered a few young men together, solicited funds and secured a room in the business part of the city, where reading material was supplied, and where religious meetings at stated times were held; and it was hard to realize that, out of that humble, insignificant start, the great Association, with its fine building and its efficient work, had sprung. I was treated to another surprise as the secretary continued: "Some years ago I attended a revival service at a church in this city, and the minister preached a sermon which touched my heart, at the close of which I felt myself drawn irresistibly into the number of those who went forward as penitents. I was but a little boy, and the minister kneeled down and, bending over me, talked with and prayed for me. I found then and there a peace in Christ which has remained with me till this day. The minister who led me to Christ is the one who is to address you this hour." I recalled the revival service and the meetings, where some little children came forward and gave themselves to Christ, but I did not recall the particular boy who had grown to be the secretary of the Association. It seemed that, going from the meeting, he united with another church to which his people belonged, and I did not have an opportunity to identify him. I did not know that I had been instrumental in leading the secretary to Christ, until he revealed the fact to me in his introductory remarks.

God only knows what vast harvests spring out of the smallest seed of right intention or holy endeavor. There is an immortality of good deeds on this side of the grave. The unseen, unconscious influence which we may have among men, is a thousandfold greater than any visible power we may exert.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

 LORD BEACONSFIELD more than a generation ago, wrote a novel in which he undertook to find a cure for the political evils of Europe. He sent a young man from the Thames to the Jordan and Mt. Sinai. The young man prayed, and as he prayed he fell into a trance, and in the trance he saw a form hovering over the nations of Europe, and heard these words coming down: "The brotherhood of the race by the Fatherhood of God." General Harrison, in one of his great speeches, said: "The tendency is not to one brotherhood, but to many. Work for the willing at a wage that will save the spirit as well as the body is a problem of increasing tangle and intricacy. Competition forces economical devices and names wages that are in some cases insufficient to renew strength expended. Agencies of man's devising may alleviate, but they cannot cure this tendency to division and strife and substitute for it a drift to peace and unity. Christ in the heart, and his gospel of love and ministry in all

the activities of life are the only cure. The highest conception that has ever entered the mind of man is that of God as the Father of all men—the one blood, the universal brotherhood. It was not evolved, but revealed. The natural man lives to be ministered unto; he lays his imposts on others. He buys slaves that they may fan him to sleep, bring him the jeweled cup, dance before him, and die in the arena for his sport. Into such a world there came a King, not to be ministered unto but to minister. The rough winds fanned his sleep. He drank of the mountain brook, and made not the water wine for himself. He would not use his power to stay his own hunger, but he had compassion on the multitude. Then he had bought with a great price he called no more servants, but friends. He entered the bloody arena alone, and, dying, broke all chains and brought life and immortality to light. Here is the perfect altruism; here the true appraisal of men. Ornaments of gold and gems, silken robes, houses, lands, stocks and bonds—these are tare when men are weighed. Where else is there a scale so true? Where a brotherhood so wide and perfect? To this King no coin of love is base or small. The widow's mite He sets in his crown. Life is sweetened. The poor man becomes of account. Where else is found a philosophy of life so sweet, a philosophy of death so comforting?"

Many of the remedies suggested for the world's industrial difficulties are only a piece of court-plaster on the little finger-nail to cure a terrible cancer within the body. The blood of Christ is the only real cure. Christ, with one hand that was pierced with nails, can take the hand of wealth, and with the other he can take the hand of poverty and enfold them in the embrace of a loving brotherhood. His voice alone can quell the fierce tumult of passion, and hush into a calm the angry storm of industrial strife. He saves communities as he saves men—by the moral purification of the individual heart. Christ hovers over our nation; the blood from his hands, his feet and his sides, sprinkles the Constitution at Washington and the Constitutions of the States, and this voice comes down to us: "The brotherhood of the race, by the Fatherhood of God, through the blood of His Son."



STONEWALL JACKSON



STONEWALL JACKSON was the idol of the Southern people, and was respected by the people of the North for his qualities as a military commander and as a man. He was a silent man, like Grant, and more mysterious. He was often heard to say, "Mystery; mystery is the secret of success." His plans were not revealed to his nearest lieutenants until the moment he struck his blow. He would gather information about the country and have charts made of the same, when he intended to operate his campaign in the opposite

direction. He said if his coat knew what he intended to do he would take it off and burn it. As a strategist he recognized the weak as well as the strong points of the situation, and also the strong as well as the weak points of the enemy. Amidst the infinite details he had a genius for selecting essentials and for striking when and where he would do the enemy the greatest damage. He was tender in heart and devout in spirit, but the qualities which gave him his rank and influence in the Confederate army were his all-daring courage and indomitable will. At the first battle of Manassas, General Bee rode up and down the line. Meeting General Jackson, he said, "General, they are beating us back." His answer was, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet." Receiving new courage from these words, he rode back to his men and said, "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer. Follow me." They did follow him into the thickest of the fight, where he fell mortally wounded, but not until he had changed the name of General Thomas Jonathan Jackson to that of Stonewall Jackson, which title he bore till his death, and which meant more in the estimation of the people both North and South than the lieutenant-generalship with which he was honored. His brigade was also known as the "Stonewall."

In the great battle of life, where the spiritual foes are so numerous and their weapons so effective, moral courage is absolutely necessary to turn the assaults that threaten destruction into victories. It is the business of every church and every soldier of the Cross, to stand like a stone wall against moral evil in the defense of virtue and of piety.



NAPOLEON'S RELIGIOUS COWARDICE

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was not as large a man as he was a general and ruler. His selfishness, ambition and gigantic plans of earthly conquest, left him little time for the enjoyment of religious sentiments or the performance of religious duties. This fact was a source of great regret when his confinement at St. Helena gave him opportunity and disposition for meditation. He has left on record the following remarkable confession:

"Upon the throne, surrounded by generals far from devout—yes, I will not deny it—I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity; and perhaps I did not dare say aloud, 'I am a believer.' I said, 'Religion is a power, a political engine,' but even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, 'Yes, I am a Christian.' And if it had been necessary to confess my faith at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. Yes, I should have endured it, rather than deny my religion! But now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe

at the bottom of my heart? Here I live for myself. I wish for a priest. I desire the communion of the Lord's Supper and to confess what I believe."

If it were not for this confession, it would scarcely be believed that the man who dared all Europe and sought the most dangerous places on the battlefield, fearing the deadly missiles no more than falling leaves or flakes of snow, could have been such a religious coward. Carlyle, in comparing Cromwell's religion with Napoleon's want of religion in public life, explains that the scepticism of France made an unfriendly atmosphere for the Emperor's faith. This moral cowardice was Napoleon's greatest mistake. If he had publicly confessed Christ, and carefully lived him during his administration, his character would have come up to the measure of his genius.

It is absolutely necessary to confess Christ if we would continue to possess him. The Holy Spirit will never continue his residence in a soul which is afraid or ashamed to confess his presence there. The dumb Christian is the dead one. So many have been paralyzed in their religious activity through fear of the criticism of unbelievers; so many have been lost by a failure to enter upon the divine life because they were afraid of the laughs and scoffs of others. There is every reason why Christ ought to be ashamed of us, and none why we ought to be ashamed of him.



WOMAN'S LOVE FOR HER COUNTRY



WHEN the Greeks were about to set sail in their expedition against Troy, Agamemnon offended the gods, and they declared that his army should not be successful in the undertaking until he should offer his daughter Iphigenia as a sacrifice. The struggle between his duty as the commander of the army and his affection for his daughter almost set him crazy. At the urgent entreaties of his brother Menelaus and the soldiers, he determined to offer the sacrifice. Under the pretense of giving her in marriage to Achilles, he sent a letter to his wife and daughter, summoning them to his camp. After the letter had been sent his heart was so troubled that he spent a whole night in agonizing debate with himself. "He had a lamp before him and in his hand a tablet of pine wood whereon he wrote. But he seemed not to remain in the same mind about that which he wrote; for now he would blot out the letters and then would write them again; and now he fastened the seal upon the tablet, and then he broke it. And as he did this he wept and was like to a man distracted." The letter he signed and sealed at last countermanded the first one, and ordered the daughter to remain at home. The courier had scarcely started upon the journey when he met the mother and daughter in a royal chariot coming to the marriage. When the daughter discovered the deceit, she made this heartrending plea for her life:

"I would, my father, that I had the voice of Orpheus, who made even the rocks to follow him, that I might persuade thee; but now all that I have I give, even these tears. O, my father, I am thy child; slay me not before my time. This light is sweet to look upon; drive me not from it, to the land of darkness. I was the first to call thee father and the first to whom thou didst say, 'my child.' I hoped thou wouldst say to me, 'Some day, my child, I shall see thee a happy wife in the home of a rich husband,' and I would answer, 'And I will receive thee with all love when thou art old, and pay thee back for all the benefits thou hast done unto me.' Have pity upon me and slay me not." When she learned that the fate of the army hung upon the event she freely consented to die. Achilles, when he saw the injustice of the father in deceiving her, and saw her beautiful person and more beautiful heroism, insisted on her becoming his wife in these words: "Lady, I love thee well, when I see how noble thou art. And if thou wilt, I will carry thee to my home." Menelaus himself relented, and asked the father to spare his daughter and disband the army. The daughter refused the clemency, and insisted on offering herself as a sacrifice for her country.

Although only a few women have led armies or carried weapons, from the earliest ages woman has been singularly loyal to her country. During the very siege made possible by the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the women of Troy cut off their hair to make bow-strings, and asked the men to send the arrow to the heart of the foe. Woman not only has to bear and train the men that become the soldiers, but in time of war she has to endure the hardships and make sacrifices corresponding to those of the men in the field. The added responsibilities and the diminished support caused by the absence of the men, are as severe as the toils or trials of the men on the march or in the camp. And the agony of heart at the loneliness and fear of danger to the loved ones, the news of sickness, wounds or death, is as great as that endured by the soldier at the front. The tears of love she sheds are just as sacred and made out of the same material as the blood that stains the field of battle. The pen of history and of poetry, able and faithful though it has been, has not justly recorded the loyalty and heroism of American women or fittingly embalmed their deeds.



THE HUMILITY OF A QUEEN



QUEEN VICTORIA had greater reason to feel proud than any one in the world, and yet she was the humblest of women. While at Balmoral, she visited, socially, the homes of the plain people in the neighborhood; the poor to aid them, the afflicted to comfort them, the rest to make them happy. One of the women in the village lost her husband about the time Albert died. The Queen called upon her. She wept, and begged the Queen's par-

don for doing so. The Queen answered, "Your tears do me good. You see I am mingling mine with yours, and the crying of each will do the other good." Another home she visited where an aged husband had died. She had a lock of the man's hair cut off and placed in a beautiful breastpin, which she gave to the aged widow the day of the funeral, and reminded her that the separation would be but for a short time. Her faithful servants were the especial objects of her affection. Several seasons she invited all the servants of the Castle of Balmoral in parties of ten to be her guests at Windsor. One of her last acts before her fatal stroke was to climb to the top of the palace to minister to a servant who was ill. And one of her last requests on earth was that a favorite servant might be brought into her room. She fulfilled the prophecy of the Master that "the meek shall inherit the earth." What a democratic example was set by this monarch. With her humility she lifted up the millions of her common people, and her sympathy was a healing balm which cured the sorrowing hearts of many of her subjects. Wealth, social position, and power appear to best advantage and accomplish their mission only by copying the example of the humble Queen, in recognizing the brotherhood of the race and the Fatherhood of God.



A SERMON IN A BASKET OF PROVISIONS



R. RUSSELL H. CONWELL, of Philadelphia, who preaches to more people every Sunday than any other minister of the globe, has a way of saving men by his practical benevolences, as well as by his sermons.

Two fast young men, with their young lady acquaintances, attended Dr. Conwell's church one Sunday night, and after the services entered upon a discussion of the merits of the pastor. The young men insisted that the pastor was in the profession, like other ministers, for the money there is in it. The girls protested against such an unjust estimate of their pastor. Some time after that these two young men came reeling out of a saloon, at midnight, at the same time that a tall man and a little girl passed by the door. The man was saying to the girl, "My dear child, why did you not tell me that you were in need? You know that I would not let you suffer." The young men heard the conversation, and one of them said: "That is Conwell." "No," the other answered, "you are mistaken, it is not he." "I tell you that was Conwell's voice, let us go after him." And through the driving snow they followed the tall man with the basket of provisions on one arm, and leading the child by the hand, to a hovel of want, where the need was supplied, and the half-drunk men in the winter's storm wept as they said, "That man does not preach for money, but for love." A spirit of conviction there and then seized their hearts; and they united, on profession of faith, with the Grace Baptist Church, and became



"THAT MAN DOES NOT PREACH FOR MONEY, BUT FOR LOVE"

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faithful workers with the loyal, steadfast supporters of the pastor, Dr. Conwell.

Any estimate of the Ministerial profession which attributes to it any but the highest motives is unjust. There are degrees of unselfishness and consecration amongst the ministers, as amongst the layman: the average preacher we believe to be a man of devout spirit and of practical benevolence. He saves the people by what he does as well as what he says; by his services in the homes of the people, especially those of the poor, as well as by his sermons in the sanctuary. Human love under grace divine can break the hardest heart and bring it to Christ.



THE BROKEN CABLE DID NOT DISCOURAGE HIM



FEW of us, as we read of it, realize what terrible struggles were necessary to make such a thing possible, or what a debt of gratitude is due Cyrus Field for having successfully laid the first Atlantic cable. Mr. Field was a dry-goods clerk in A. T. Stewart's store, where his ability and service secured him the promotion which he deserved. He began business for himself by manufacturing paper. At the early age of thirty-six he found himself with a competency, and in his leisure turned his attention to literature, art and travel. It occurred to him that the news between London and New York could be considerably shortened by a telegraph line from Newfoundland, where the ships touched first, to New York City. On consultation with Peter Cooper, who was his next-door neighbor, and two or three other special friends, he organized a company for the purpose. The difficult problem was the cable connection in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but he set himself to the task with courage and energy, and though, after having laid forty miles of the cable in the gulf, it broke, and had to lie useless for a year, he renewed his endeavors, which were crowned with success. This success led him to believe in the possibility and probability of submarine communication between England and America, and he went to London for the purpose of organizing a company to establish it. Although he secured the co-operation of men of wealth and influence, and obtained favors from the British Parliament and American Congress, he had a succession of most aggravating failures. The American Government detailed two ships to help on this side, and the British Government two ships to help on the other side. At first they tied the cable to either shore, and unwound it as the ships approached each other. It broke and was mended a number of times, till at last it reached three hundred miles from the American shore, when it snapped for good, a hundred miles of it being at the bottom of the water, two miles deep. Then the project was tried of splicing the cable in mid-ocean and unrolling it from the ships toward either shore. It snapped often and was mended as many times,

till at last it reached two-thirds of the way across the ocean and worked splendidly, when it broke and had to be left useless in the bottom of the ocean. Another one was made, and after many difficulties it was stretched from shore to shore, and this first message was sent over it: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will toward men." There was the wildest rejoicing in the Old World and in the New; the enthusiasm in America was unbounded, because one of its own sons, under such great discouragements, had given success to the enterprise. But the shouts of the people had scarcely died down before the thing quit working and was dead forever. A cable of better material was made, and the *Great Eastern* laid it down to stay, and the problem of submarine telegraphy was settled forever.

It makes one proud of his race, to see an imperial will like that of Cyrus Field overcome such obstacles as confronted him. They were almost endless in succession and as high as mountains. That will stood undaunted in the face of twelve years of failure, because he had such faith in his ability to fasten the two hemispheres with steel; and, sure enough, on the thirteenth year, his supreme purpose overcame every barrier and gave him success.

Mr. Field's faith in Divine Providence was as sure as his will was strong; like Professor Morse, he had unfaltering faith in God and a personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. He was so wrapped up in the one work to which he had given so much of his life, that he prayed earnestly to God every day that he might be spared to accomplish his purpose. At a banquet given to him by the Chamber of Commerce of New York, he acknowledged his gratitude to God for having answered his prayer, in the following words:

"It has been a long struggle. Nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times, when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland in the pelting rain, or on the decks of ships on dark, stormy nights, alone, far from home, I have almost accused myself of madness and folly to sacrifice the peace of my family and all the hopes of life for what might prove, after all, but a dream. I have seen my companions, one and another, falling by my side, and I feared that I might not live to see the end. And yet one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer was answered, and now, beyond all acknowledgments to men, is the feeling of gratitude to Almighty God."

There will be some cable that will break about every day, but it must be mended and the work continued. A strong will is indispensable in overcoming earthly difficulties and in surmounting spiritual obstacles. It is when the human will is energized by the Divine Will that there is the greatest power or success for either world. It is only thus that the difficulties of the sea can be overcome, and successful communication be established between the rocky coasts of time and the golden shores of eternity.

TWO IRISHMEN WHO FOUND GOLD



TWO Irish miners came from California to Virginia City, Nevada, and hired themselves out to dig on the side of Mount Davidson. They were too poor to stop at a boarding-house, so they erected a log cabin and did their own cooking, after going into the woods to kill game for food. They not only dug with their arms, but with their eyes as well, studying the gradations of the earth, the formation of the rock, and discovering signs that pointed to an unlimited supply of silver and gold. The owners of the property had been discouraged at their vain search for metal, and offered to sell the whole plant for eighty thousand dollars. These two miners said to each other, "If we could get some one to put up the money we would buy out this property and dig for quantities of gold." They went over to see two men who kept a store near by, who put up the money, and the mine was bought. Before the four men struck the "lead" they "struck a snag," and found money and credit gone, with no new sign of gold. The other miners laughed and made fun of them.

One morning, when things seemed at their darkest, a friend said to one of them, "John, luck has gone against you. Why don't you quit?" The answer came promptly: "The man who figures on luck in mining is a fool; the man who figures on doing a lot of hard work and not losing his grit, will get something." It was not long after this a report reached the town that these men had struck a body of ore. The next morning the stock had gone from eighty cents to two hundred and fifty dollars a share; the morning after, to five hundred dollars a share; the following day it went "out of sight," and in two weeks John W. Mackay and James G. Fair, the two miners, and James L. Ford and William O'Brien, were rich beyond all calculation.

There is no such thing as luck in the religious world. Success comes by the hardest kind of work. Spiritual silver and gold are gotten out of Mt. Zion only by continuous digging. Only a small proportion of those who dig for gold in the earth find it; all of those who toil patiently in the spiritual realm find the precious metal.



FAITHFUL AT HIS POST



DURING the siege of Gibraltar, a German soldier, who was in the British service, had been wounded in the hand, and when the governor, General Elliot, who was on a tour of inspection, approached him, he did not present arms, as it was his duty to do. The general, noticing the omission, said, "Don't you know me, sentinel? How is it that you neglect your duty?" The soldier replied, "I know you well, general, and my duty also; but within the last

few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket." "Why don't you go and have them bound up?" "Because, in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another." The general, hastily dismounting, said: "Now, my friend, give me your musket and I will relieve you. Go and have your wounds dressed."

The soldier obeyed, and left the general standing at his post. The news of the man's bravery reached England, and though his injury unfitted him for active campaigns, he was retained in the service, and promoted.

The respect which the ruler and the subject had for the discipline of the camp, the fidelity of the soldier to his duty, and the kindness and humility, which led the general to take the place of the private soldier, are all admirable qualities, and are needed in the soldiers of the Cross, from the highest officer to the humblest member.



A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

WHEN Benjamin Franklin was a young man, just before he started in business for himself, he went from Philadelphia to Boston to make a visit of three days at his father's home. That he might enjoy every minute of the time with his father, he insisted upon going into his soap factory and candle shop to work with him. On the afternoon of the third day, as they walked down the garden path, at the foot of which the factory stood, the father, who had appeared unusually bright and happy during the whole visit, became quite sad at the thought of the parting that was to ensue, and gave his boy some excellent advice. He said: "We part to-morrow, and perhaps never to meet again. Then, O, my son, what a wretch were man without religion! Yes, Ben, without the hope of immortality, how much better he had never been born! Without these, his noblest capacities were but the greater curses. The more delightful his friendships, the more dreadful the thought that they may be extinguished forever; and the gayer his prospects, the deeper his gloom that endless darkness may so quickly cover all! We were yesterday feeding fond hopes, my son; we were yesterday painting bright castles in the air; you were to be a great man and I a happy father. But, alas! this is the last day, my child, that we may ever see each other again, and the sad reverse of this may even now be at the door—when I, instead of hearing of my son's glory in Philadelphia, may hear that he is cold in his grave! And when you, returning, after years of virtuous toils, returning laden with riches and honors for your happy father to share in, may see nothing of that father but the tomb that covers his dust! Yes, Ben, this may soon be the case with us, my child; the dark curtain of our separation may drop, and your cheeks, or mine, be

flooded with sorrows. But, thanks be to God, that curtain will rise again and open to our view those scenes of happiness, one glance at which is sufficient to start the tear of transport into our eyes. Religion assures us of all this; religion assures us that life is but the morning of our existence—that there is a glorious eternity beyond, and that to the penitent death is but the passage to that happy life where they shall soon meet again, to part no more, but to congratulate their mutual felicities forever. Then, O son, lay hold of religion and secure an interest in those blessed hopes that contribute so much to the virtues and the joys of life.”

It would be hard for any father to give better advice to any son. No son, entering upon the activities of business life, could do better than to take the advice which Franklin’s father gave to him, and which he followed so faithfully.



KILLED BY HIS BROTHER

WHEN my father moved from our little log house in the country to the town, I was sent to the Sunday School and day school. At the first session of the Sunday School I attended, they had large white cards with texts in green and red letters which awed me. I then went into the service; the minister preached on the terrors of the Law, kindling the fires of the pit so graphically that I was frightened almost to death and “Lifted up my voice and wept.” I do not think that the fright did me any harm; but I remember what a sensation my first appearance produced. One block above our house there lived a family by the name of Hunnel. The father was a carpenter and owned a planing mill; the mother was a devout Christian woman, a member of the church which our people were accustomed to attend. There were a number of sons. The boys had a dog which they called Beelzebub. He undertook to jump the fence one day, and getting stuck between the pickets, he broke his neck. The Hunnel boys were among those with whom I played “Vineyard” in the streets and “Hum-bum-pull-away” through the stables and alleys, and “Shinny on the ice.” They were very bright in school, especially in arithmetic.

We boys grew to be men—Tom Hunnel to become a carpenter, John Hunnel a saloon-keeper and influential politician, and I to become the pastor of the church whose Sunday School I had joined when four years of age, and of which I had been a member from the time I was a boy of twelve.

One day a messenger came to the parsonage door and said: “John Hunnel wants to see you at once. Come quickly.” I said, “What is the matter?” He replied, “His brother Tom has shot him. The doctor says he cannot get well, and he wants you to come and pray for him.” I said, “Horrible! So terrible a thing cannot be true.” Seizing my hat off the rack, I hurried with

the messenger, and said to him, "How did it happen?" He answered, "John was behind the bar himself when Tom came into the saloon, very much under the influence of liquor, and called for a drink. John refused him, saying, 'Tom, you have had too much in you already; I will not let you have any more.' Tom became very angry and threatened to break the bottles and clean the concern out. John attempted to eject him, and Tom whipped out a pistol and shot him in the abdomen." Just as we were entering the door of the wounded man's residence, I saw a crowd approaching, with the omnipresent small boy in the lead. It was the sheriff bringing Tom to the bedside of his brother to receive what might prove to be an ante-mortem statement. Everybody but the sheriff, the prisoner and I were shut out, and we entered the bedroom together. The sheriff said, "Is this the man that shot you?" "Yes," said the suffering man; then addressing his brother, he said, "Oh, Tom, what a bad job you have done! You have sent yourself to the jail-house and me to the grave." Tom began to weep and said, "Johnny, I am so sorry. Won't you forgive me?" He answered, "Yes, Tommy, I will. I am asking a merciful Saviour to forgive me, and I cannot expect him to hear me unless I forgive you. Oh, Tommy, it was not you who did it, but the drink in you that made you crazy." When the sheriff had taken the prisoner away, I went up to the bedside of the wounded man, and, taking him by the hand, said, "Johnny, this is too bad." He, calling me by my first name, said, "Yes, it is too bad. The doctor says I cannot get well," and, showing me the little pink wound, he asked me if I thought he could recover. I told him I feared he could not. He said, "I should like to live for my wife and family, but I suppose that is out of the question. I have sent for you because I thought you would help me to Christ. I am sorry for my sins, and I want to be forgiven. You know what a good mother I had." "Yes," I said, "many a time I have heard her tell of her love for Christ in the class-meeting, and pray for you boys, and you by name, Johnny, in the prayer-meeting; and I was at the meeting when your brother Henry joined the church, and I heard her say, 'O my boy, I am so happy to see you take this step!'" The sick man said, "It may be God will hear my mother's prayers, though the lips that uttered them are cold; maybe he will hear your prayer, and mine, and save me. Let us try." I prayed aloud, and then put a little prayer in his mouth, which he said aloud; and the Holy Spirit seemed to help us both to offer the prayer of faith, for light came into his face and peace into his heart, as he said:

"His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me."

"Christ has forgiven all my sins. How thankful and how happy I am!" He lingered until the evening of the next day, suffering unspeakable physical

agony, but enjoying sweet rest of soul; then he passed away. The family asked the privilege of having the funeral service in the church, which request was granted. The building, which seated a thousand people, was too small for the audience which gathered. In the congregation were leaders of both political parties, people of all classes and conditions, including about fifty saloon-keepers. In my message I told of our early friendship and of my personal sorrow. I reminded the people of the danger of putting off the question of the soul's salvation till the dying hour. I spoke of the love of the Saviour, of his infinite compassion; I made mention of the dead man's penitence, of his belief in the atonement, of his faith in Christ as his personal Saviour, and of the hopes which inspired his soul. I put special emphasis upon the fact that whiskey had done it all; that strong drink is a vice containing nearly every other vice; that it is a crime containing about every other crime; that it spares no man, however promising, nor tie, however sacred, and that its especial pleasure is in making funerals and in filling jails. It was one of the most solemn services I ever attended; the Holy Ghost seemed to fill the house. During most of the service large numbers, including many of the saloon-keepers, wept like children.



GOD'S CALL TO GREATNESS



LIKE Washington and Lincoln, Grant had the prophetic instinct. Though he begged his father not to send him to West Point, and though he stood low in his class, being the last of the eighteen sergeants appointed in the junior year, and having such poor marks that he had to serve his last year without any commission, he had a secret feeling that some day he would lead the army of the nation. In his personal memoirs, General Grant says: "During my first year's encampment, General Scott visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. With his commanding figure, his colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld, and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I did have a presentiment that some day I should occupy his place on review." The prophecy was literally fulfilled. It was God's whispering in the ear of this timid, modest, and to outward appearances unpromising, young soldier the greatness that was in store for him. I heard Bishop Simpson say, that General Grant told him during the Civil War that he believed that God had called him up to command the armies of the Union.

God speaks to boys and girls, to young men and women in their early ambitions and prophecies, telling them what they may become and what He desires of them. It is fortunate for those who hear and do not fail to obey that voice.

BIBLE INSTRUCTION AT HOME

DANIEL WEBSTER pays this beautiful tribute to the Bible as an inspiration to him intellectually: "From the time that, at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents, in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures."

The old-fashioned plan of teaching the children the Bible in the home was an excellent one. In New England and in other parts of our country the parents had the children read and study and commit to memory the Holy Scriptures. That fact had very much to do with the foundation and perpetuity of the civil and religious institutions which we enjoy.

The Sunday School is the strong right arm of God in saving the world at the present time. Most of those who are brought into the church to-day come through the instrumentality of the Sabbath school, and yet the teaching of the Bible to the children in the Sunday School must not be made a substitute for instruction in the Divine Word in the home. In these days of organization some parents seem willing to shirk their individual responsibility by delegating the Biblical and religious instruction of their children to the Sunday School teacher and the pastor.



LOVE OF HUSBAND FOR WIFE

COUNT VON MOLTKE and General Grant, though unlike in some particulars, were alike in the fact that they were both silent men and both ideal in their devotion to their families. The old Count, after his wife's death, had a chapel built near his residence, which he entered every day to recall the precious memories of his idol and commune with his God. Grant's affection for his wife was just as tender and undying. Rev. Dr. Newman was awakened at night by one of General Grant's sons with the word, "Father is dying; come and baptize him." The minister knelt at the bedside and offered prayer, at the conclusion of which the General said, "I thank you." The minister then mentioned the subject of his baptism, and he replied, "I desire to have the ordinance administered. I had intended to do so before." The next morning the pastor said, "General, the doctor told us last night that you would not live five minutes." He smiled, and then drawing his countenance into seriousness, said: "I did not intend to die then. I have a little work which I must do before I go to my reward." The reason why he did not surrender was, he loved his wife so intensely that he would not die till he had provided a support for her. He lived three months after—long enough to complete his book, which was to

furnish that support. With one of the most imperial wills that ever ruled a mortal soul, he took Death himself by the throat with one hand and held him at arm's length for three months, suffering a thousand deaths from the cancer in his throat, while with the other hand he finished his memoirs. When the last line was written the pen dropped out of his numb fingers and he fell asleep. In selecting a place for his burial he expressly provided that room should be left by his side for the dust of his devoted wife. And in accordance with this provision, two sarcophagi have been provided in the superb mausoleum which overlooks the Hudson, the one holding the body of the General, the other awaiting the dust of his wife.

William McKinley's devotion to his wife was one of the most beautiful domestic pictures the world has ever seen.

The love for wife and home which the Count, the General and the President manifested, is a beautiful example and inspiration to individual and national life. The devotion of husband to wife has been an important factor in the greatness of Great Britain, Germany, America and every other dominant nation.



TRUE STEWARDSHIP



JOSEPH ALLEN, of Braddock, Pa., an engineer in the Edgar Thompson Steel Works, was on his way to the mill, when he passed a car loaded with quicklime. A laborer, unloading the car, not noticing him, threw a shovelful of the lime into his face, burning out both of his eyes, and making him the first pensioner of the Andrew Carnegie fund of four million dollars. On retiring from business, Mr. Andrew Carnegie wrote this letter to the people of Pittsburg from New York, dated March 12, 1901:

"An opportunity to retire from business came to me unsought, which I considered it my duty to accept. My resolve was made in youth to retire before old age. From what I have seen around me, I cannot doubt the wisdom of this course, although the change is great, even serious, and seldom brings the happiness expected. But this is because so many, having abundance to retire upon, have so little to retire to. The fathers in olden days taught that a man should have time before the end of his career for the 'making of his soul.' I have always felt that old age should be spent, not as the Scotch say, in 'making mickle mair,' but in making a good use of what has been acquired, and I hope my friends of Pittsburg will approve of my action in retiring while still in full health and vigor, and I can reasonably expect many years for usefulness in fields which have other than personal aims.

"The pain of change and separation from business associations and employees is indeed keen—associates who are at once the best of friends,

employees who are not only the best of workmen, but the most self-respecting body of men which the world has to show. Of this I am well assured and very proud.

"I should have more time now to devote to the Institute and to the technical school, which are in the higher domain of Pittsburg's life, and these I have long seen to be my chief work—the field in which I can do the greatest, because the highest, good for Pittsburg. The share which I have had in the material development of our city may be considered only the foundation on which the things of the spirit are built, and in taking the proceeds of the material to develop the things of the spiritual world I feel that I am pursuing the ideal path of life and duty."

A letter of the same date was sent to the president and managers of the Carnegie Company, setting apart a fund of five million dollars—one million for maintaining the libraries built by Carnegie in Braddock, Homestead and Duquesne, and the other four millions to be employed in aiding the poor and disabled workmen of his mills and the needy families of those who met death in their employment. In his letter he says:

"The income of the other four million is to be applied:

"First, to provide for employees of the Carnegie Company in all its works, mines, railways, shops, etc., injured in its service, and for those dependent upon such employees that are killed.

"Second, to provide small pensions or aids to such employees as, after long and creditable service, through exceptional circumstances, need use of it.

"This fund is not intended to be used as a substitute for what the company has been in the habit of doing in such cases. Far from it. It is intended to go still further, and give to the injured or their families, or to employees who are needy in old age, through no fault of their own, some provision against want as long as needed, or until young children can become self-supporting.

"I make this first use of surplus wealth upon retiring from business, as an acknowledgment of the deep debt which I owe to the workmen who have contributed so greatly to my success. I hope the cordial relations which exist between employers and employed throughout all the Carnegie Company's works may never be disturbed, both employers and employed remembering what I said in my last speech to the men at Homestead: 'Labor, capital and business ability are the three legs of a three-legged stool; neither is first, neither is second, neither is third; there is no precedence, all being equally necessary. He who would sow discord among the three is an enemy of all.'"

The great steel king has set a beautiful example to the rich men of this country in his estimate of the relation of capital to labor and in his recognition of the debt which wealth owes to poverty. However industrious and cheerful he may have been in the accumulation of his vast fortune, he was never half so happy as he seems to be in giving his money away.

MCKINLEY ON WASHINGTON'S RELIGION



ON the 22d of February, 1898, at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, President McKinley made an address to the students of the University of Pennsylvania, which contains the following beautiful and appropriate reference to Washington's faith in Divine Providence in the establishment of the nation:

"And how reverent always was this great man; how prompt and generous his recognition of the guiding hand of Divine Providence in establishing and controlling the destinies of the colonies and the republic! Again and again—in his talks, in his letters, in his state papers and formal addresses—he reveals this side of his character, the force of which we still feel and, I trust, we always will.

"At the very height of his success and reward, as he emerged from the Revolution, receiving by unanimous acclaim the plaudits of the people and commanding the respect and admiration of the civilized world, he did not forget that his first official act as President should be fervent supplication to the Almighty Being who rules the universe. It is he who presides in the councils of nations and whose providential aid can supply every human defect; it is his benediction which we most want, and which can and will consecrate the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States. With his help the instruments of the citizens employed to carry out their purposes will succeed in the functions allotted to public life.

"But Washington on this occasion went further and spoke for the people, assuming that he but voiced the sentiment of the young nation in thus making faith in Almighty God and reliance upon his favor and care one of the strong foundations of the Government then inaugurated. And, proceeding, Washington states the reasons for his belief in language so exalted that it should be graven deep upon the mind of every patriot:

"'No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency; and in the important revolution just accomplished, in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the events resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.'

"The Senate of the United States made fitting response to its appreciation of this portion of the President's inaugural address, when its members declared that 'a review of the many signal instances of Divine intervention in favor of this country claims our most pious gratitude,' and that they were 'unavoidably led to acknowledge and adore the Great Arbiter of the universe, by whom empires rise and fall.' Congress added its sanction by providing that 'After the oath shall have been administered to the President he, attended by the Vice-President and the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, proceed to St. Paul's Chapel to hear divine service to be performed by the Chaplain of Congress, already appointed.'

"Not alone upon days of thanksgiving or in times of trial should we, as a people, remember and follow the example thus set by the fathers, but never in our future as a nation should we forget the great moral and religious principles which they enunciated and defended as their most precious heritage. In an age of great activity, of industrial and commercial strife and perplexing problems we should never abandon the simple faith in Almighty God as recognized in the name of the American people by Washington and the first Congress."

It was a fortunate thing for the young Republic that its first Chief Executive was a man of such simple, sincere faith in God and devotion to his cause; for he was not only the exponent of the religious sentiment of his time, but was also a model for those who should come after him.

Nearly all of his successors in the Presidential office have been men of faith and prayer. It is a beautiful thing to see President McKinley holding up for admiration and imitation the religious views of Washington and unhesitatingly indorsing them; and the picture is more encouraging from the fact that in so doing he expresses the Christian faith of the American people in God's special providence over the nation from the beginning until now.



BOXERS

THE continued confiscation of Chinese territory by foreign nations, and the singular friendliness of the Emperor of China to Western ideas and institutions, produced a reaction which expressed itself in an increased bitterness toward foreigners and in the uprising of the Boxer movement. The Boxers claimed superhuman wisdom and power. Prince Tuan and the Empress Dowager, having witnessed some of their athletic and religious performances, yielded to their claims of supernatural energy, and believed what they said—that the gods would protect and fight for them and that they would drive the barbarians into the sea. The Empress Dowager, in taking the long sword and the torch in one hand, came near letting the sceptre slip out of the other.

The Boxers appealed to the selfishness as well as to the religious instinct of the Chinese people. They recruited the lumbermen and boatmen who had lost employment through steamboat navigation, the cartmen who were supplanted by the railroads, and the artisans who were thrown out of employment by improved machinery. They made the farmers believe that the presence of the foreigners caused the drouth and famine, and that their death alone would bring rain and harvests. Circulars like the following were scattered over the troubled districts:

“SACRED EDICT ISSUED BY THE LORD OF WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

“The Catholic and Protestant religions being insolent to the gods and destructive of holy things, rendering no obedience to Buddhism and enraging both Heaven and Earth, the rain clouds no longer visit us, but eight million Spirit Soldiers will descend from heaven and sweep the empire clean of all foreigners. Then will the gentle showers once more water our lands; and, when the tread of soldiers and the clash of steel are heard, threatening woes to our people, then the Buddha’s Patriotic League of Boxers will protect the empire and bring peace to all. Haste, then, to spread this doctrine far and wide; for if you gain one adherent to the faith your own person will be absolved from all future misfortunes. If you gain five converts your whole family will be absolved from all evils; if you gain ten adherents to the faith your whole village will be absolved from all calamities. Those who gain no adherents shall be decapitated; for, until all foreigners have been exterminated, the rain can never visit us.”

That such fanatics and murderers should so swiftly capture the throne and rudely shock the unsteady empire was a surprise to the civilized world, and to none more than the members of the legations of the allied Powers. The eight million Spirit Soldiers were, however, on the other side. It was Elijah’s God, and not Baal, who sent the rain.



KEEN EYES



AMONG the heroes that manned the fifty-oared ship “Argo” there was Lynceus, whose eyes were so keen that they saw things at a great distance and through opaque objects. It is said that he could look down to the bottom of the sea, noticing the fishes and pearls, and that he could see down into the earth, discovering the silver and gold. After the ship had gotten fifty miles out to sea, he glanced back, and recognized the figure of Pelias, looking angrily upon the water. On a certain island, while the king was giving the heroes a banquet, he spoke of giants that threatened his realm, and pointed to

a mountain near by as the place where they dwelt. The leader of the Greeks looked toward the mountain and told the king that he saw things that looked like giants, but that they were so dim that he thought they must have been only the forms that the clouds had made. The sharp-eyed member of the company, being called, said the mountain was full of huge giants, each having six arms and thoroughly equipped for war. The king, astonished at his superhuman vision, told him that he had seen correctly.

Men can see farther than with their eyes of clay; people see farther down into the sea to-day than Lynceus ever did, making an accurate map of its bottom—of its mountains, valleys and plains—as though it were dry land. They can see through a huge cable on the bottom, two miles beneath the surface of the water. They see farther down into the earth than the sharp-eyed hero did, and can tell better than he where the iron, silver and gold are. They can see through bright worlds in the heavens; and then, looking through little eyes they have made out of sand, they discover myriads of other worlds beyond, and they distinguish the unseen force that binds them together. They see the rainbow in the ray of sunlight, the harvests mirrored in the drop of water, and light and heat and power and language in the subtle current. They see through the trunk of a tree, the heart of a flower or the body of a man, and we call them scientists. There are those who see a world of inexpressible beauty beyond the forms and forces of nature, and we call them artists. There are those who see the relation between these facts discovered in the realm of nature, and we call them philosophers.

Men can see better still—farther down than the deepest ocean, farther up than the highest star. They can see the Being underneath and behind all forms and forces of matter and mind. They can see Him as a person, as their Father, as their Saviour; can recognize their obligation to their fellows, growing out of their love for Him. They can see Eternity, and the Beautiful City, and the magnificent mansion, and the faces of those whom they love. Those who see these things we call Christians. Lynceus had sharp eyes, but they were not so keen as the eyes of the pure-hearted, who see God.



COMPLAINTS AT GOD'S PROVIDENCE



THE bridge across the Hellespont had scarcely been completed before a terrible storm destroyed it. Xerxes was so enraged that he ordered three hundred lashes to be inflicted on, and a pair of fetters to be thrown into, the sea. It is said that he sent executioners to brand the Hellespont with ignominy, and addressed to it this message: "Thou ungracious water, thy master condemns thee to this punishment for having injured him without provocation.

Xerxes, the king, will pass over thee, whether thou consentest or not. Just is it that no man honors thee with sacrifice, for thou art insidious and of an ungrateful flavor." Having punished the sea, he then commanded those who had charge of the construction of the bridge to be beheaded. The sea suffered the injury for a time, and then, when it seemed most calm and peaceful, it arose in its fury, avenged itself on Xerxes by destroying four hundred of his ships, vast numbers of his choicest soldiers, and stores of richest treasure. The winds and waves and poison of the atmosphere and Grecian soldiers completed the humiliation and ignominious overthrow of this haughty, impious Persian monarch.

More silly and wicked than Xerxes are those persons who complain of God's dealings with them, and openly express their anger at the Divine Providence. They say, "What did God take my husband for? Why did he take my wife? I shall never feel kindly toward him again for having removed my boy or girl." We have even heard people say that they were angry at God and would never forgive him for having taken away a loved one. In insolence and in blasphemy their hearts lash the Almighty for his dealings with them. Our God is good and he doeth all things well.



ORE TO BE GOTTEN BY DIGGING



SHEPHERD was watching his flocks in a desolate district in the southwestern part of New South Wales, called Broken Hill. He noticed some stones at his feet that were full of shining specks. He had an idea there was gold there. He took a spade and pick and dug for days, for months. His health began to fail, but he continued his work, getting only red earth as a reward. One day he stuck his pick into a rock so tightly he had to have a neighbor help him to get it out. That rock had rich silver in it, and led to the discovery of the fabulously rich deposit known as the Broken Hill mine.



A reporter visited James Whitcomb Riley and said to him: "Would you mind saying something about the obstacles over which you climbed to success as a poet?" "I am afraid it would not be a very pleasant story," he said. "A friend came to me once completely heartbroken, saying that his manuscripts were constantly returned and that he was the most miserable wretch alive. I asked him how long he had been trying? 'Three years,' he said. 'My dear man,' I answered, laughingly, 'go on. Keep on trying till you have spent as many years at it as I did. I struggled through years, through sleepless nights, through almost hopeless days. For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine; back came my manuscripts, eternally. I kept on. In

the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles.' Tell your readers that our young Americans have right at their hand the richest material any country ever offered. Tell them to be brave, to work in earnest, to dig, dig, dig. Look what Bret Harte got out of California! Gold? Yes, of a finer assay than miner ever dreamed of. Dig, dig! Fabulous wealth waits but to be uncovered."

In getting gold for the body, truth for the mind, or love for the soul, men must dig, dig, dig. In the enrichment of individual character and of the Kingdom of God, people must dig, dig, dig.



A MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS

ALL of the Presbyterian churches of Newburg, N. Y., united in a service in the Calvary Church to listen to a missionary address by the venerable John G. Paton, of the New Hebrides. The Scotchman, seventy-six years old, arose to speak. His long hair and whiskers were white as the driven snow, the deeply bronzed face emphasizing their whiteness. A feeling of profound reverence for the man was expressed in the faces of the large audience as he began: "I have been laboring in the New Hebrides for forty-two years, and my presence here to-night is an evidence that my interest in that field is unabated. The first two missionaries that went to those islands were killed, cooked, and eaten by the savages. A settlement of teachers was made in the middle of the island group, and though they were at first kindly received by the inhabitants, they were afterwards slain—men, women and children—and their bodies devoured by the cannibals. That island now, thank God, is a Christian island. The people wear clothing, practice the useful arts, ask a blessing at the table, have family prayers, attend church service, live correctly and affectionately with one another and enjoy the blessings of a Christian civilization. No part of the world, perhaps, has presented greater obstacles to the introduction of the Gospel than the New Hebrides. The workers had died and been killed off, till at one time I was the only one left in the whole group of islands. To-day they are greatly encouraged. We have seen three thousand of these man-eaters converted to God. One of the missionaries translated a portion of the Scriptures, and the people were so much pleased with it that they clamored for the whole book. The missionaries had no money for the purpose, and the natives instituted a fund, to which they contributed for thirteen years, which grew to be six thousand dollars, with which they published a translation of the whole Bible. Portions of the Sacred Scriptures are printed in twenty-two different languages of the islands. My two sons and one daughter are in this mission field. My son Frank, a man of culture and education, left a professorship in a college to go



THE FIRST TWO MISSIONARIES WERE KILLED

to that dangerous field, and if he and I had not been miraculously defended we would, ere this, have furnished food for the cannibals. He and several teachers were left among four thousand cannibals. The chief would have nothing to do with them till, one day, he came to my son and implored his aid in rescuing the three daughters of his brother, who had been taken on board a French trader to be sold into slavery. My son, by petition and threat, rescued them, and the gratitude of the chief knew no bounds. He became a convert, and was a powerful agent in spreading the work among the natives. Only recently a savage pointed a rifle at my son and put his front finger on the trigger to shoot, when the chief implored the man not to fire, and seeing that the man would not be checked, he rushed in between my boy and the gun and took the ball through his own body and fell to the ground. My son and another missionary went to the chief and found him weak from loss of blood, and expecting to be taken by the savages and devoured at one of their feasts. When the missionary saw his condition he began to weep over him. The chief said, 'Missionary, don't weep over me; I am happy.' 'But you are suffering,' said the missionary. The chief said, 'I am suffering pain, missionary, but I am suffering no pain compared with what our dear Lord Jesus suffered for me when he died on Calvary.' And the Saviour whom he loved soon after took him to his bosom. The firearms and rum of civilized nations, including your own, make our work much harder—in fact, give us now most of the trouble we have. Great Britain has prohibited her traders from selling gunpowder or drink, and I have just been to Washington to see President McKinley and Secretary Hay, to see if the United States will not take a similar stand against the sale of firearms and rum."

The audience was stirred to the depths by the earnest recital of the struggles and tragedies of the work in the New Hebrides, and a collection was taken in its behalf.

There are no people on earth so savage that they cannot be tamed by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There are no circumstances, however unfriendly, which can eventually defeat those workers who are determined to carry the Gospel to the lost. The martyr spirit is in the world, in the missionaries who die for the savages, and in the native converts who die for their Lord.



GENERAL LEE'S LETTER TO HIS SON



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, whose grandmother declined the hand of George Washington, married the granddaughter of Washington's wife, and thereby inherited the estate of Arlington and the White House. He named his eldest son George Washington Custis Lee, and to this young son he wrote a beautiful letter, which is as follows:

"You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind; never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

"In regard to duty, let me in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as the dark day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator—Davenport, of Stamford—who said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind—the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part."

This letter of Lee to his son away at school contains principles which were illustrated in his own character. He always said what he meant and meant what he said; no one, either friend or foe, ever detected the least hint of equivocation in him, nor could he bear any want of frankness in others. Like almost all really great men, he was charitable in his feelings toward others. It is said that during the long war in which he took so active a part, he was never heard to say an unkind word about the Northern people, or the officers or soldiers of the Union army. There is an alarming amount of insincerity in ordinary social and business life; the woman sends word, by the servant, to the caller that she is not at home, or on receiving her says, "I am so glad to see you," when she hates the very ground on which she walks. The man meets his neighbor on the street and says, "I was not able to be at your house last night; I was sick," when he was not sick at all, except in his moral sense.

The reason why he did not go was because he did not desire to go. A dozen reasons will be given for not attending the means of grace or becoming a Christian, while the real reason, "I did not want to," will be suppressed. The man behind the counter who says he paid twenty-five cents for a piece of goods, when he only paid twenty-two cents, and the man in front of it who says he was offered the same piece of goods for twenty, both tell a falsehood, which ought to choke any one who has the least regard for the Ten Commandments. And yet they are types of men found everywhere—in the stores, shops, offices and court-houses—who, with politeness of demeanor and no blush on the cheek, prevaricate from morning until night, from one year's end to another. It would take a very large blackboard and a vast amount of chalk to record all the white lies of a single day. There is so much time and energy wasted in unjust criticism and slander of others. These harsh estimates are usually given behind the back, for, if they were given to the face there would be fewer friends and more funerals. Lee's advice to his boy—to feel kindly toward his fellows, and if necessary to say an unpleasant thing, to say it to them and not to others, to the face, and not behind the back—is sound to the core. The advice in the letter, from beginning to end, is not only valuable for a young man student, but for every one.



ROYAL SYMPATHY



POOR man named Rattray and his wife lived in a cottage at Cairn-nu-Craig, Scotland, not far from Balmoral Castle. The wife's mother was dying, a little distance away, and the daughter went to her bedside. She kept her oldest boy, Jamie, home from school to watch his little brother while the mother was away. The oldest was eleven years of age, the youngest was three. Fishing was good at the bridge over the Monaltrie Burn near where it empties into the Dee, and the boys took their lines for a day's sport. The little fellow fell in, and his brother, with the heroism worthy of a king, jumped in after him, but, locked in each other's arms, they were swept out into the Dee, swollen with late rains, and were drowned. The sad news reached the castle at four o'clock in the afternoon. Before five, Queen Victoria was in her carriage hastening to the scene of the accident. She was trembling with excitement and sorrow. She drove along the river's edge, taking the deepest interest in the search for the bodies; then she left her carriage and walked up and down the banks of the stream, showing in her face and conduct the deepest personal anguish. The drowning was on Tuesday. The baby brother was found first. On Thursday the Queen rode over to the afflicted cottage, and thus writes of her visit:

"We went in, and on a table in the kitchen, covered with a sheet which

they lifted up, lay the poor, sweet, innocent 'bairnie,' a fine, plump child, with his little hands joined—a most touching sight. Then the poor mother came in, calm and quiet, though she cried a little at first when I took her hand and said how much I felt for her and how dreadful it was. She checked herself and said, with that resignation and trust which is so edifying to witness and which you see so constantly in these Highlands, 'We must try to bear it; we must trust to the Almighty.' As we were leaving I gave her something, and she was quite overcome and blessed me for it."

The Queen left this house of sorrow and joined in the search for the body of the older brother, and continued it till one o'clock in the afternoon, when she returned to the palace. Word came to her that night that the body had been found. On Saturday, the day of the funeral, she drove her carriage to a convenient place in the road, stopped the horses, and affectionately reviewed the funeral procession as it passed, with the two little white coffins, to the burying ground.

The sorrow of this womanly woman over the death of these poor little boys was the expression of that real royalty of soul before which England and the civilized world bowed. The King of kings has a heart full of sympathy for the sorrowing children of men, for the lowliest of earth. The comfort the Queen gave to the poor family by the tenderness of her spirit is a type of the infinite consolation the Holy Spirit brings to broken human hearts.



RECEIVED THE VICTORIA CROSS




HE man that can write V. C. after his name is regarded with especial affection and honor in England. It means that he has received the decoration of the Victoria Cross, which is bestowed not through influence, nor family, nor royal favor, but from merit. The decoration is a Maltese cross of bronze, with a crown surmounted by a lion in the centre and a scroll at the bottom with the motto, "For Valor." It is bestowed upon any soldier or sailor of the British government who shall display signal bravery in the presence of the enemy. There is but one black man in the world who wears this cross—Mr. Gordon, a negro of the West Indies. In one of the campaigns of West Africa, as the British troops were going through a thicket, Gordon saw the end of a gun sticking out of a bush, aimed directly at his commanding officer. In an instant he threw his arms about the officer and swung him around and his own body into range, receiving in his own lungs the bullet that was intended for his commander. It was thought that the shot had certainly killed him, but after a long struggle he recovered. In the procession at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, few received more notice or favor than Gordon, who wore the coveted Victoria Cross, which had been awarded to him for his signal act of heroism.

The cross from earliest times was regarded as the badge of the deepest crime and severest penalty till the Innocent One hung upon it, and He transformed it into the symbol of everything that is beautiful and glorious. It crowns the spires that pierce the sky, it adorns the walls of palaces and parliaments, and it hangs from the breasts of kings and conquerors and heroes. The Victoria Cross, which was originated at the time of the Crimean war, was appropriately fashioned and fittingly named, suggesting the cross on which the Saviour died that we might live, and also the cross on which every follower of his should hang in complete consecration to God and in self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of others.



LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO A YOUNG PHYSICIAN


S I was riding along a beautiful prairie road in central Illinois with Dr. Worrall, behind his Kentucky thoroughbred, I said, "Doctor, did you ever meet Mr. Lincoln?" "Yes," he replied, "we were friends. I once took him to a festival in the church of which you are the pastor. He was timid, very bashful in society, but was exceedingly able and witty and popular. At that festival the men gathered about him and enjoyed and heartily laughed at the bright things that he said. We young men who knew him best called him 'Link.' I will tell you how I first happened to get acquainted with him. I came to this country from Kentucky, a young man, and began the practice of medicine. Soon after I opened an office, a woman who had broken her arm at the elbow called upon me to set it. The break was a very bad one, and I could not make a good job. A rival physician prompted her to sue me for malpractice, and I was threatened with professional extinction at the start of my career. I wrote to Lincoln at Springfield and asked him to undertake my case. He wrote back for me to go to the office of Leonard Swett, in my own town, and give him the facts, and that on the day of the trial he would come over and examine witnesses and make a speech. I went to Swett's office, and in the back room on a ratty lounge I saw the young man, dead drunk, asleep. I wrote to Lincoln that I would not leave my case in the hands of such a man. He wrote back to do as he told me to—leave the facts with Swett—and I did so. That young man was the late Leonard Swett, of Chicago. He reformed and became one of the leading lawyers of the country. The day of the trial came. Lincoln examined and cross-examined the witnesses with great skill, and made such a masterly speech that a verdict was rendered in my favor, and I was saved from financial and professional ruin at the very start in life. When I asked for my bill, he said: 'You are a young man just starting out upon your career. I have easily earned a hundred dollars. I am only going to charge

you twenty-five, and I will donate the other seventy-five to a worthy young man who has been the subject of envy and malice.' I paid him his fee and said to him, 'When are you going home?' 'To-night,' he replied. 'No,' said I; 'you must stay till to-morrow.' I sent out fifty invitations, and had my friends and neighbors come and meet the kind man who had done so much for me. This act of personal kindness to me made for him hundreds of friends and thousands of dollars in McLean County."

When my companion had finished his story, I said, "Doctor, there is no wonder that Democrats like you, as well as Republicans, vie with each other in their appreciation of Lincoln's tenderness of heart and generosity of life."




EARTHLY IMMORTALITY

 TRAVELER stood one day by the supposed resting place of John Calvin. Only a small stone marks the spot. As the visitor meditated upon the uncertainty of the tradition which designates this as the great man's tomb, he turned to the guide and said, "Well, John Calvin is dead; that is certain." "Dead?" responded the guide. "Yes, dead here; but, my dear friend, he lives everywhere!" It is immeasurably truer of Jesus. They crucified the Lord of Glory, but he lives everywhere. By the manifestation of his grace in human hearts, by his spiritual dominion over the civilization of the age, Jesus is everywhere. It is the perpetual miracle of history.



EARNED FREEDOM THROUGH BRAVERY

 HE Governor of Virginia, with a number of members of the State Penitentiary Board, paid a visit recently to the farm where the convicts are kept at work. The arrival of the distinguished visitors caused some excitement, in the midst of which four of the convicts seized rifles and made a dash for liberty. Their escape was not noticed at first, except by another convict, who volunteered to an officer to recapture the leader, a notorious and desperate offender. Permission was given, and immediately the chase began. Gradually the fugitives became aware that they were being overtaken, and they turned and pointed their rifles at their pursuer, warning him by shouts that they would kill him, rather than be caught. Heedless of threats and shots, the pursuing convict held on his way until he had the leader in his hands and disarmed him. The delay of the struggle was fatal to the remainder of the party. The guards, who had followed in the chase, came up and overcame the

other three convicts and brought them back. The Governor was so much pleased by the courage and promptitude of the convict who had captured the leader that, then and there, he remitted the remainder of his sentence, covering two years, and he returned a pardoned man to Richmond the same day.

There is no man, however good, in whose nature there is not some weak place, which can be discovered easily by looking for it; there is no man, however bad, who has not some good trait in his nature, which can be discovered by searching for it. Here is a man suffering the penalty of a broken law, shut off from society like a moral leper, branded with disgrace, who has the sense of right in his nature strong enough still to make him realize that his fellow-convicts were doing wrong in attempting to escape, and to prompt him to help the officers maintain their authority. And the courage which was displayed by this convict was worthy of the leader of an army. He could have run away with his companions, like any coward would have done, but he stood his ground like a man and faced death to maintain the majesty of the law.

While the soul is set free from the bonds of sin and death by the pardon of the Divine Governor through the grace of Jesus Christ, there is the largest liberty in obedience to God's law and in a fearless maintenance of it.



A SISTER'S LOVE

WHEN Œdipus died he left the kingdom of Thebes to his two sons, Eteocles and Polynices, with the understanding that they should rule year by year, alternately. At the end of the first year, Eteocles, instead of surrendering the throne to his brother, retained it, and a terrible battle was the result, in which battle each was slain by the hand of the other. Creon, the uncle of the boys, took the throne and began his obstinate and brutal rule by denying the right of burial to the brother who had been defrauded of his throne. Death was to be the penalty to be visited upon the one who should undertake to bury the corpse. Antigone, the sister of the two brothers, was indignant and heartbroken at the king's command, and determined, at whatever cost, to bury her brother. His body had been left outside the city wall to be devoured by the vultures. She secretly made her way to it, put a garland of leaves on his forehead and sprinkled soft dirt over the body. The king's guard, who had been threatened with death if he should allow the burial to take place, exhumed the body and set himself to watch for the one who had done the deed. In a calm after a terrible storm, the sister crept to the grave, and, finding her brother uncovered, cried like a bird whose nest had been despoiled. The guard arrested her and took her before the king, who rebuked her savagely, but whom she answered with queenly heroism, charging him with injustice and impiety, and telling him that she

would gladly die rather than give up her love for her brother. She was sent away to a cave to perish by starvation, and she slew herself. Her betrothed, the king's son, insane with grief, destroyed himself, and the queen, overwhelmed with sorrow at the loss of her son, took her own life; and the unjust, obstinate king suffered worse than death in the torments of remorse.

Against the dark background of the brother's hate Sophocles has placed the bright and beautiful picture of a sister's love:

"Death is welcome;
I'll do the pious deed, and lay me down
By my dear brother; loving and beloved,
We'll rest together."

There are few more beautiful pictures in home life than the delicate love of a sister for a brother, and it often seems more intense when bestowed upon an unworthy object, and more divine when it prompts personal sacrifice in his behalf. In contrast with the brutal impiety of the king, the dramatist places the spiritual instinct of the sister who, though heathen, comes very near to the boundary line of Christianity, as, referring to the life beyond the grave, she says:

"There I shall dwell forever."

True meaning is added to a sister's love in the thought that the affection is not only during the earthly pilgrimage, but is to bind kindred spirits forever.



THE MIRROR IN THE WINDOW


BEING so fond of nature, Henry Ward Beecher's farm at Peekskill was a paradise to him. Friends tell me they often saw him with a linen duster and an old straw hat, in a buggy much the worse for wear, drawn by an ordinary horse, happy as a king, on his way out to his farm, which, during several months of the year, was his earthly heaven. The fields, the wild flowers, the bees, the brood, the birds, the pets in the house or barnyard or pasture, the woods, the hills, the winding streams, the tender associations, filled his soul so full that they poured out into his sermons and addresses. A gentleman told me that, in company with others, he was entertained at Mr. Beecher's new house at Peekskill just as it was ready for his occupancy. In the morning Mr. Beecher came to the room occupied by my friend and another gentleman, and with a hearty greeting said: "Well, boys, have you seen all there is in this room?" They answered him that they had, when he opened and turned the inside shutter so as to show an inserted mirror, catching an area of the Hudson

River and the hills beyond. His own soul was one great mirror, reflecting the beauties and the glories of nature. He saw in the river and mountain, as in a mirror, the scenes of infinite beauty.

The Bible and the Cross ought to be in the windows of every home, bringing to human vision the unseen beauty and glories of God. Every breast ought to be a mirror reflecting the invisible truth of the Divine Mind, and bringing into view the River of Life and the Hills of Immortality.



LOWERING THE FLAG TO GET IN A SALOON

T the close of a patriotic parade one evening I saw two young men in the street of a city, one bearing a large banner with mottoes on it and the other carrying a beautiful silk flag. They halted in front of a saloon and undertook to enter it, but had considerable difficulty in doing so. The banner was so large that it could hardly be gotten in the door, and the long flagpole had to be tilted horizontally and the folds of the flag gathered in the hand to make the entrance possible. And with feelings of regret, not unmingled with indignation, I saw the American flag literally hauled down in the presence of a saloon. It would have been bad enough for the young men, if they had desired a drink, to have taken their emblems to their hall and returned to the bar, but to stain the stars and stripes with the slime of a filthy saloon, and to take such trouble to do so, was infinitely worse. It filled my soul with contempt to see that emblem, that had never surrendered to any earthly power, trailed in the dust in the presence of rum. Even the door through which they entered had a flag fastened above it. On patriotic occasions there is the sublime mockery of saloon decorations—flags, flags, nothing but American flags everywhere, on the outside and inside of the building.

There is no such enemy to the flag as the saloon, and if there were enough of them the stars and stripes would be an impossibility. The Old World idea of government was that God gave the authority to the kings and queens and emperors, and that they granted what rights they pleased to their subjects. Our American idea of government is that God gives the authority to the people themselves. But this individual sovereignty can only be maintained on two conditions—those of education and virtue. Where there is universal ignorance there is an absolute despotism every time; where the few are educated, there is aristocracy; where the greater number are enlightened, there will be parliaments with increasing power; and where the education becomes general among the common people, there will be a republican form of government. Our fathers understood the philosophy of free institutions, and at the very beginning of their colonial life instituted the common school system, which is the

pride and hope of the Republic; and the people of to-day recognize that same philosophy by the manner in which they foster the public school system, and by the princely generosity with which they endow and maintain the higher institutions of learning. Is there anything in a saloon which suggests the education which is so necessary to the perpetuity of free government? There is everything to suggest besotted ignorance and wretched poverty.

The other condition of a republican form of government is virtue. No man can be said to govern himself, in whom the moral and spiritual faculties do not dominate the baser ones; and no nation is able to govern itself where animalism, vice and crime predominate; where there is general wickedness enough amongst a people there must be absolute despotism to govern them; since the world began it has always been so and will continue to be so. The vile slums of great cities, of necessity, have brutal bosses; if one is removed, another quickly takes his place, in answer to the law that vicious elements must be ruled with a rod of iron. There is nothing in all the land which develops animalism, breeds vice, fosters crime, as the saloon does; nothing which so encourages that lawlessness which requires an absolute despotism. These vile drinking places not only destroy individual character, but they do all in their power to make impossible a democratic form of government. What a mockery, then, to decorate the saloons so profusely with bunting, when they are the worst enemies the flag could possibly have.

Christianity not only saves the individual from sin, but it promotes political liberty by checking the base and low in man and encouraging the high and holy. It is a friend to a representative form of government. It has been the Christ spirit of the nineteenth century, more than anything else, that has secured the steadily increasing liberties to the common people of the world.



GOOD DEEDS DELAYED TOO LONG

NAPOLEON, as was his custom, passed over the field after the battle of Wagram. For a distance of almost nine miles there lay men dead and dying in every direction, as twenty-four thousand Austrians and eighteen thousand Frenchmen had fallen in the fight. The Emperor would often dismount, and with his own hand would wipe the blood and dust from the face of his brave boys. Among the dead he discovered the mangled body of a colonel who had occasioned his displeasure, and, looking seriously at him, he said: "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten everything."

There was a broken-hearted man on the streets of a town in Kentucky, a short time ago. He came from the mining regions of Idaho, where he had

been working for thirteen years. He is known there as one of the most successful miners in that section. He was among the poorest when he reached Idaho, but now he owns a mine and has several well-paying interests. His return to Kentucky was for the purpose of finding his niece and her mother, who, at the time of his becoming a miner, were as poor as himself. In fact, they were scarcely able by their utmost exertions in sewing for the tailors of the town, to provide the necessities of life. Before going to Idaho, the man had promised them that if he was successful he would provide for them, and, being a bachelor with no near relatives, he resolved to make them his heiresses. But for all the thirteen years of his absence he had not communicated with them. When he returned to Kentucky he took with him ten thousand dollars wrapped up in a package for them. He pleased himself on his journey by imagining their surprise and delight when he would place it in their hands. But he could not find them at the house where they formerly lived, and when he made inquiries about them in the town he learned that both were dead. They had become so discouraged by their hardships that they had committed suicide. The man's grief was intense, and it was increased by the thought that if he had only written to them when he began to prosper, telling them what he intended to do, they would not have committed the wicked act.

The time to manifest right tempers and to do good deeds to our fellow-men is now. The uncertainty of life makes present benevolence wise; we or our neighbor may be gone to-morrow, and with us our opportunity for the intended loving service. How many harsh words would be unsaid, and good resolves carried into execution, if men had only known that death were coming to make the separation forever! What a joy it would have brought to the colonel's heart to have received the forgiveness of the Emperor. Poverty was no excuse for the suicide of the women, but it was a good reason why the miner ought to have sent his relief at an earlier date. It is a mistake to wait too long to render the physical and spiritual relief to our fellows which we intend. That ministry of love ought to be performed to-day—now. A single flower for the living breast is worth a wreath of them for the coffin. One single word or act of love performed is worth a thousand intended and delayed.



DEATH IN DELAY



THE steamship *City of Rio Janeiro* struck a hidden rock and went down in two hundred feet of water just outside the harbor of San Francisco.

Rounseville Wildman, Consul General at Hong Kong, who became prominent during the trouble in the Philippines, was on board, with his wife and two children. All went down together. Mrs. Wildman was on the

ship's ladder, and Pilot Jordan, with one of her children in his arms, was close behind urging her to hurry. She hesitated and wanted to make certain that her children were safe. At the rail, directly behind Captain Ward, stood Mr. Wildman, with his other child.

There was a loud report, like an explosion. The deck had been riven asunder by the air which was forced up beneath it by the water. The ship went down like a cannon-ball thrown into the sea.

Quartermaster Lindstrom, of the steamship *City of Rio Janeiro*, who was the last white man to leave the ship, said that Consul General Wildman lost his life and caused the death of his wife and children by remaining on board long after he could have gone in the boat. Captain Ward offered to Wildman the first chance in the boats, and Mrs. Wildman refused to go without her husband. Later Wildman urged her to go, and she was preparing to get into the boat when the ship sank. Lindstrom said:

"Wildman evidently had something of great value in the ship's safe, for he came to me to find purser Rooney. I called the purser, and heard Wildman ask him to open the safe and get out a large tin box that bore his name. Wildman said, 'I will stay on deck till you return.' The purser went below and lost his life, for the ship sank before he had time to return. The last thing I saw of Wildman he was on the deck watching the gangway for the appearance of the purser."

How many there are who permit the treasures and affairs of time and sense to delay them in taking to the lifeboat which is to save the soul!



A MACEDONIAN STUDENT GOES THROUGH YALE BY RUNNING A TROLLEY CAR .



AT Yale University some little time ago, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Constantine Demeter Stephanove, a native of Bausko, Macedonia. The remarkable manner in which he supported himself during the seven years of his student life at Yale is described by him in an interview which is as follows:

"The hardest work I have done was not in college. I left my home when I was sixteen. My mother did not wish me to come, but I was fired with an ambition to help my native land, and I saw that education was the first necessity of my people.

"I came to this country and went up into Canterbury, Connecticut, where I secured work on a farm. There I saw some of the hardest work I have ever done. I milked ten cows night and morning, and was busy from the time I arose at daylight until dusk.

"Here I learned the language, and then I went to the preparatory school at Monson, Massachusetts.

"I graduated from the Monson Academy in 1895, and came at once to Yale, where I began my studies. I waited on the table for a living during the first year or two, and later secured work on the trolley.

"I don't suppose half my classmates imagined I was a trolley conductor, unless they saw me, and many of the professors would be surprised to hear of it, I am sure. And I doubt very much if many of my trolley friends knew that I was in Yale until they read of it recently.

"On my graduation in 1899 I was still dissatisfied with my education and determined to keep on. Now that I have secured my degree and can speak the language fairly well, I intend to complete the work at a German University.

"You may think it strange, but I have found five hours a day sufficient for sleep.

"I have been on what is known as the 'owl' car, which runs all night, after all the other cars have stopped. I had to go on duty at midnight and work until 7:30 in the morning. After my day at college I would come home between 6 and 7 in the evening and allow nothing to interfere with my going to bed. Then I would sleep until nearly midnight, when I would get up, get my bite to eat and be off for the car. We usually made half a dozen trips at night, and I have seen all sorts of people.

"In the morning when I finished I would continue my studies, which I had partly completed the afternoon previous, and be ready for the classroom. I have given all my time to work and study; my exercise and recreation I obtained on the trolley."

The struggles and victory of this young man remind us very much of the Macedonians of olden time, who arose with sublime heroism to subdue the people in letters and in morals.

He has been brave, not like his fellow-countrymen under Philip, to conquer men with swords of steel, but to wield over them the gentle sceptre of the degree at Yale. The great sea, a foreign land, new customs, a strange language and poverty, are barriers that would have kept a boy of average ability and average courage in a very narrow circle; but this splendidly endowed young man counted them as nothing, and made them even tributary to his development and promotion. The most beautiful feature of his heroic conduct is the fact that his efforts have been to prepare himself for unselfish service for others; he has gone to all this trouble through these many years that he may be enabled to return to his native land qualified to teach his own people. There were so many difficulties between the Macedonian boy and truth and love.

It is the pride of American educational life that so many poor young men

work their way through college, and the lessons of enterprise, industry, self-reliance and self-denial are about as valuable as those learned from books and professors, in the development of manhood. It is also a matter of congratulation that so many poor young men put themselves through college that they may devote themselves unselfishly to the interest of others.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S SERMON

AT the time of the siege of Pekin, the versatile German Emperor, who was spending the Sabbath on his royal yacht, preached a sermon on prayer for the army and navy, selecting as his text the 11th verse of the 7th chapter of Exodus. The sermon was so remarkable that I quote a paragraph or two of it: "The prayer of the just man is mighty when it is sincere. Thus let it be! Away in the distant land the warrior hosts, here at home the hosts of supplicants. May that be the holy battle of our time." The Emperor then went on to point out how easily the soldier may lose his strength and cheerfulness under the trials of war—the long marches under the blazing sun, the long nights under the pelting rain; how even the most valiant may quail when, amid the thunder of cannon and the bursting of shell, his comrades fall on every side. Continuing, he said: "Fellow Christians, in order that our brethren may remain of good cheer under the worst privations, faithful when their duty is most difficult, unwavering when the danger is the greatest, they need something more than ammunition and edged weapons; more even than youthful courage and the fire of enthusiasm. They need the blessing from above. They need living strength and victorious might from above. Without these they cannot win or keep the victory. And this heavenly world is accessible to prayer alone. Prayer is the golden key to the treasury of our God. But whoso has this key has also the promise, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'"

At the close of the sermon the Emperor offered this prayer: "Almighty God, dear Heavenly Father, O thou Lord of Hosts and Ruler of Battles, we raise our hands to Thee in prayer. To Thy goodness we commend the thousands of our brothers in arms. Shield Thou the lives of our sons with Thy omnipotent protection. Lead Thou our soldiers to a mighty victory. To Thy goodness we commend the wounded and the sick. Be Thou their consolation and their strength. Heal Thou their wounds. To Thy goodness we commend our people. Maintain and sanctify and strengthen the exaltation that now inspires us. O Lord our God, we go forth relying on Thy help. In Thy name we raise our standards. O Lord, we will not let Thee go until Thou bless us. Amen." He then offered the Lord's Prayer, and the service was concluded with the benediction.

The Kaiser's faith reminds us of Washington and of Lincoln, of Albert and of Victoria, of his grandfather, William I., and of his father, Frederick III. When the young Emperor first took the throne, on the death of his father, he seemed to be impetuous, rash, rather poorly balanced in word and conduct; but either he has changed or public opinion misjudged him, for he is proving himself to be one of the most brilliant, brave and devout rulers of the world. The splendid German Empire comes into a beautiful bloom in William II. and in his sermon and prayer.



A GREAT ORATOR



GENERAL HARRISON was a great orator as well as a great lawyer. He was an exception to the rule that the best judges are not the ablest speakers. There were men who had more fire and magnetism and overmastering power in their address, but in clearness of thought, purity of literary style, strength of argument in the matter of the discourse, and in gracefulness and dignity in its delivery he had few equals. Good critics considered him the best orator in the United States at the time of his death. His speeches to the delegations that visited him at Indianapolis during his Presidential canvass were marvels of wisdom and of eloquence. This is a sample, taken from his talk to the railroad men: "Heroism has been found at the throttle and at the brake, as well as on the battlefield, and as well worthy of song or marble. The trainman crushed between the platforms, who used his last breath not for prayer or message of love, but to say to the panic-stricken who gathered around him, 'Put out the red light for the other train,' inscribed his name very high upon the shaft where the names of the faithful and brave are written." No one who was present at the opening session of the great Missionary Conference in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, April 21, 1900, will ever forget the scene. Fastened to the wall back of the platform was a large map of the world. Over the centre of it was the following: "The field is the world, the good seed are the children of the Kingdom." Over the Western Hemisphere was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to the whole creation." Over the Eastern Hemisphere was, "And they went forth and preached everywhere." Upon the platform were missionaries from every land, and in the audience there were delegates from seventeen nationalities. The hall was crowded. Benjamin Harrison, who had been selected to preside over the meetings during the conference, arose to make the opening address. With hair and beard white, he stood like a sage—like a veritable prophet of God. The great audience was held spellbound by the charm of his eloquence, and was swept by a gust of human and divine enthusiasm as he closed with the following words: "The Bible does not draw its illustration wholly from the home or the field, but uses also the strenuous things of life—the race, the fight, girded soldier,

the assault. There are many fields, there are diverse arms; the battle is in the bush, and the comrades that are seen are few. A view of the whole army is a good thing; the heart is strengthened by an enlarged comradeship; it gives promise that the flanks will be covered and a reserve organized. After days in the bush the sense of numbers is lost. It greatly strengthens the soldier and quickens his pace when he advances to battle, if a glance to the right or left reveals many pennons and a marshalled host, moving under one great leader to execute a single battle plan. Once, in an advance of our army, the commander of a regiment could see no more than half of his own line, while the supports to his right and left were wholly hidden. To him it seemed as if his battalion was making an unsupported assault. The extended line, the reserve, were matters of faith. But one day the advancing army broke suddenly from the bush into a savannah—a long, narrow, natural meadow—and the army was revealed. From the centre far to the right and left the distinctive corps, division, brigade and regimental colors appeared, and associated with each of these was the one flag that made the army one. A mighty spontaneous cheer burst from the whole line, and every soldier tightened his grip upon his rifle and quickened his step. What the savannah did for that army this world's conference of missions should do for the church." Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, on reading a volume of Mr. Harrison's speeches, said: "These speeches give me a very high idea of Mr. Harrison. It is pleasant to be brought face to face with any one so manly and high-minded as he shows himself to be in the book."



FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE NIGHT

MISS HELEN GOULD, at her country home at Tarrytown, has one of the most beautiful collection of plants in the United States. Her father, before her, was passionately fond of flowers, and spent a small fortune on the plants and greenhouses. Twenty years ago he bought a singularly rare plant in Belgium. It was a night-blooming cereus, of the cactus family. Then it was only a foot high; now, with its thick, prickly stems, it covers twenty-five square feet and requires a box twelve feet long to hold it. It never had a flower upon it until a few seasons ago, when it bloomed on a Monday and continued to do so every night during the week. One night there were a hundred and twenty-four flowers opened. Miss Gould had lanterns hung at convenient places, and, in keeping with the proverbial kindness of her heart, invited her neighbors in to share with her the pleasure of witnessing the rare flowers bloom. During the week there were more than five hundred blossoms opened. The buds began to open at dusk and were in full bloom by midnight.

The plant grew for twenty years before it produced a single flower.

Things that are to live a long while take a long time for development. There are weeds that grow with a strong stalk and a gaudy bloom, to be chopped down by the first hard frost; the oak, that intends to live a hundred years, takes a long time to mature. There are little creatures which come to their maturity in one day, to die the next. But man, with his possible fourscore in view, advances very slowly to the maximum of his power, spending from a third to a fourth of the period of his earthly existence before he is ready to begin his business or profession. They have to live as long as the cactus plant did before they bring forth their first flower.

There are flowers of virtue and piety which bloom only in the night. They begin to unfold at dusk, as the light is chased away by the shadows of the night, and they come into the perfect beauty of full-bloom at midnight. God often makes the darkest nights bring forth the brightest stars; the blackest midnight of affliction and sorrow produces the loveliest flowers of heaven.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, with most of the members of his Cabinet, started upon a tour of the South and the West, which was one continuous ovation, with flowers, and receptions, and banquets, and speeches. The dangerous illness of Mrs. McKinley caused a sudden halt in the plans and a return of the party home. The President's addresses were timely, able, patriotic and inspiring. The one delivered in San Francisco, just before he started home with his wife, was so good and helpful that it ought to be read and pondered over by every religious young people's society of America. It was delivered at an impromptu reception given by the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor Society at the California Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and is as follows:

"It gives me great pleasure on this, the last evening of my stay in your hospitable city, to meet with the young men and the young women of the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavor, and the union of the Baptist Church and the Christian young people generally, who have dedicated themselves to the holy cause of Christian teaching.

"I congratulate you that you are to be the host of the great International Epworth League Convention, to be held in your city in the month of July, for the success of which you have my best wishes. I congratulate you upon the noble work in which you are engaged, and the great results which have followed your efforts.

"He who serves the Master best serves man best, and he who serves truth serves civilization. There is nothing that lasts so long or wears so well and is

of such inestimable advantage to the possessor as high character and an upright life, and that is what you teach by example and by instruction.

"And when you are serving man by helping him to be better and nobler, you are serving your country. I do not know whether it is true that every man is the architect of his own fortune, but surely every man is the architect of his own character, and he is the builder of his own character. It is what he makes it, and it is growing all the time easier both to do right and to be right.

"With our churches, our Young Men's Christian Associations, our various church societies, every assistance is given for righteous living and righteous doing. It is no longer a drawback to the progress of a young man to be a member of a Christian Church. It is no embarrassment; it is an encouragement. It is no hindrance; it is a help.

"There never was in all the past such a demand as now for incorruptible character, strong enough to resist every temptation to do wrong. We need it in every relation of life, in the home, in the store, in the bank, and in the great business affairs of the country.

"We need it in the discharge of the new duties that have come to the Government. It is needed everywhere never more than at this hour. I am glad to show my interest in the great cause for which you are enlisted, for you are helping all the time home and family, law and liberty and country."

One of the most significant facts in the religious progress of the nineteenth century has been the interest the church has taken in the spiritual development of the children and young people, and one reason why the last half of the nineteenth century has been the most productive period in the Christian Church since Apostolic times, is because the Holy Spirit has inspired the Church with a sense of the necessity of saving the young and enlisting them in diligent Christian service. Hundreds of thousands, even millions, have marched out of the Sunday School into efficient membership in the Church. Although there are many temptations which beset boys and girls, young men and women, and although many of them yield to those temptations, there never has been a time since the world began when young people have been more devoted to God and his cause than at the present time. President McKinley's tribute to the influence of these organizations, which develop and save the young, was encouraging. His insistence on the necessity of building up a true character was wise. Young people ought to build their characters like some of the cathedrals, cruciform, on Christ on the Cross—not with wood or hay or stubble, material to be burned up, but with right thoughts, and holy deeds. Then the character will be a palace built of precious stones, and the tempests of time shall not move it, nor the storms of death harm it; the fires of the last day shall not be able so much as to smoke it; it will stand stately, magnificent, enduring, reflecting the dazzling splendors of an Eternal Sun.

THE ATHEIST AND CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL



HOW fortunate our Government was, at the beginning, in its judicial as well as executive and legislative departments. What a providence there was in the appointment of John Marshall as the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States! The centennial of his elevation to the Supreme judiciary was celebrated February 4, 1901, in a becoming manner at Washington, Richmond, and many of the great cities of the country. One has said of him, "By common consent, almost, he is pictured in the public mind as holding together the sovereign States, welding and solidifying them into a greater and nobler union than even the founders of the Government dreamed of as possible. The bar and the bench consider him an ideal man, the ablest lawyer of his generation, the unrivaled jurist whose interpretation of the Constitution has never ceased to be a standard, the public man whose services to the people as a soldier, diplomat, statesman and judge entitle him to a place in the American heart, not inferior to the place occupied by Washington and Lincoln."

John Marshall was as deep in his religious convictions, and as consistent in his Christian life as he was great as a lawyer, or renowned as a jurist. His splendid character gave additional weight to his opinions, and his spiritual nature irradiated his life and gave to it an inexpressible charm. One evening Justice Marshall rode up to the village hotel at Winchester, Virginia, in his little two-wheel buggy. The gig was in a dilapidated condition. One of the shafts had broken and was tied up with a piece of hickory bark. He was never very careful about his clothing, and he looked peculiarly weatherbeaten that evening. The people at the hotel took him to be an ordinary traveler. After supper the gentlemen guests gathered in the office, as was the custom, for chat or debate. The question of the Christian religion was introduced. A brilliant young lawyer, an atheist, had seemed to get the best of the others in his argument, and, turning to the stranger, who had remained silent, he said, "My old gentleman, what do you think of these things?" Chief Justice Marshall had scarcely opened his mouth before lightning struck the young man, argumentatively speaking, and killed him before he knew it. Those who were there say they never heard or read such a masterly defence of Christianity, nor such a fearful arraignment of the folly and sin of atheism.

Chief Justice Fuller and the late Chief Justice Waite have both made mention of the fact that John Marshall never retired at night without offering the Lord's Prayer and the little child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." In these times, when some think it smart to doubt, and that it is an evidence of intellectual ability to reject God and his revealed truth, it is well to remember that John Marshall, one of the greatest minds and lawyers and judges that this or any other country ever produced, was a simple, sincere, childlike believer in God and his Word.

A KING DEVOTES HIMSELF AND HIS NATION TO RELIGION

AFTER the death of Romulus, the first King of Rome, the government was administered by the Senate, but as it was more despotic than under the former rule, the people demanded a king. There was great difficulty in making a selection. At last it was agreed that the Roman faction should choose the ruler, but that he should be taken from among the Sabines. The eyes of the people turned instinctively toward Numa Pompilius. He was wise, affectionate and honorable, but he was noted, above everything else, for his piety. He claimed that in his individual life the gods guided him, to the minutest degree, in every step and plan; and it was largely because the people believed that the gods were with him and would help him rule that they wanted him to be their king. But he, true man that he was, considering the realities of life of more value than its incidents; that the enjoyment of a well-earned competency, rest, study, communion with the deities, were more desirable than the sound of brazen trumpets, the splendid equipages, the spectacular displays and the distressing perplexities of royalty, did not feel like listening to the call of the people to become their king. And when the deputation called upon him with the offer of the crown, he made the following answer:

"Every change of human life has its dangers, but when a man has a sufficiency of everything, and there is nothing in his present situation to be complained of, what but madness can lead him from his usual track of life, which, if it has no other advantage, has that of certainty, to experience another as yet doubtful and unknown? But the dangers that attend this government are beyond an uncertainty, if we may form a judgment from the fortunes of Romulus, who labored under the suspicion of taking off Tatius, his colleague, and was supposed to have lost his own life with equal injustice. Yet Romulus is celebrated as a person of divine origin, as supernaturally nourished when an infant, and most wonderfully preserved. For my part, I am only of mortal race, and you are sensible my nursing and education boast of nothing extraordinary. As to my character, if it has any distinction, it has been gained in a way not likely to qualify me for a king, in scenes of repose and in employments by no means arduous. My genius is inclined to peace, my love has long been fixed upon it, and I have studiously avoided the confusion of war; I have also drawn others, as far as my influence extended, to the worship of the gods, to mutual offices of friendship, and to spend the rest of their time in tilling the ground and feeding cattle. The Romans may have unavoidable wars left on their hands by their late king, for the maintaining of which you have need of another more active and enterprising. Besides, the people are of a warlike disposition, spirited with success, and plainly enough discover their inclination to extend their conquests. Of course, therefore, a person who has set his heart upon the promoting of religion and justice, and drawing men off from the love

of violence and war, would soon become ridiculous and contemptible to a city that has more occasion for a general than a king."

But his father and his particular friend, Marcius, urged him to accept the honor, in the following words: "If contented with a competence, you desire not riches nor aspire after the honor of sovereignty, having a higher and better distinction in virtue, then consider that a king is the minister of God, who now awakes and puts in action your native wisdom and justice. Decline not, therefore, an authority which, to a wise man, is a field for great and good actions; where dignity may be added to religion, and men may be brought over to piety in the easiest and readiest way by the influence of the prince."

This suggestion, that it might be his religious duty to accept the honor, led him to change his mind, and he started for the city of Rome. The members of the Senate came out to meet him, and the people were wild with enthusiasm over him. The citizens, without a dissenting vote, elected him as their king. They were in the act of inducting him into the royal office when he called a halt in the ceremonies, and said he was not sure that the gods would sanction the step; and taking the priests, he went to the Tarpeian rock to consult them. As the chief priest offered prayer the birds of good omen flew to the right. Then Numa, taking the royal robe, went down the mountains, where the people met him with loud applause, and entered upon his reign. During his administration he did many important things—he turned the attention of the people to farming and religion, and in so doing gave to Rome one of the most successful periods in its history. He had such a high idea of the deities that he would not allow any image of them to be made or be used. He said the gods were intellect, affection, spirituality, and that it was unbecoming and wrong to worship images of them; and, while he multiplied temples, he permitted no idols in them.

An ancient writer thus speaks of Numa's successful reign: "In Numa's reign the door of Janus was not opened for one day, but stood constantly shut during the space of forty-three years, while uninterrupted peace reigned in every quarter. Not only the people of Rome were softened and humanized by the justice and mildness of the king, but even the circumjacent cities, breathing, as it were, the same salutary and delightful air, began to change their behavior. Like the Romans, they became desirous of peace and good laws, of cultivating the ground, educating their children in tranquillity, and paying homage to the gods. Italy then was taken up with festivals and sacrifices, games and entertainments; the people, without any apprehension of danger, mixed in a friendly manner and treated each other with mutual hospitality; the love of virtue and justice as from the source of Numa's wisdom, gently flowing upon all and moving with the composure of his heart. Even the hyperbolical expressions of the poets fall short of describing the happiness of those days. We have no account of war or insurrection in Numa's reign. Nay, he experienced neither enmity nor envy; nor did ambition dictate either open or private attempts against his

crown. Whether it were the fear of the gods who took so pious a man under their protection, or reverence of his virtue, or the singular good fortune of his times, that kept the manners of men pure and unsullied, he was an illustrious instance of that truth which Plato, several ages after, ventured to deliver concerning government, 'That the only sure prospect of deliverance from the evils of life will be when the Divine Providence shall so order it, that the regal power so invested in a prince who has the sentiments of a philosopher shall render virtue triumphant over vice.' A man of such wisdom is not only happy in himself, but contributes, by his instructions, to the happiness of others. There is in truth no need either of force or menaces to direct the multitude; for when they see virtue exemplified in so glorious a pattern as the life of their prince they become wise themselves and endeavor, by friendship and unanimity, by a strict regard to justice and temperance, to form themselves to a happy life. This is the noblest end of government, and he is most worthy of the royal seat who can regulate the lives and dispositions of his subjects in such a manner. No one was more sensible of this than Numa."

The deep piety of Numa gave him perfect contentment in private life, and also prompted him, when he was certain that it was the Divine will, to assume the responsibilities of office. There ought to be more persons to-day who would copy his example in entering public life; they are contented in private life, but they could accomplish untold good by holding office, and by their example and labors lift up the standard of public morals. They complain of corruption in politics, but are unwilling to make the personal sacrifice to purify that corruption.

Numa was wise in turning the attention of his people to farming; it was a good step from an economical and from a moral point of view. Agriculture is the base of all other industries; men must wear clothing and eat food before they can do anything else. Farming is also helpful to the morals of the country; there is something about the industry—the solitude and the contact with nature—which encourages meditation and reverence. With the rush of people to the cities in the settlement of their sociological questions, and even the question of self-government, rustic virtue and religion are helpful factors.

The king showed his greatest wisdom in the estimate he put upon the relation between religion and the prosperity and happiness of a nation, and his administration furnished one of the most splendid specimens of the value of religion to politics in the history of the world. It is a wonder that people in that far-off time, with so little light, should have had so good a religion—one that would produce such an exalted patriotism, correct habits and unalloyed happiness. The most prosperous and happy nations to-day are those that have embraced and express in their lives the Christian religion; and there is no such lofty patriotism, sound morals, pure spirituality and supreme happiness as in the nations that are dominated by the spirit and teachings of Christ.

Daniel Webster, at the close of one of his great orations, makes the following reference to the relation of religion to national life: "Finally, let us not forget the religious character of our origin. Our fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed by its light and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political or literary. Let us cherish these sentiments and extend their influence still more widely, in the full conviction that it is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceful spirit of Christianity."



THE VALUE OF A SOUL



REV. GEORGE P. ECKMAN, D.D., pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church of New York City, preached a sermon in which he thus spoke of the value of a soul, irrespective of circumstances:

"The street railways of America are among our most democratic institutions. In the chariots provided by the corporations which operate these lines of transit ride millionaires and mendicants, the cultured and the unkempt, the clean and the unclean, with extraordinary indiscrimination. Here is a marvel of social equalization. An electric car may contain the germinant forces of a revolution or a reformation. It frequently does enclose the most diverse elements of our complex civilization. On an Amsterdam Avenue car, the other afternoon, rode together on opposite sides of the aisle a company of young women from the classic shades of the college which crowns yonder summit with its imposing buildings, and a group of Italian laborers fresh from the street. The students from academic halls were bright-faced, animated in expression, with the light of intelligence flashing from their eyes, their arms laden with books and manuscripts. They were looking toward a future splendid with promise, and the sunshine of heaven seemed to be resting on their brows. The humble toilers were begrimed with mire, they smelt of garlic and beer, they were stolid and dumb. Their eyes were listless, their bearing negligent. They saw no day-star of promise, and the shadow of perdition hung like a pall over their brows. One could not help musing over the relative values which society would put upon those typical groups. Let an accident occur and every occupant be killed; which would appear the greater calamity, the loss of those college girls or the death of those stupid toilers? There can be no doubt what society would say; there can be no question what the newspapers would intimate. The destruction of those cultured young persons would be esteemed vastly more serious than the loss of those laborers. And if we regard people merely for what they have accumulated and what they can contribute, probably

this judgment is correct. But, difficult as it may be to realize it, the Christian view of human worth makes the soul of that ugliest street-digger as valuable as the soul of that fairest girl across the aisle. The mission of Christ is as ardently urged to reach that humble worker as to gain that beautiful woman. The mechanism of the church should be as scientifically adapted to capture the one as the other. When they have been severally united to the Christian community, the function of each will not be identical. The ability of the one will be laid under contribution to compensate for the disability of the other."



REMARKS OF PETER COOPER AT THE OPENING OF COOPER UNION



POOR mechanic, after having struggled unsuccessfully through several enterprises, sold his little grocery business in New York for two thousand dollars and bought a glue factory out in the country, on the ground now occupied by the Park Avenue Hotel. He made money very rapidly in this business. He had spent much time inventing agencies for the material welfare of mankind, and now he set his mind earnestly to the task of organizing some public instrumentality for the intellectual, moral and religious benefit of his fellow men. Having acquired the property between Seventh and Eighth streets and Third and Fourth avenues, he spent the first seven hundred thousand dollars he had saved in his glue business in erecting a building and equipping it for the advancement of science and art. On January 1, 1859, the Cooper Union School of Science and Art was opened, and after Dr. Draper had made an address, introductory to the course of scientific instruction, Mr. Cooper made a speech, which he commenced as follows:

"This building has scarcely been absent from my thought for a single day for thirty years. I have labored for it by night and by day with an intensity of desire that can never be explained." Speaking to young men on the necessary equipments for the voyage of life, he said: "That still, small voice is constantly telling us to do to others as we would that others should do to us. This precept is for us the true barometer of life. I mean the power to follow the glorious example of Christ will enable you, like him when a child, to grow in knowledge and stature and in favor with God and man. He, by doing always those things that are well pleasing to his Father and our Father—by doing unto others as he would that they should do unto him—was enabled to overcome all evil; and, although tempted in all points as we are, yet he lived without sin. It is our highest wisdom to follow his lovely example, by avoiding all that is wrong and by doing what good we can in the world. It is our principle always to steer our course by the compass of truth and duty.

“What could have been done for us more than to give us a spark of his own immortality and to give us the world and all that is in it, and only require of us that we should keep, subdue and hold dominion in order to find good in the right and wise application and use of everything throughout all the great garden of the world. Let us employ character, wisdom, virtue, and we will have a safe passage through life. Then will the star of hope shine with ever-brightening splendor on our way, showing the wisdom, power and goodness of the Father of all by connecting our greatest virtue with our greatest bliss, and by making

“‘Our own bright prospect to be blest,
Our strongest motive to assist the rest.’”

As the years went by, multitudes availed themselves of the privileges of the institution. At an anniversary service held in the same hall, Mr. Cooper, an old man of ninety years, made another speech, expressing gratitude to God for having been permitted to witness the success of his cherished scheme. Among other things, he said: “I feel now as well as I ever did in my life, except for slight twinges which are occasioned by the accident which befell me years ago. But still I hear a voice calling to me, as my mother often did when I was a boy, ‘Peter, Peter, it is about bedtime,’ and I have an old man’s presentiment that I will be taken soon. Let me say, then, in conclusion, that my experience in life has not dimmed my hope for humanity; that my sun is not setting in clouds and darkness, but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament, lighted up by the glory of God, who should always be venerated and loved as the Infinite Source and Fountain of Light, Life, Power, Wisdom and Goodness.”

The old man’s presentiment came true. In a year or two he was gathered to his fathers. He was rich, not because he made a million of dollars in glue, but because he invested that money for the intellectual and moral benefit of his fellow men. He became immortal, not because he had successful iron works in Pennsylvania, but because he founded Cooper Union.



DISREGARD OF THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH



EV. RICHARD HIORNS relates the following well-authenticated incident of Queen Victoria’s regard for the Sabbath:

“Among all the good traits of ‘The Good Queen of England,’ I think the decided stand she took at the very beginning of her reign for the strict observance of the Sabbath reflects great credit on her, especially when we remember what was the low state of morals in court circles at the time of her accession. Early in her reign, one Saturday night, the Prime Minister arrived at Wind-

sor and sent an urgent request to her Majesty for an audience as early as possible on Sunday morning on 'important state business.' The Queen sent her regrets that she could not see him that night, as she had already retired, but said she hoped to see him at the eleven o'clock service in St. George's Chapel, and would like the pleasure of his company to luncheon afterward. Early Sunday morning she sent a message to the preacher of the morning, requesting him to preach 'a good, strong sermon on the necessity for Sabbath observance.' The Cabinet minister went to church. Her Majesty was there, and at the close of the service they met. During the lunch she asked his opinion of the sermon. He had not much to say about it. Later, his lordship was invited to dine with the Queen. Nothing whatever was said of the 'very urgent business.' When bidding him good-night, her Majesty said: 'I can give your lordship an audience as early to-morrow morning as you please. What hour shall it be—five or six o'clock?' 'Oh, thank your Majesty, but I would not think of disturbing you at such an unseemly hour. Nine o'clock will do.' That was the last time that Queen Victoria was requested to attend to 'important state affairs' on Sunday."

The growing disregard of the Christian Sabbath should alarm good people. This disregard is noticed not only in unbelievers, but in too many of those who profess to be followers of Christ. The line used to be drawn by the Christian at blacking the shoes, shaving, or taking a ride on Sunday, but now the member of the church with a respectable standing will spend the morning with his Sunday newspaper, instead of attending church; will have his Sunday afternoon amusement instead of visiting the sick, and will wind up the day in social entertainment of one kind or another at his house or at the house of a friend; and he will have little or no compunction of conscience on the subject, justifying himself with the excuse that, being shut up to business all the week, he must have some time for recreation. There are many who take an early train or boat for some resort in the mountains or by the sea, and spend the livelong day in mirth or sport or dissipation; and the apology which is made for them, in and out of the pulpit, that they can see God in the mountain and ocean and winding stream, is a huge joke, for God is the very Being that they are making their excursion to escape, if we except the god that may conceal himself in the billiard ball, the deck of cards, the dancing floor, the questionable amusement or the beer mug. Many who get on their wheels, and excuse themselves to their conscience with the thought that they are going to see God in the flowers and fields and groves and singing birds, start in the opposite direction from God, and each hour carries them farther away from the church, the Sunday School, the prayer meeting and Christian duty, and not a few at the close of the Lord's day find themselves, like the Prodigal, "in a far-off country." The more wealthy, who give up so much of the day to out-of-door sports, with the excuse that they are innocent and healthful, know, deep down in their better self, that as a means of grace their recreation is far from being a success, and that the substitution of the modern

gentlemen's sport for the simple, sincere faith of their fathers, is drying up the fountains of spiritual life and joy. The entertainments given on Sunday night by what are called the best families are not only rivals, but positive enemies, of the services of the Christian Church. In a conversation with Senator Chauncey M. Depew on this subject one day, he said to me:

"The very rich are being weaned away from attendance upon the church and loyalty to it by the growing custom of making Sunday a day of social enjoyment. Riding, driving, big dinners, gay circles of invited guests are supplanting the church in the affections of the extremely rich. Some of the families of the very rich are constant in their attendance on all the services of the church, parents and children being intensely loyal to all its interests; but a larger number are letting the religious go for the social. It is the old story of the camel and the eye of the needle."

Calling at the parsonage of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of New York, I commended the late Dr. John Hall for a sermon he had preached on "The Social Dangers of High Life," and he said to me:

"There is a growing disposition among the wealthy to spend Sunday in riding, driving, giving parties, and other entertainments which are unfriendly to the church. It not only keeps the members of the family away from religious duty, but large numbers of male and female servants, who are made to desecrate the Lord's day to pander to their masters' folly and sin. Back of my house are a number of livery stables. The other day I went over to see if I could not persuade some of the stablemen and drivers to attend my church. They said, 'No, the demands on us are so great we can have no time for church.'"

The fact that dissipation has come to be so much a part of Sabbath desecration has led the law-breaking saloon-keepers to persist more in breaking the Sunday law than any other, because they claim that it is their best day in the week—equal to almost any other two days.

Unless there shall be some check or reform in their habit of Sabbath desecration, our Sunday laws will be gradually so modified that the doors of shops, offices, stores, mills and other places of employment will be thrown wide open in answer to the demand of avarice, which is always crying, "Give me more," and the workingmen will find themselves slaves, sure enough, with seven days' work and possibly six days' pay. And the men of wealth will find themselves in a country, where lawlessness will give very poor protection to their property or themselves. If the moral phase of the question were left out, and the economic one only considered, it would be to the interest of both capital and labor to insist upon the maintenance of the Christian Sabbath. But there is a moral and religious side of the question which Christians, even, too often overlook and too readily yield. Sunday laws are civil, to be sure, in every land and clime, and yet the Anglo-Saxon has put them in his code

chiefly because he thinks they are in obedience to one of the Ten Commandments, and has cherished them because he believes the All Father desires to have one day kept for himself. It is neither the wise nor fair thing to take the results of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, and then divorce ourselves from the central idea which has most made that civilization—that of loyalty to Almighty God.

The late President McKinley and President Roosevelt have set good examples to the people in their regular attendance upon church services, and in their careful recognition of the sanctity of the Lord's day. It would be well for the world if the people generally were to entertain the views and adopt the habits of Queen Victoria and Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt on the question of Sabbath observance.



FRANKLIN'S FAITH IN IMMORTALITY



ENJAMIN FRANKLIN, knowing that people had slandered him by misjudging and misrepresenting his religious opinions, determined to set the matter at rest for all time by writing the following epitaph, which was to be placed on his tomb:

“The Body
of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
Like the Cover of an Old Book,
Its Contents Torn Out,
And Stripped of Its Lettering and Gilding,
Lies Here, Food for Worms.
Yet the Work Itself Shall not be Lost;
for it will, as He Believed, Appear Once More
in a New
and More Beautiful Edition,
Corrected and Amended
by
The Author.”

Franklin needed no tombstone and no epitaph. The trade which he honored, the brotherly love which he promulgated, the electrical inventions which have been the result of his early discovery, the great commonwealth which he had so important a share in founding, and his simple faith in God and obedience to his commandments are his monument and epitaph. Although these lines were never placed upon the tomb, they have been engraven in the hearts of Americans as an inspiration to a stronger faith in immortality and the resurrection.

A BOY RUNS AWAY FROM HOME



HERE was an old retired minister who belonged to our church in a Western city. His name was Samuel Longden. His head was bald and his beard long and white; his tone was rather monotonous, and his voice was deep and strong; he had excellent common sense and was a good preacher. He was very regular in his attendance upon the services of the church, usually sitting in the altar and often assisting in the opening or closing services. He was kind in spirit and true and loyal to me personally. I always felt better when he and two or three other aged ministers were present in the meeting. One day Father Longden came to the door of the parsonage, where I met him. His face was radiant as he said, "Oh, pastor, I have good news for you, good news," and he alternately laughed and cried. "Sit down and let me tell you what it is that makes me so happy. Twenty-five years ago, in a State far east of here, I had my home. We were having family prayers one morning, when one of my boys indulged in a game of marbles while I was praying. I caught him at it and switched him. He went out of the house into the yard, and when dinner-time came he was not at the table. I thought he had been persuaded to dine with some playmate, or had perhaps gone to see a relative in another part of the town, and felt no uneasiness about him. At supper-time he did not make his appearance, and I began to feel quite anxious. We searched everywhere in vain for him; we spent the night looking for him. The next day we dragged the canal, and looked in every open well and in every place of danger, for his body. I have never seen his face since and have never heard a line from him until to-day. I have just received from the office, a letter from the postmaster of a town in Kansas to the postmaster of this place, asking if there is a man living here by the name of Samuel Longden, and that if there is to tell him that his lost boy is alive and wants to come home. That letter has almost set me wild with joy. The name of the man mentioned in the letter is the name of my son, and I am so happy at the thought of meeting him again. I have written my little boy—now a man thirty-two years old—to come to us as quickly as the train can carry him, and I hurried to your house as rapidly as I could at the discovery of my boy, who was dead and is alive again, who was lost and is found. You could appreciate my joy a little better if you only knew what terrible sorrow I have endured. I have never had a real happy day in all the twenty-five years since the boy left home. If I had known that he was dead, then the wound, which was severe enough, would have had some opportunity to heal, but twenty-five years of awful suspense has brought an anguish to my heart which no language can describe. I have often thought I was too severe with him that morning; that if I had corrected him a little more tenderly I might have drawn him to, instead of driven him away from, me; but they used the rod more in those days than we do now, and I did, at the time, what I

thought was best for him. Mind you, I do not excuse the boy's irreverence, nor his early rebellion, but now, thank God, the black night of my sorrow is past, and the bright day of my joy has come. Pastor, another reason why I have come to see you is, that you may be of possible spiritual service to my son. I do not know whether he is a Christian or not; if he should be, I know you will rejoice with me in the fact; if he should not be, I bespeak your kindly service in his behalf."

No fiction ever seemed so strange or thrilling as the true story of this old man; when he was dwelling upon the sad parts of the incident the tears would pour down his face, and when he came to the joyful part he would smile and almost shout with delight. Sure enough, the train on Saturday brought the boy home, and he was in the church Sunday morning. I shall never forget him, as he sat on my right under the window and hung on every word that was uttered. He had not given his heart to Christ, and I prepared my sermon with special reference to him, and I have reason to believe that I had some little share in bringing the prodigal, who had returned to his earthly father's home, to the Heavenly Father's heart.

Both with and without provocation, young men often stray out into the world into a life of mystery and discontent, bringing a deep shadow of gloom upon the home which they have left. It is a fortunate thing when such come to themselves and return to the hearts that long for and love them. Always without provocation, the sinner strays away from God, the home of the soul, and goes into a far country, falling into evil company, contracting evil habits and at last perishing with starvation. It is fortunate for him if he shall come to his senses; discover his lost condition and return to his Heavenly Father. The nearest the Saviour could come to telling the joy of the Infinite heart at the return of a wandering soul was to describe an earthly father running to meet and embrace his prodigal son. I never recall Father Longden's joy in finding his son, that I do not think of the infinitely greater joy of the Divine Father's heart at the return of his penitent child.



BIRDS OF PARADISE



THE irrational creatures have an instinct which prompts them to take particular care of their clothing; this is especially true of birds. There are some, however, that overdo their attention to their wardrobe; they puff out and spread their feathers and strut ridiculously. There are some whose vanity gets them into a great deal of trouble. The birds of paradise are the coxcombs of the trees. Scarcely anything affords them so much pleasure as showing off their fine feathers. In the countries in which they live, the males will select a tree sufficiently conspicuous for the purpose, and will dance from branch to

branch, exhibiting the clothing of which they are so proud. The natives, taking advantages of the early sport and dress-parade, thump a single bird with a blunt arrow, stunning it, and causing it to fall, when it is picked up and killed without the shedding of blood. But the rest of the birds are so bent on the display of their finery that they pay no attention to this massacre until quite a number have been destroyed.

A proper care for dress is a duty, but excessive attention to the wardrobe is a weakness, a fault. The human powder-pigeons, peacocks, and birds of paradise can be seen strutting and sporting on the streets every day. Nothing makes them so happy as for people to be attracted by the beauty of the feathers which they wear. They are the dudes and butterflies of society. It would be well if the vain displays of such were only an idle exercise. They are the occasions of the greatest moral danger. Vanity is a vice which exposes the soul to the arrows of Satan, which so frequently bring it down.



LAST MESSAGE OF ALFRED THE GREAT TO HIS SON



HERE were ten centuries between Victoria and Alfred. The death of the Queen was mourned and the thousandth anniversary of the great king was celebrated the same year. The dust of oblivion has hidden most of the faces and events of the past, but Alfred's mental and moral features stand out more distinctly as the years go by. He is more respected, revered and loved than when he lived and fought and ruled on the earth, and the British people show their gratitude to the founder of their monarchy by a fitting celebration of his death. Among the incidents connected with the event celebrated, none is more beautiful than his last words to his son. As he lay upon his deathbed he summoned to his side his eldest son, Edward, and gave to him his farewell advice:

"Thou, my dear son, set thee now beside me, and I will deliver thee true instructions. I feel that my hour is coming. My strength is gone; my countenance is wasted and pale. My days are almost ended. We must now part. I go to another world, and thou art to be left alone in the possession of all that I have thus far held. I pray thee, my dear child, to be a father to thy people. Be the children's father and the widow's friend. Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, my son, govern thyself by law. Then shall the Lord love thee, and God himself shall be thy reward. Call thou upon him to advise thee in all thy need, and he shall help thee to compass all thy desires."

If no other sayings of his had been preserved, these would entitle him to be called Alfred the Great. After a thousand years of growth in English learning and religion, it is hard to find anything in the Victorian age in method

of expression, or quality of thought, or nobility of sentiment superior to this message of Alfred to his son. It would be well for individuals and nations to embody these principles in their character and life.



LINCOLN AND HIS PET PIG



ON one occasion, when visiting Captain Gilbert J. Greene, I said to him: "I have come to listen to some stories about Lincoln. If possible, tell me some which have not yet found their way into print," He said: "No earthly subject gives me such pleasure as the one you suggest; I will relate some incidents which I think have never before been published." I said, "Can you think of one illustrating your hero's tenderness of heart?" He replied, "Yes, numbers of them occur to me. This one will suit you. In the summer of 1851, I was a typesetter in a newspaper office at Springfield, Ill. I was eighteen years of age and six feet high. Lincoln took a great fancy to me and often invited me to take a walk with him after supper. The sedentary life of both made special exercise necessary. One beautiful moonlight night we were walking on a country road, and we noticed just ahead of us six little pigs with their noses together. Lincoln said, 'Those little things are lost; let us help them find their mother.' We stirred them up, and with grunt and sniff and snort, they ran down the road; at last they found the hole in the fence and the mother in the field. Lincoln said, 'I never see a pig that I do not think of my first pet. When a boy six years old I went over to a neighboring farm. A litter of striped pigs had recently been born, and I was so crazy about them that they could not get me away from them. The man filled me with supreme delight by saying, 'Abe, you may have one of those pigs, if you can get him home.' 'I will attend to that,' I said. I had on a tow shirt reaching to my feet, which my mother had woven, fastened at the neck by a wooden button my father had made, and I made a fold in the garment, and in it, as a sack, I carried my pig home. I got an old bee-gum, a hollow log, put corn shucks and stalks and leaves in it for a bed, and tucked him away for the night.

"He squealed for his mother nearly all night. In the morning I brought him corn meal, bran, bread, milk, everything I could think of, but he would not touch any of them; he did not seem to have time or energy for anything but to squeal. At last mother said to me, 'Abe, take that pig back home, it will die if you keep it here.' What my mother said was always the truth and the law to me, and though it about broke my heart I took the pet back. The mother was so glad to see him and he so glad to see her. After she had given him his dinner, he looked so pretty I could not stand it, and I begged the man to let me take him back, and I put him in the tow sack as I had done



"I MADE A FOLD IN THE GARMENT AND IN IT I CARRIED MY PIG"

before and carried him to our house. Mother protested and I cried, and she broke down and relented, and said I might try him one more day. He would not eat a thing I brought him, and mother sent me back with him again, and I carried him back and forth to his meals for two weeks, when we taught him to eat, and he was mine for good. That pig was my companion. I played with him, I taught him tricks. We used to play 'hide and go seek.' I can see his little face now peeping around the corner of the house to see whether I was coming after him. After a while he got too heavy for me to carry him around, and then he followed me everywhere—to the barn, the plowed ground, the woods. Many a day I have spent in the woods brushing the leaves away and helping him to find the acorns and nuts. Sometimes he would take a lazy spell and rub against my legs, and stop in front of me, and lie down before me, and say in language which I understood, 'Abe, why don't you carry me like you used to do?' When he grew larger, I turned the tables on him and made him carry me, and he did it just as happily as I ever did the same service for him. Father fed him corn, piles of it, and how he did eat! And he grew large, too large for his happiness and mine. There was talk about the house of the hog being fat enough to kill. At the table I heard father say he was going to kill the hog the next day. My heart got as heavy as lead. The next morning father had a barrel of water ready and was heating the stones that were to be thrown into it to make hot water for the scalding, and I slipped out and took my pet with me to the forest. When father found out what had happened he yelled as loud as he could, 'You, Abe, fetch back that hog! You Abe, you Abe, fetch back that hog!' The louder he called, the farther and faster we went, till we were out of hearing of the voice. We stayed in the woods till night. On returning, I was severely scolded. After a restless night, I arose early and went to get my pig for another day's hiding, but found that father had arisen before me and fastened my pet in the pen. I knew then all hope was gone. I did not eat any breakfast, but started for the woods. I had not gone far when I heard the pig squeal, and, knowing what it meant, I ran as fast as I could to get away from the sound. Being quite hungry, at noon I started for home. Reaching the edge of the clearing, I saw the hog, dressed, hanging from a pole near the house, and I began to blubber. I could not stand it, and went far back into the woods again, where I found some nuts that stayed my appetite till night, when I returned home. They never could get me to take a bite of the meat, neither tenderloin, nor rib, nor sausage, nor souse. And months after, when the cured ham came on the table, it made me sad and sick to even look at it. The next morning I went out into the yard, and saw the red place on the ground where the throat had been cut with the knife, and, taking a chip, I scraped the blood and the hair that had been scattered, into a pile, and burned it up. Then I found some soft dirt, which I carried in the folds of my tow shirt, and scattered over the ground to cover up every trace

of the killing of my pet. The dirt did not do its work very well, for to this day, whenever I see a pig like the little fellows we have just met in the road, my heart goes back to that pet pig, and to the old home, and the dear ones there.' ”


After the captain had related this incident I thanked him, and suggested that the boys of to-day, with their toys and tools, and wheels and ponies, and carts, and everything else that money can buy or love suggest, do not get more genuine pleasure out of life than the simple child of the log cabin did out of his pet pig. I also suggested that the kindness which was a characteristic of Lincoln's life till the close, was not the laborious effort of a cold heart to seem warm, or a selfish man to appear generous; it was not the result of years of rigid self-discipline; it was the spontaneous outflow of a stream from a perennial fountain of love. The beauty of the kindness was not veneer glued to the outside, it was the grain of the solid wood, or, better still, it was the bloom which the life of the tree produced.

He could not help being tender, any more than the song birds about his cabin could keep from singing, or the sweetbrier his mother planted could keep from being fragrant. It is easy to see how a boy who was so tender to his first pet might grow to be the great man, who said in the hearing of the centuries, “ With malice toward none, with charity for all.”

In the monument of virtues, brotherly kindness comes near to the top, and above it is the capstone of charity, which lifts the structure to such a height that it touches the white throne.



A PRINCE CARRIES AN OLD WOMAN ACROSS A RIVER

 HERE was a young prince who was defrauded of his father's throne by another king. After a most careful education, he resolved to take the kingdom which belonged to him, and started upon his journey. He was beautiful in form and feature, his long flaxen hair falling about his shoulders. He had a spear in either hand and a leopard-skin mantle to protect him from the rain. The sandals, elegantly embroidered and fastened with gold braid, which he had on his feet had been worn by his father, and were especially prized by him. He came to a river badly swollen by the heavy rains and by the melting snow on Mount Olympus, and stood hesitating at its edge. While doing so, a little dried-up old woman, with singularly lustrous eyes and a peacock by her side, asked him whither he was going. He told her that he was going to claim a throne that had been wrongfully taken from him, but that he regretted deeply that the floods had made it about impossible for him to cross. She suggested that she also desired to cross the river, and begged that he would take her over on his back. He earnestly protested against the folly of such an undertaking,

saying that the current would certainly sweep them down and destroy them. With a strange flash in her large brown eye, she told him that if he did not have charity enough for a poor old woman, and courage enough to stem the flood and take her to the other side, he was not the kind of stuff out of which kings were made, and that he had better give up his undertaking at once. Shamed by her remarks, he stooped down, asking her to get upon his back, which she did, throwing her arms tightly about his neck. The peacock flew up and lit upon her shoulder. Into the stream he went, cautiously feeling his way with his spear. Reaching the middle of the river, he had the misfortune to catch his foot between two rocks, and in his effort to extricate it he lost his sandal. This greatly distressed him, but the old woman told him that she was in a condition to know that the accident would be his best fortune; that it assured her of his royal lineage and future success; that the king whom he was on his way to dethrone would turn pale with fear when he saw one of his feet sandaled and the other bare. As he struggled with the rocks and with the volume of waters sweeping by, instead of being exhausted he gained strength at every step, and set her down safely on the other side and continued upon his journey.

No man is fit to rule who is not willing to serve; no person can ever arise to mastery in an earthly calling who has not served his way up to that mastery, and no one can maintain that mastery who does not continue the service. The lawyer who serves his clients best, the physician who gives himself up most completely to his patients, the teacher who lives for his scholars, the editor who devotes himself to the public, the merchant who most benefits his customers, the preacher who is the greatest minister to his congregation, the officer who is the greatest servant of the people is the greatest one.

Service to the lowly is another sign of real royalty. The woman was right when she told the young prince that he was not fit to rule a kingdom unless he were willing to help a poor woman across a swollen river; that she did not know what kings were for, unless they were to help the weak and lowly. The old woman, who pretended to have divine knowledge, never dreamed how many centuries would have to roll by before the kings of the earth would learn that lesson. In these days the people are teaching the rulers this duty very rapidly, and those who pay no attention to it find their power limited or their crowns taken away from them. The most royal spirits in all the callings of life are those who most cheerfully serve the poorest and the lowliest children of earth.

There is nothing that increases strength like bearing burdens. The prince who hesitated to carry the woman over the river because, feeling scarcely able to cross himself, he feared that both would be lost in the attempt, said that the moment he took her on his back he received a strength which he had never had in all his life before, which enabled him not only to carry her over, but also to make his own way across. There is a magic in the burdens that love bears

which increases the vigor of the bearer. Carrying the weak and the poor and the humble across the swollen streams of Time will impart to us superhuman energy which will enable us not only to carry them, but also ourselves, more surely to the other side. And what we see in the material and moral realm reminds us of the great fact in the spiritual world, that the soul gains strength by carrying other souls, and saves itself in saving them.



HENRY WARD BEECHER'S FONDNESS FOR NATURE

KNOWING that Rev. Samuel Virgin, D.D., had been a warm personal friend of Henry Ward Beecher, I wrote him a letter, asking him if he would not relate to me an incident or two connected with the life of the great Brooklyn divine. I received an answer from him, at his summer home at Chelmsford, Mass., containing the following story:

"The New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational Ministers was for many years the annual guest of Capt. Tremper, both on his boats to Rondout and at his hotel at Phœnicia. The railroad, also, from Rondout to Stamford, was included in the provision made for our comfort and pleasure. This trip was made in connection with the summer opening of the Tremper House. Henry Ward Beecher was always one of the party—really, the chief guest. Friends and the country people came from far and near and lingered about the hotel, hoping to see him and hear him speak, and they were not disappointed. He taught them something, too, about apples, or soils, or the best way of viewing life, and they had enough to think about for a year. But the choicest companionship was with his fellow-guests, whom he loved because they loved him and trusted him. He was like a child on such occasions, and enjoyed everything with all his being. He used eyes, ears, brain and heart. His tongue was an important member, but he could be silent—so silent that no one would for a moment think of breaking the silence. When going up the river, as we passed from mist to sunlight, or there was some special beauty of nature, he fed upon it as upon delicious food. One morning we were taken to Margaretville for a trout breakfast in the woods. As the train climbed Pine Hill, Mr. Beecher took a seat on the lower step of one of the cars and soon was lost in admiration of the beauty of the scenery. His great eyes dilated, his soul was filled with a sense of God's glory, and as a seraph might gaze upon the splendors of the eternal throne he looked and looked and worshiped. Men saw him as they passed from car to car, but no one spoke to him. No one joined him. He who drew men to him by a resistless magnetism could hold them aloof as Moses did the multitudes when he went into the mount. What visions he had from that car-step he did not tell till in the heat of his

wonderful speech on platform or pulpit they once more glowed before him, and then hearers were charmed by descriptions of scenes apparently imagined, but really the rehearsal of those morning views. He always loved the beautiful, and carried precious stones, unmounted, with him to admire them at his leisure. And there was not a cloud-form or shadow, nothing in earth or sky, that told of the beauty-loving nature of God that was not photographed on that sensitive spirit. And when, one morning, we were gathered in the parlors of the hotel for prayers, after he had seen the glory of the morning, one of the most wonderful prayers passed his lips that mortals in this world are ever privileged to hear. A strange sense of God in his creative power and glory and loving personal ministries entered every spirit and made the place hallowed ground. Men feel the thrill of that morning's devotion in their souls still."



A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE

THE Duke of Kent, in walking about the grounds at Kensington one rainy afternoon got his feet wet, and coming into the palace, instead of changing his boots and stockings, as he was advised to do, took his little babe from her mother's lap and petted and played with her as she laughed and crowed at him, till a chill came on and pneumonia speedily caused his death. The little fatherless babe was the Princess Victoria. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a wise and good woman, and deserves great credit for the manner in which she prepared her daughter for her crown. She was a rigid disciplinarian. She taught her daughter old-fashioned German notions of industry, economy and study. She kept from her as long as she could, the fact that she was likely to be the Queen, because she wanted to make of her a simple-hearted, modest, worthy girl. She let her run and romp, and ride horseback, and enjoy the scenes of nature, but required the closest application during the hours of study. So the girl Queen came to her throne a simple, sincere child of nature, with a sane mind in a sound body, ready for her enormous responsibility.

Next to her mother, her governess, the Baroness Lehzen, had the largest influence in preparing the Princess Victoria for her throne. She had so much common sense, had such splendid views of life, had such a spotless character, and such a living faith in God that she breathed herself into the spirit of the child with the omnipotence of love. Under the tuition of her mother and her governess she appeared a girl of eighteen with good health, a happy heart, a pure life; a knowledge of three languages, of history, of government, of everyday affairs; with reverence for the Bible, intense love for her Saviour and an unfaltering faith in the Providence of God and in the future life, worthy to take the crown of the greatest empire in the world. Eternity alone can calculate the

influence of a good mother on the destiny of her child. Christian mothers in the cottage or palace are training children of the King for lives of usefulness here and for crowns of glory hereafter.



HUMILITY

THE discovery of the electric telegraph was so widespread in its influence that the civilized nations vied with each other in their expressions of gratitude to the inventor. He was loaded down with decorations and honors from almost every country of Europe; Turkey gave him a decoration set in diamonds; Prussia, Austria and other countries presented him with gold medals; France made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; Denmark gave him the cross of the Knight of Danneburg; Spain, the cross of Knight Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic; ten of the countries of Europe united in raising a purse of \$80,000, which was presented to Professor Morse as an expression of the feelings of admiration and gratitude which were well-nigh universally entertained for him.

An intimate friend of the great inventor writes: "He was the most simple, pure, unaffected, humble man whom I ever saw. When I say the most so, I mean just that, because I never knew any man who had attained so much honor among men and was not puffed up at all. I was with him in Paris during the great exhibition of 1867, and often saw him under circumstances that would easily develop vanity in inferior men. Royal personages would send to know at what time it would be convenient for him to receive them, when they would call at his modest lodgings to pay him the tribute of their respect. But he appeared no more elated than by the expectation of a call from a friend. He did not affect to undervalue such attentions nor to despise the honors that came from men. Esteeming them at their proper value, he had a just sense of the glory which his invention has necessarily procured for him and his country; and he always gloried, as was becoming, in the usefulness and happiness which his invention had added to the common stock enjoyed by the human race."

A bronze figure of Professor Morse has been placed by his countrymen in Central Park, New York, but his real monument is in the countless instruments that click, and in the gratitude of the wide world which receives their wonderful messages.

Almost all of the really great characters of the world have been simple, unpretending, modest men, who remind us of the words of Scripture: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," and "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

A BEAUTIFUL CHILD OF THE NEW CENTURY



THE twentieth century ushered in the birth of a glorious commonwealth. Australia is so far away that people do not realize that it has an area almost as large as the whole of Europe, and that the commonwealth which has just been formed is likely to play so important a part in shaping the civilization of the world.

Before the beginning of this year, the colonies of which Australia and New Zealand are composed had each a government of its own, enjoying the large measure of liberty which Britain grants to some of her dependencies. But with the opening of the new century the commonwealths became a federation, with a central government, and possessing an accession of privileges which practically makes it independent. The people of Australia had a free hand in framing their constitution, and they made it so separate from the empire that now the only tie that binds it to Great Britain is fealty to the monarch and the acceptance of the Chief Executive, who is not elected, but appointed by the British Government. The legislative power is entirely in the hands of the new federation, and now, for the first time in her history, a law passed in Australia does not need the signature of the monarch to make it operative. The constitution is modeled after our own, with some differences. One of these is that the Federal Congress has control of the laws of marriage and divorce and also of labor legislation. Another is that Senators are not elected by the Legislatures, but by the direct vote of the people. The enormous public domain still unoccupied does not belong to the Federal government, but the Legislature of each State controls that portion which lies within its own borders. The Legislatures also control and manage the lines of railroads within their several provinces, but the postoffice, the telegraph and telephone service is under the control of the Federal Government. Each State sends six members to the Senate, and the members of the House of Representatives are elected on a basis of population. Cabinet ministers are chosen from members of the Federal Congress and must possess the confidence of the Congress; otherwise they may be driven from their offices by a hostile vote. The proclamation of the constitution was made the occasion of general rejoicing. At Sydney, the capital city, the Governor was sworn in, and the people gave themselves up to a week of festivity. In other large cities there was a general holiday, the buildings were decorated for the day and illuminated at night.

A notable feature of the celebration was its intense religious spirit. The new constitution expresses "humble and firm reliance upon the blessing of Almighty God." At the inaugural ceremonies, held in Centennial Park, Sydney, the Anglican Archbishop of Australia read a prayer which had been prepared by Lord Tennyson, Governor of South Australia and son of Alfred Tennyson, which was as follows:

"O Lord God Almighty, high above all height, whose lifetime is eternity, we Thine unworthy servants give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness. We glorify Thee in that Thou hast been pleased in Thy providence to unite Australia in bonds of brotherly love and concord, and in one commonwealth, under our most gracious sovereign lady, Queen Victoria. We beseech Thee, grant unto this union Thy grace and heavenly benediction, that a strong people may arise to hallow Thy name, to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly before Thee in reverence and righteousness of life. Furthermore, we pray Thee to make our empire always a faithful and fearless leader among the nations in all that is good; and to bless our queen and those who are put in authority under her, more especially in this land. Let Thy wisdom be their guide, strengthen them in uprightness, direct and rule their hearts, that they may govern according to Thy holy will; and vouchsafe that all things may be so ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundations that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be deepened and increased among us; and that we Thy people may perpetually praise and magnify Thee from generation to generation. Blessed be Thy name forever and ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

It is to be hoped that our own nation will never so far forget God that he shall be compelled to turn to other peoples in far-off seas to accomplish with them the work he has in mind for us, but with unfaltering faith in him and obedience to his commandments, we may unite with all free peoples in spreading personal liberty and a knowledge of Jesus Christ to the ends of the earth.



THE RECENT INTERMENT OF THE BONES OF A KING KILLED A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

NOT long ago there appeared in the newspapers the following message from London:

"The remains of King Edmund the Martyr, the last king of the East Angles, who reigned from 855 to 870, have been returned to England, after being in charge of France more than seven hundred years. They reached Arundel in charge of Monsignor Del Val, Archbishop of Nicaea, Asia Minor, and were placed in the private chapel of the Duke of Norfolk, pending final burial in the shrine being prepared for their reception in the new Catholic Cathedral in Westminster. The body, after burial at Hoxne, was again buried at Bury St. Edmund's, whence it was carried off to France by Louis VII. Through the good offices and personal intervention of the Pope, the body is now returned to England."

With appropriate ceremonies the remains were deposited in their resting place.

This event calls up a wonderful story. A hardy Dane by the name of Lothbroc, started out in his little boat on the German Ocean, to hunt among the islands that were so full of game. He was well equipped for his sport, having a trained hawk that could capture the birds flying in the air or swimming in the water, and a greyhound that could catch the animals on the ground. He ventured a little too far out, and a storm drove him farther and farther away till he found himself across the ocean on the English shore. Knowing that he was in a country hostile to his own, he concealed himself for some time in the forest, but being discovered, he was taken to Edmund, the king, who, being a kind-hearted man, and being favorably impressed with the appearance and manner of the stranger, not only gave him his liberty but made him his friend. The trained falcon, the greyhound and the skill of the stranger in the chase added greatly to the king's sport. Beorn, the chief huntsman of the king, became very envious of Lothbroc, and finding the opportunity one day in the woods, he slew him and hid his body. The faithful greyhound stayed by the remains of his master until he was compelled by hunger to leave for a little time and then returned to his vigil. His strange actions led to the discovery of the crime, which was easily traced to Beorn, who, as a punishment, was sent out in the same boat that had brought Lothbroc, to drift out into the great sea and perish there. By chance the boat drifted on the shores of Denmark. The sons of Lothbroc, believing that he had slain their father and taken his boat, were about to kill him, when he told them that King Edmund had done the bloody deed. The sons burned with rage, and being influential, they stirred up the people of Denmark to set out on an expedition of revenge. A large fleet crossed the ocean and invaded the kingdom. The innocent king made almost no resistance, was captured and carried before Hinguor, the captain of the Danes. The king was stripped and scourged, and then his body was filled with arrows—so full that not another one could find a place in his flesh. His agony was intolerable, but all the while he was being tortured he was offering prayer to God and praises to Christ for his sustaining power. When death came they cut his head from his body and threw it in a lonely place, determined that his friends should not have it for burial. As the invaders left the land, the people took the body of their king and his head, which they also found, and gave him an honored burial.

This story may be all history or all myth, or part history and part myth. There is an incident or two connected with it which is certainly myth—as where the head of the king, by speaking, leads to its discovery; or where the wolf guards it and holds it in its paws until it is found, and where the same wolf joins the funeral procession and follows the royal body to its grave; and where the head seeks the body and fastens itself upon it in its place again so perfectly that only a purple scar is seen. Whatever the story be, it is full of human nature and divine grace. All the trouble came from envy. Lothbroc, with his

hawk and hound, was a better hunter than Beorn, and this fact rankled in the heart of the latter, who hatched and executed his plot of murder. The jealousy of this hunter threw two nations into conflict and robbed the English throne of a benign ruler. Envy and jealousy have marshaled many armies, and set sail fleets, and thrown nations together in deadly combat, and taken kings from their thrones. The first murderer did his bloody deed because his brother offered a more acceptable sacrifice than he, and the same demon of envy has been doing its dreadful work ever since.

From the dark background of human nature in this foul murder, we see the beautiful picture of divine grace in the lovely character of Edmund, the king. How cruel for envy, after having murdered its rival, to betray to the death its friend and benefactor! And yet Absolute Innocence was betrayed and Infinite Love was tortured to death. The tender-hearted, benign King Edmund was as brave in his death as he was beautiful in his life. No fate could have been more unjust, and no agony more severe; and yet he had such a sense of the Divine presence, such a fullness of the Saviour's love, that he was not only resigned to his fate, but was inexpressibly happy in his translation to heaven.

Whatever of truth or superstition there may be about the story of Edmund the Martyr, whatever of truth or superstition there may be about the identification of his remains, after the lapse of so many centuries, the action of the Catholics of England in the preservation of the supposed dust of the martyr is a just tribute to tenderness of affection, holiness of character and to sublime heroism in death.



LEE'S SIMPLE FAITH IN CHRIST



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, during the Civil War, on being informed that the chaplains were praying especially for him, was greatly overcome by the fact and, weeping, said: "I sincerely thank you for that; I can only say that I am a poor sinner, trusting in Christ alone, and that I need all the prayers that you can offer for me."

In these times, when some are relying upon ecclesiastical ordinances, some upon a strong will, and others upon a correct life, it is well to remember the greatest fact in this world—that faith in Christ, and Christ alone, is the only hope of salvation for the soul. The other great fact which General Lee pathetically expressed, and which is worthy of our consideration, is that we need the prayers of our fellow men, as well as the Divine Spirit, in the pursuit of a Christian life. No person was every brought into the Kingdom of God, or kept faithful in the divine life, except by the help of the prayer and the faith of some one else; and he never will be. There was enough genuinely true theology in General Lee's simple remark to fill a library with volumes and the world with saints.

THE DANGER OF A CARELESS EXPRESSION

DURING a conversation between Benjamin Franklin and his father, the former said: "Father, I know that many people here in Boston think I never had any religion, or that if I had I have apostatized from it." "God forbid! But whence, my son, could these prejudices have arisen?" "Why, father, I have for some time past discovered that there is no effect without a cause. These prejudices have been the effect of my youthful errors. You remember, father, the old story of the pork, don't you?" "No, child, what is it, for I have forgotten." "I thought so, father; I thought you had been so good as to forget it. But I have not, and never shall, forget it." "What is it, Ben?" "Why, father, when our pork, one fall, lay salted and ready for the barrel, I begged you to say grace over it all at once, adding that it would do as well and save a great deal of time." "Pshaw, Ben! such a trifle as that, and in a child, too, cannot be remembered against you now." "Yes, father, I am afraid it is. All are not so forgetful of my errors as you. It was at the time inserted in the *Boston News Letter*, and is now recollected to the discredit of my religion."

A careless expression is a dangerous thing. It often works incalculable damage, especially as the gossip and scandalmonger are so ready to misinterpret, misjudge the motive or misrepresent. The careless remark about the blessing upon the pork did great damage to Franklin's religious reputation, for many thought him to be irreverent and sceptical, when, in reality, he was a man of prayer, of faith, of love, of hope, and, more than most men, lived his religion in acts of practical kindness to his fellow men. His life was the expression of an adage of which he was the author—"Work as if you were to live a hundred years; pray as if you were to die to-morrow."




CHRIST WILL FIGHT OUR BATTLES FOR US

THERE is an old legend of the Rhine which relates that a gallant and pious knight was riding to a tournament where, for the first time, he was to meet in the lists champions whose strength and courage he had never tried. He became tormented with the thought that, among those who should measure weapons with him were many whose bodily energy and skill was greater than his, and who, therefore, would prevent him from carrying himself with honor, and would perhaps overthrow him and expose him to the mockery of the spectators. Occupied with these unpleasant reflections, he came suddenly upon an altar surmounted by a figure of the Virgin Mary. Descending from his horse, he flung himself at the base of the altar, urgently beseeching the Holy Mother to assist him in the approaching struggle. In the fervency of his prayer he lost his

senses; a convulsive shudder ran through his frame, and long he lay there as in a dream. But the Virgin had heard his prayer, and lo! she descended from the altar, loosened the knightly helmet, armor and sword, and having equipped herself therewith, mounted his steed and rode away. Anon she returned, and, unperceived as before, armed the knight in his own weapons and took her place upon the altar. Then the suppliant awoke, rode off to the place of jousting, where he found himself proclaimed the victor of the champions. A grander truth than the writer of this mediæval myth intended to illustrate is concealed herein. Not the Virgin, but the Virgin's Son, out of whose mouth John saw proceeding a two-edged sword, will fight our battles for us.



LINCOLN NOMINATES HIMSELF FOR THE PRESIDENCY

HE late David Davis, one of the greatest men Illinois ever produced, lived at Bloomington, in the central part of the State, in the finest home in the city. The mansion was large and of comely architecture and the grounds ample and beautiful.

I frequently called on the judge, the oftener because he and Lincoln had been intimate friends, and I knew that everything he said about the lamented President was authentic. Seated in his library one evening, I said, "Judge Davis, the people generally think that you had more to do in securing the nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency the first term than any other one." He said, "It may not be inmodest in me to say I did have much to do in bringing about his nomination." I said, "Tell me something about it." He continued, "You know I was Judge of this circuit and Lincoln practiced law in my court. He was so able and jolly and kind in spirit that I grew to love him very much, and my regard was reciprocated. He used to come over from Springfield and ride with me around the circuit behind my old claybank horse. We had the best times, so many funny things occurred." He then related several incidents that were side-splitting with their humor. I said, "Judge, do not forget to tell me about the nomination." He answered, "I will not. I was introducing the subject by showing you how closely we were bound to each other by the practice of our profession. You will be surprised to hear that the first time I ever heard the name of Lincoln used in connection with the Presidency was by the lips of Lincoln himself. Lincoln, Leonard Swett, Jesse D. Fell, one or two others and I, felt the nomination ought to come to the West. And one day we had a meeting to agree upon a man that we would support. One name after another was mentioned, and their strong and weak points considered. At last Lincoln spoke up and said, 'Why don't you run me? I can be nominated, I can be elected, and I can run the government.' We all looked at him and

saw that he was not joking. That was the first time I ever knew of his name having been suggested for the office by pen or tongue. The meeting adjourned without any action. But the more we thought of Lincoln's proposition to run himself the better we liked it. Lincoln's immortal career began with that little circle and with his own imperial will. We set ourselves to work to lay the wisest possible plans, and to execute them with the greatest vigor. Each one, including the prospective candidate, was given his specific task to perform. We captured the McLean County Convention, and the Illinois State Convention. We had greater difficulty in winning the National Convention at Chicago. We put up a desperate fight and won. One thing that helped us to take the Convention away from Mr. Seward, was the fact that years before he had said some unkind things about the Masonic fraternity, and I got hold of them, had them printed in circular form, and just at the critical moment I had them scattered among the delegates. They caused a stampede of his forces and made it the easier to secure the nomination for our candidate." I said, "Judge Davis, I am not sorry you have told me that Lincoln first suggested himself for the Presidency and wrought systematically to secure it. You have not broken our idol with your hammer of hard fact. We love him the more that we find him so human, that we see that consciousness of power not inconsistent with his natural humility. Besides, I more than suspect that God spoke to him, telling him that he desired him to be the leader of the nation in its time of peril." Mr. Davis answered, "From what I often heard him say he considered himself divinely appointed as a leader in the presevation of the Union." The old fashioned clock struck ten, and I bade the judge good-night.



AN AFTERNOON IN A FREE LIBRARY



ONE Saturday afternoon, I visited the Cooper Union Library and Reading Room in New York. After having read for an hour or two, I sat thinking about the value of such an institution, and of the wisdom and love of the man who founded it. I knew he built it largely for the benefit of the poor mechanics and working people, and I wondered how nearly his idea was being carried out. There were between sixty and seventy men present in the room, and I concluded to find out, if possible, their occupation. Only three of the number declined to answer my question. They may have been modest; they may have had an occupation of which they were ashamed, or they may have thought that it was none of my business; but only three declined to give the information desired. The rest answered in the following order: Bookkeeper, groomsman, wood-sawyer, engraver on jewelry, clerk, typewriter, compositor, gas collector, architect, baker, stone grinder, house painter, teacher, canvassing agent, dealer in

rag, seller of smoking articles on the street, clothing cutter, clerk, sign painter, student in medical college, longshoreman, machinist, candymaker, book canvasser, coatmaker, tailor, baker, clerk, chartered accountant, marine engineer, electrician, oyster-opener, student with law in view, fish salesman, plumber, waiter in restaurant, tailor, machinist, job press feeder, wiremaker, assistant engineer on ship, medical student, bookkeeper, laborer, carpenter, carpenter, canvasser, journalist, head waiter in hotel, attorney-at-law, plaiter of skirts, cutter of clothing, architect, law clerk, broker, waiter in hotel, editor.

The result of the inquiry revealed the fact that, with the exception of a professional man here and there, all were mechanics, day laborers and poor employees. It was a half-holiday, and these hard-working men had seized upon it for their intellectual and moral instruction. It spoke well for the men, and for the wisdom of the poor struggling mechanic who had founded the institution and made such instruction possible.

Peter Cooper learned, in his provision for the mental and moral wants of the struggling poor, that there is a higher accumulation than that of material wealth; the millions of dollars which he saved were as nothing to the millions of hearts which he made his own by his gifts to the poor and struggling common people.

Like so many inventors and benefactors, Peter Cooper thought that piety should be the chief aim in life. In the corner-stone of Cooper Union, laid in 1854, was a scroll with these words: "The great object I desire to accomplish by the erection of this institution is to open the avenues of scientific knowledge to the youth of our city and country, and so unfold the volume of nature that the young may see the beauties of creation, enjoy its blessings, and learn to love the Author from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." The student of science has only a partial education who stops at a knowledge of material facts or of their relation to each other, and does not find the Great First Cause, who is Infinite Love.



HE SETS THE PRISONER FREE



WHEN noble John Howard became interested in the alleviation of the distress which he saw everywhere prevailing in the prisons of England, he undertook to appreciate the situation by placing himself in the position of the inmates of these places of punishment. In one jail he found a cell so narrow and filthy, that the poor wretch who occupied it begged as a special mercy that he might be hanged. John Howard shut himself up in that cell, and endured its darkness and foulness till nature could bear the pestilential confinement no longer. Then he went out to rouse England to a sense of the iniquities she was permitting, and to stir the world with a tender solicitude for unfortunate and de-

praved humanity. Thus did Christ place himself in the prison-house of the flesh, endure the shame of human life and labor to elevate mankind from degradation to dignity. And he has moved the heart of the world as no other one has done in behalf of the outcast elements of society.



TAKING AIM

GOING from the little village of Lawrenceburg, to the capital city, Indianapolis, young Henry Ward Beecher found the intellectual demands upon him greatly increased, and he set himself studiously to work to meet them. He did not allow his evangelical zeal to abate, but preached with fervor and with fire. He told how he first learned to make a real sermon; he said: "When I had lived at Indianapolis the first year, I said, 'There was a reason why, when the apostles preached, they succeeded, and I will find it out if it is to be found out.' I took every single instance in the record where I could find one of their sermons and analyzed it, and asked myself, 'What were the circumstances? Who were the people? What did he do?'" and I studied the sermons until I got this idea—that the apostles were accustomed first to feel for a ground on which the people and they stood together, a common ground where they could meet. Then they stored up a large number of the particulars of knowledge that belonged to everybody, and when they had got that knowledge which everybody would admit placed in a proper form before the minds of the people, then they brought it to bear upon them with all their excited heart and feeling. That was the first definite idea of taking aim that I had in my mind. 'Now,' said I, 'I will make a sermon so.' I remember it just as well as if it were yesterday. First, I sketched out the things we all know, and in that way I went on with my 'you all knows' until I had about forty of them. When I had got through that I turned round and brought it to bear upon them with all my might; and there were seventeen men awakened under that sermon. I never felt so triumphant in my life. I cried all the way home. I said to myself, 'Now I know how to preach.' I could not make another sermon for a month that was good for anything. I had used all my powder and shot on that one. But for the first time in my life I had got the idea of taking aim."

True apostolic succession consists in the belief of those principles, the entertainment of those sentiments, the enforcement of those precepts which inspired the holy apostles in the proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Apostolic preaching is followed by the conviction and conversion of souls.

In any undertaking in life there must be good aim taken before the gun is fired, or there will be a miss. This is peculiarly so in the preaching of the Gospel. There will be no good done by accident or by any haphazard work. I

have often fired at a whole flock of birds as they arose, but usually there was room enough between the birds to let the shot go through. It was only when I fastened my eye on a single bird, and held it there until I pulled the trigger, that I could have any success. In the preaching of a sermon, in the teaching of a Bible class, in any church work, in any earthly endeavor, the eye must be held upon the single bird if any game would be brought down. It is all-important for people in the secular and spiritual world to learn, like the young minister in Indiana did, how to take aim and fire.



EMPEROR WILLIAM'S MESSAGE TO THE Y. M. C. A.

JUNE 13, 1901, was a memorable day in the history of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was the Jubilee Day of the International Jubilee Convention of the Y. M. C. A., held in Boston. The meeting at Mechanics' Hall was presided over by James Stokes, and formal addresses were made by Cephas Brainerd, President Faunce of Brown University, and Rev. F. C. Clark. The delegates from foreign lands were received with great cordiality and enthusiasm. In their native costumes they presented quite a picturesque appearance. One of the most conspicuous figures was Father Nicholas W. Vassilief, a delegate from Russia, gowned in the deep crimson silk of his office, a silver chain and crucifix about his neck, which gave emphasis to his sturdy figure and handsome face. In the afternoon, Governor Crane received the delegates in the State House; an immense meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, which was addressed by Lieut. Governor Bates, Mayor Hart and others; a memorial tablet was unveiled in the Old South Meeting House, where, fifty years before to the day, the first Young Men's Christian Association had been organized.

But the notable feature of this day of jubilee was the receipt of a message from the German Ambassador at Washington, transmitting a telegram from Emperor William, which read as follows:

"I ask you to transmit to the brotherhood of Young Men's Christian Associations of America, assembled for the Jubilee Convention, my hearty congratulations. With pride the brotherhood may look back on its past life, which promises further to flourish and increase. May this expectation be fulfilled in a rich measure. With satisfaction I see that the German Associations, active in the same endeavor, take part fraternally in this solemn gathering. May the American Associations also in the future train for their great Fatherland citizens who are sound in body and soul, and of earnest convictions of life, standing on the only unmovable foundation of the name of Christ, whose name is above every name.

(Signed)

WILHELM, I. R.

The message produced a profound impression upon the Convention, which returned a fitting answer, which closed with the following words:

"May our alliance, founded on Christ, forever bind the kindly sentiments which now exist between the two lands."

In these days, when there is such a consolidation of industrial enterprises upon the part of capital and labor, there seems to be in the religious world a spirit of concentration and unification, as illustrated in the great Missionary Convention held in New York, and the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association held in Boston. The Missionary Society and the Y. M. C. A. have not only been the strong arms of the Church in rescuing souls from spiritual death, but they have been the efficient ones in enfoldng the members of the various denominations into the bosom of a common Master, into Christian unity.



HYPOCRISY



ING LEAR, having become old, and tired of his public duties, resolved to divide his kingdom amongst his children and retire to private life. Before making the division, he asked for a declaration of his children's love. The first daughter, Goneril, was profuse in the expression of her affection for her father, in the following words:

"Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found,
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable
Beyond all manner of so much I love you."

The second daughter, Regan, undertook to outdo her sister in her profession of love for the king, as she said:

"I am made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love:
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love."

Following the declarations of affection, the king gave to each of these daughters a third of his realm, retaining the last third for his favorite daughter,

Cordelia. Her simple profession of love was as true and loyal as could have been desired or required, yet because it was not so extravagant in its language, or enthusiastic in its expression, King Lear became offended, and disinherited her in the following language :

“ Let it be so :—thy truth, then, be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbor’d, pitied and relieved
As thou, my sometime daughter.”

Soon after the division of the kingdom, Goneril and Regan proved how false a heart can be which is fair in its profession of love. By their conduct they illustrated the fact that their profuse expressions of affection were only to tickle the ear and flatter the heart of their father and make more secure their division of the realm. And Cordelia proved how true a heart can be that is simple and modest in its avowal of love. The king learned, too late, his fatal mistake in accepting an empty expression of love for love itself, and in rejecting real love for its false profession. Lear was not the last king, or man, or father, who was deceived by extravagant professions of affection.


There were two daughters who professed without possessing, to one possessing, filial affection, and, while we would scarcely be pessimistic enough to claim that the same ratio of two to one exists now, we must admit that there are vast numbers who make extravagant professions of feelings which they do not possess, and which are meant to, and do, deceive their fellow men. There are some who are profuse in their expressions of affection or loyalty to some person or enterprise, who mean what they say at the time, whose hearts are so shallow that it seems impossible for them to be constant. It is bad enough for society to be burdened and deceived with the false promises of such. There are others who profess a love that they do not have, for what advantage there is in it for them. They fawn on wealth, they flatter power, they practice every conceivable kind of hypocrisy to secure dollars and influence for themselves ; their honeyed lies are multiplied at will to gain some personal advantage ; their imagination is searched for adjectives to express their feelings of loyalty, that they may get the lion’s share of the king’s estate. Hypocrisy reaches

its climax of vileness in children who make a false profession of love for their parents, only that they may secure their possessions. We are glad to believe that there are few of such hypocrites; we are sorry to say there are some, and they deserve the contempt of this world and the penalties of the next.

All other hypocrisies pale into insignificance before that of professing a love for the King Eternal which is not possessed. It is bad enough when these false declarations come from a careless lip or a shallow heart, but infinitely worse when they have a selfish motive behind them. What man is more contemptible in the sight of earth or heaven than the one who makes a public profession of Christianity for the advantage it will bring to him in his business, profession or calling; than the one who makes a loud declaration of loyalty to the Great King, that he may receive the lion's share in the division of his material realm? God and humanity, in the building up of the family, the church and the state, have to rely upon the Cordelias—the modest, humble, sincere ones, who possess rather than falsely profess their love.



A NOBLE AND AN IGNOBLE COURTSHIP

 HE constrast between the dutiful and undutiful daughter in *King Lear* is not more marked than that between the true and false lovers of Cordelia. She had been disinherited by her father, the king, and he was in the act of giving her in marriage to one of two suitors—the Duke of Burgundy and the King of France. He turns to the first and says:

“ My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king,
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love? Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.”

As the duke hesitates and does not answer, Lear continues:

“ Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leave her? ”

The suitor then declines, and the father says:

“Then leave her, sir; for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.”

Turning to the King of France, he poured a torrent of abuse upon his daughter, telling him she was unworthy of him and expecting that, like the Duke of Burgundy, he would reject her. The king asked the enraged father what crime the daughter had committed to thus excite his anger, and when he learned that her sole offense had been a modest, instead of a profusive, expression of the love she bore him, he said:

“Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov’d, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what’s cast away.
Gods! Gods! ’tis strange that from their cold’st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam’d respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz’d precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.”


The King of France loved her when she was rich and one of the heirs of the throne, and when her wealth and position and power were lost he loved her still. The Duke of Burgundy loved her when she was the favorite daughter of the king, but when she was disinherited and penniless his affection for her vanished. The king loved her for what she was, the duke for what she had. How many have been the mistakes and miseries of those who have contracted matrimonial alliances upon an estimate of cash, instead of character, in the search of means instead of manhood, for wealth instead of womanhood! Wealth, properly employed, may give greater opportunity for reading, study, travel and the practices of the finer arts, or, if improperly employed, it may result in indolence, effeminacy, or vice. Poverty may depress or degrade, or encourage self-dependence and supremacy. Hence it is unsafe to pay much attention to the accidents and incidents of life in the selection of a husband or wife. Whether there be wealth or poverty, exalted position or humble station, it is manhood and womanhood which tell. What miseries and disasters have followed in the footsteps of the royal personages who have imitated the Duke of Burgundy in wedding wealth, rank and power, in the place of manhood and womanhood! The Dukes of Burgundy have found their way to our shores in pretty good numbers; there is now and then a King of France who weds an American beauty for love, but there seems to be a greater number of noble-men who are in search of the daughters of American millionaires for the money

which they have. And some of the daughters of the rich are beguiled into marrying a title with the shell of a man thrown in, and the money-bags and titles are fastened together, with no hearts between them. The man has gotten the gold, the woman the coat of arms; but love, manhood and womanhood have been left out of the question.

While there are some sordid characters who imitate the duke, we believe the majority of the people of this country have the spirit of the king, in putting a just estimate on ability and character and in making their life plans accordingly; in considering wealth, station and all the other accidents of life as of secondary—as of trifling importance when compared with real manhood and womanhood. No earthly circumstance, however favorable, can add to the value of their Cordelia; no misfortune, however great, can take away from her any of her charms.




THE SPIRIT THAT DISARMED THE BOXERS

HE burning of a chapel on Hata-gate street, Pekin, June 13, 1900, was the signal for the destruction of all the mission and other foreign buildings in the city. The Methodist Mission was the best defended, and into it most of the missionaries of all denominations flocked for safety. Captain Hall, with a company of American marines, was sent to defend it. The Asbury Church, the finest Protestant church edifice in China, was turned into a fort. Some of the marines stood guard upon its roof. Their forms in the night looked to the natives almost like spirits against the sky; and the Chinese said that a super-human being had come from America and lighted upon the dome and rendered futile the divine charms of the Boxers.

America's God did preside over his imprisoned children and disarm the satanic power of the Boxers.



THE WOMAN FROM GRIMESVILLE

HILE President McKinley was lying so dangerously wounded in Buffalo, the police and soldiers were forced to be rather strict with pedestrians at West Ferry street and Delaware avenue, the corner nearest the Milburn house. Down at Highland avenue, a block way, was the first rope barrier. It was there that a sweet-faced woman of sixty or seventy was stopped by the policeman. She carried a bunch of old-fashioned garden posies, tied with a faded pink ribbon. "You can't go through lady," said the officer, stepping in front of her. The old lady stepped back trembling, and the tears began to flow, as

she said: "Will you be so kind as to give these to Mrs. McKinley? They're from my own yard, and I've walked clear in from out near Grimesville to give them to her with my love, and tell her that we are all praying out at Grimesville that her husband will get well." It was said at the Milburn house that, while there were bouquets made of huge clusters of American Beauty roses, here and there about the room, the bunch of old-fashioned posies from the woman at Grimesville, who prayed for the President, had the place of honor on the dresser.

The plain, old woman with the old-fashioned flowers, is a fair expression of the universal sympathy of the common people of this country, and of the civilized world for Mrs. McKinley, as well as for her husband, and the afflicted nation of which he was the head. Mrs. McKinley, though a confirmed invalid, was brought into public notice and favor, because the President was so devoted to her, and nursed her so tenderly. It was perfectly natural for this plain woman, who, no doubt, had known what sorrow was herself, by her message and offering to voice the sympathy of American womanhood. It was right for the old-fashioned flowers to have the chief place on the dresser, for a woman's sympathy had gotten into their colors to enrich their beauty, and into their odors as an incense of love.

When our two other Presidents were shot down by the assassin's bullet, Queen Victoria sent special messages of condolence to their wives, and the Christian sympathy and prayers of the ruler of a great empire, and those of the woman from Grimesville were exactly the same, and are as beautiful flowers as have been brought from the field of heaven to bloom in the garden of earth.

The woman not only brought her sympathy and flowers, but the promise of her prayers. She knew that the sympathy of her poor heart, with the best flowers she could find to emphasize it, would be so futile! But she did know that God's Holy Spirit could comfort her, and that the consolations of the spirit could be secured by prayer.



LOVE FOR ANIMALS



QUEEN VICTORIA was very fond of the lower animals—of horses, cattle and dogs, and had her pets among them. Prince Albert used to go to his model farm every day to look at the cows he admired so much. When he died the Queen used to go to look at the cows every day, thinking that they would miss their master and might be glad to see her in his stead. She had an especial fondness for dogs. On the day of her coronation in Westminster Abbey, after several hours of pomp and ceremony and physical and mental strain, she drove to the palace, where her heart was lightened by the barking of her pet spaniel,

that greeted her so lustily on her return. She made all haste to take off her crown and jewels and royal apparel, and lay down the sceptre and give her dear Dash a bath. Her practical education had taught her that dogs had to be bathed as well as queens to be crowned, and her young spirit was equally at home with either. In after years, at Balmoral, the Queen writes: "My favorite collie, Noble, is always down-stairs when we take our meals. He lies upon a couch and does not leave it unless invited to do so. He will hold a piece of cake in his mouth and not eat it till we give him the permission. He is the most 'biddable' dog I ever saw—so affectionate and kind; if he thinks we are not pleased with him, he will put out his paws and beg in such an affectionate way." Victoria employed almost her dying breath in calling for her pet dog. She loved royalty, she loved the common people, she loved the poor, she loved the lower animals.

The people who, in search for a king, selected a man whom the lower animals loved because they thought he would be merciful to them, had more than a grain of truth in their calculation. If the dumb brutes of Britain could have spoken, they would have said, "Long live the Queen." The ideal queen was the one who could carry a crown with a level head and pet the horses that drew her carriage or the dog that followed her footsteps. Any life will be full of power where the heart is full of love.



BENJAMIN HARRISON'S INDUSTRY



GENERAL HARRISON'S evenly balanced and well-trained mind was driven to usefulness and eminence by the most tireless industry. He was always an enormous worker. His father was poor; he married early, and the fight for bread began at the start and continued to some extent till after the war. He almost killed himself trying to earn and save a home to shelter his family. Sir Walter Scott, whose continuous hours of labor, as well as his genius, made him the most popular writer of his day, was Mr. Harrison's favorite author; when a boy on the farm he read eagerly all of Scott's romances. The great poet wrote to his son at school: "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station in life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plow. In youth our steps are light and our minds are docile, and knowledge is easily laid up; but if we neglect our spring, our summer will be useless and contemptible, our harvest will be chaff, and the winter of old age unrespected and desolate." These and similar sentiments from this author appealed to the

industrious instincts of the boy and acted as an inspiration to the highest achievement. When he retired from the Presidency he had ample means to support him without work, but the habit of industry, his consciousness of physical and mental power and his desire to do his duty, led him back into his old profession and into as hard work as he had ever done in his life. He spent a whole year on one case, examining twenty volumes of evidence and writing a brief which filled two volumes of eight hundred pages, and receiving as a fee the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. Good blood is important, a liberal education is valuable, but it is the genius of hard work that tells, after all.



SCATTERING AND INCREASING

THE husbandman would starve who did not reserve some seed for sowing. He must throw it away in order to get more. The seed-corn must be the best, and there must be an abundance of it. Poverty will come in at the front door unless the granary at the back provides bountifully for the fields. One must sow if he would reap, and he must sow bountifully if he would reap bountifully. The merchant who hoards all his receipts will come to want. He must re-invest a large part of them or he will soon have no customers. If he scatters a good deal in advertisements he gets a rich return; if he scatters more in "bargains"—and the commercial world is full of "bargains"—he will not do amiss; and if he scatters more in gifts to his neighborhood—in promoting public improvements, and in winning the good-will of his customers, he will be wise in his generation. Some newspapers give away a part of their daily issues; they place at every agent's stand more than he can sell; it pays. Theatres and opera-houses and concert managers distribute free tickets to the public—not merely to secure an audience, but to propitiate favor, to secure generous references in the press, and to advance their own interests. It pays.

Niggardliness in any line of life is a blunder. Stinginess is a sin; but it is quite as much a mistake. From the standpoint of policy alone—saying nothing of principles or character or the law of God or obedience to God or the claims of religion—from the standpoint of policy alone, it is true that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty." This proverb, like every other, is the ripe fruit of a large and rich experience of life; and it is very old. But the experience which ripened and bore fruit in this form of sound words has been confirmed by ages of experience since. We do not value the beneficence which advertises itself in order to get gain. When merchants give away their goods for the purpose of attracting customers, we do not account them generous, but shrewd.

When a man with blare of trumpets and beating of drums gives largely


that he may have monetary gain or glory, we know very well what are the chief motives which actuate him. But his selfishness and love for distinction and desire for gain do not invalidate the proverb; they rather illustrate it; they reaffirm it; they declare that generosity is profitable, that even a reputation for generosity is profitable; it is well worth paying for; there could be no better advertisement. It pays to be generous.

But if this be the settled conviction of mankind; if even worldly-minded people seek to trade upon it in the common walks of life; how valuable the real virtue must be! There cannot be a counterfeit for that which has no intrinsic value. There cannot be a spurious coin unless the imitated coin has worth. The real thing is good; it must be good; it must have interest, and in this case, eternal worth.

The fact is, beneficence is a divine attribute, and he who disciplines himself in beneficence is developing his character in that which makes him like God. No one can be godlike who is not beneficent. Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, points to the bounty of God in Nature, and exhorts those who believe it to be bountiful even as God is. How generous are God's gifts! how unceasing his benefactions! Even to his enemies, and to those who do not care for him, he gives. For his name is love, and love is nothing if not beneficent.



A COMMANDER LOST, SAVING HIS MEN

 FIRE was discovered on board the United States Steamship *Petrel*, in the harbor of Manila, March 31, 1901. A number of the ship's crew, with the intention of getting a stream of water upon the flames, went down into the passageway leading to the sailroom, where the fire broke out in the early morning. They were driven back by the smoke and gases, but Lieutenant-Commander Roper, who had gone down with the men at the first attempt, upon learning that one of them had been left behind unconscious, went below to his rescue, in spite of earnest entreaties from those on deck. Naval Cadet J. E. Lewis gallantly stepped ahead of his commanding officer in an effort to relieve Commander Roper from such a hazardous duty, and other officers and sailors followed him below.

The imperiled seaman was rescued, but Lieutenant-Commander Roper was brought on deck in an unconscious state and, despite the most earnest efforts of the ship's surgeon, died without regaining his senses. In all, twenty-three officers and men were overcome by the smoke and gases, but all recovered with the exception of their gallant commander.

The brave officer might have lived to command his vessel successfully in battle, to sink the ships of his enemy; he might have been spared to enjoy

promotion in his rank, but he could not have done as much for his country or his fellow men in a dozen ordinary lives as he did in laying down his life for one of his sailors.

If he had lived to become the Admiral of a fleet, he could not have secured such earthly immortality as he did in offering himself as a sacrifice for another. And the pages of naval and military history are adorned with just such brilliant instances of heroism and sacrifice. The American soldier and sailor is such a splendid type of a man that it is the usual, and not the unusual, thing for him to be brave and self-sacrificing in his devotion to his country. When volunteers were called for to sink the ship in the mouth of Santiago harbor, almost all of those who had an opportunity to do so offered themselves, knowing that the chances were death, not life, and were willing to give their young lives for the cause they loved so well. And those heroic men illustrate the well-nigh universal bravery and loyalty of the army and navy of the United States. The death of Commander Roper is another water-mark to tell how high the tide of human love may rise.



THEY SANG AND PRAYED IN THE STORM

I ASKED a gentleman who rode with me in the car from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and who had told me of the struggle of a mother to save her babe and herself from the Galveston storm, to relate to me another incident connected with the great disaster. He said: "Our Chief of Police, Captain Edwin M. Ketchum, was a splendid man in every way, brave and true. He and I have long been warm personal friends, although he was an officer in the Union, and I in the Confederate army. When the storm came two duties seemed to demand his attention and energy—the members of his family were at home, a mile and a half away, and he desired to go and rescue them; he was a public officer, and hundreds were being drowned about him, and he felt it his duty to save as many lives as possible. He said to himself, 'My house is an old-time mansion, built very solidly, and likely to resist the flood; besides, my two sons will be wise and brave enough to do everything possible to save the rest of the family. I will do the duty next to me, and save all that I can.' He collected almost a thousand people in the City Hall and in the safest part of the building. As the storm raged more fiercely, and building after building was thrown down, and as hundreds were being lost a portion of the roof of the City Hall fell in, and the wildest panic seized the people who had taken refuge within the walls. Women wrung their hands and screamed with terror. Captain Ketchum, seeing the desperation of the situation, in a loud, clear voice, said: 'Let us all sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."' They did so, and the tumult was hushed into a heavenly calm, and earnest, united prayers for their

safety were offered. Not a single person that took refuge in the building was lost, and most of them acknowledged that it was through the wisdom and bravery of the Chief of Police that they were rescued. Fortunately, the captain's own house stood secure, and his family was spared. My nephew took refuge in it and escaped death."

After the gentleman had related this incident, I asked him where he was during the storm. He said, "I was at home. The water came into our house and drove us into the upper story. As I helped my wife, who was in poor health, up the stairs, I felt there was a strong likelihood that we would be lost, and, though I am not a professed Christian, I stopped on those stairsteps as the water continued to rise and earnestly asked God to stop the storm and save us, and I told my brother-in-law, who is a prominent Sunday School worker and church member in one of the cities of the North, that as I had asked so little of the Lord during my lifetime, he had perhaps concluded to answer me."

There are times of danger when scepticism leaves the soul and belief takes its place. There are times of peril when the prayerless man will pray; the instinct of the soul at such times is to cry out, "O God help me! O God save me!" Minds that are unmoved to the appreciation and adoration of the Divine Being in the ordinary events of nature are often stirred into activity and devotion by his unusual and terrible manifestations of power. The danger element included in the method of the Divine government has in it the important lessons of caution, prudence, wisdom, self-help, mutual assistance, and reliance upon the Supreme Being.

Some policemen are so busy with the sale of law that they have no time to do their duty to the public, but most of them, like the Chief at Galveston, are loyal, unselfish, heroic men. It is a safe thing to do the duty just at hand and leave the result with God. It is likely that God will save from spiritual death the family of the man who is true to duty and who works for the salvation of others.



LOST HIS ALL IN A LOTTERY

PETER COOPER, when he was in his teens, invented a toy wagon, for which he received six dollars. He saved four more, which made ten dollars—his first capital stock. He was persuaded by a friend to invest the whole amount in lottery tickets, every one of which drew a blank, leaving him penniless. He said it was the most fortunate investment he ever made, as it impressed upon his mind, at the very beginning of his career, the folly and sin of taking values out of life without giving back corresponding values in return. And he made a rule, which he faithfully kept, that, while he would not be careless of securing values by just means, he would try to render some valuable service to

humanity every day and every hour in the day. He studiously avoided all questionable methods of accumulation, and often declined to invest in legitimate enterprises because they had in them too much of the idea of speculation.

The lottery is a vice which insinuates itself into the hearts of some good people by pretending to be a virtue. It appears in the form of an angel of mercy, and proposes many acts of charity; and some good people yield to the temptation and employ the lottery to raise money for benevolent institutions. They have taken it in some form or other into fairs and festivals to help the church. The lottery is a gambling device which has no reason for its existence anywhere, much less in the Church of God. It is well to learn, early in life, the folly and sin of undertaking to get something for nothing.



BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER

IN the story of the "Seven Chiefs Against Thebes" there is an account of the terrible struggle between the two brothers, Eteocles and Polynices. The latter bore a shield, with this device: A woman leading an armed man and saying to him, "I am Justice, and I will bring back this man to the kingdom which is his right." The former, who had usurped his brother's throne, scoffed at the device of the wearer, and said that from his birth, Justice had never known him. While the armies of both faced each other, in an open space between them, the two brothers engaged in a desperate personal combat, in which both were killed. The one who thought he had the right of combat, and the other who thought he had the might of right lay side by side in death, over whose stained bodies there wailed the lamentations of both armies. Every now and then we read in the daily papers of a repetition of this kind of a tragedy.

When I was a boy, it was reported upon the streets of our town one morning, that De Witt Evans and Bob Evans, his brother, had had a fight at a "Dutch ball," and that each had killed the other. Being personally acquainted with both of the young men, I went down to the hall, and, sure enough, the two brothers were stretched out side by side, cold in death, on boards resting on chairs. I shall never forget the feelings that came over me as I saw the little blue wounds made by the balls and the gashes made by the knives, and thought of the terrible demons that could make such a tragedy. Bad liquor and bad female company were the two evil spirits that wrought the double murder. Many are possessed of these evil spirits now, which care nothing for solemn vows or sacred love.

According to Christ's high standard, the guilt of sin is not in the overt act, but in the hidden thought; so that murder is not in the bludgeon or

weapon of steel, but in the hate of the heart. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." There are members of the Christian Church who hate fellow-members so bitterly that if it were not for the fear of the penalty of the law, or the disgrace that would come to them and their families, they would not hesitate to kill them. There are members of the church in splendid standing who cherish the most unkind and hostile feelings against their fellows. They brood over some injury, or supposed injury; they nurse their revenges; they say the most uncharitable things about, watch every opportunity to get even with, and place in the way every barrier of success to their enemy. In their public services, in the church, and in their private devotions to God, they labor under the delusion that what they have is only a just indignation against a bad person; when, in reality, it is hellish, murderous malice. They would look with horror upon the Theban brothers lying dead in the arena, or upon the Evans boys stretched out in Apollo Hall; when they have in themselves a cub of the same wild beast, with teeth large enough to bite; a young snake of the same species, with fangs poisonous enough to kill; a devil of the same kin, black enough to destroy the soul. Many rival warriors, statesmen, professional men, tradesmen, artisans and Christians who would not think of getting drunk, or lying, or stealing, or betraying their social vows, do not hesitate, often in an open and notorious way, to hate their brothers and, according to the New Testament standard commit murder.



CONTEMPLATED SUICIDE; FOUND LIFE



AS I was about to speak at a meeting in Metropolitan Hall, New York, one afternoon, a tall, handsome, well-built, elegantly-dressed man of middle age came into the meeting. All eyes turned toward him as he walked down the aisle and took a seat not far from the front. At the close of the sermon the man raised his hand for prayer and afterward came forward to the altar. At the end of the service the leader asked him to tell the audience how he felt. He said: "Yesterday a terrible misfortune came upon me. I asked God for help to bear it; I found no relief; I spent a sleepless night, and this morning I resolved to escape from my trouble by suicide. I was walking along Fourteenth street, studying the easiest method of getting out of this world, when I saw the sign indicating this meeting. I did not know there was any such service being held here. I entered; the services took strong hold on me; I felt how wicked as well as foolish it was to think of killing myself, and I determined to go to Christ and see if he would not give me relief. I gave myself and my burden to Christ, and he received me, and my burden is gone. An hour ago I was the most miserable man alive; now I am the happiest." He continued: "I am of high

family in the Old Country, and have first-class social position in New York," and his face and manner bore evidence to the fact. When the meeting was dismissed, the manager of the meeting sent a worker to get the man's name and number; not desiring identification, he declined to give either. There were conjectures as to his identity; it was suggested by one that he had lost a fortune in speculation on Wall street; by another, that he had been bereft of a loved one; by another, that he had committed some terrible crime; but it was all conjecture—nobody knew. They did know that he was a splendid specimen of manhood, and that he came into the meeting oppressed by sorrows, almost unto death, and left it with the joys of the Redeemed.

There is no sin so foul that Christ's blood cannot cleanse; no sorrow, however distressing, that the Holy Spirit cannot cure.



NO HOPE OF SIGHT FOR THE BLIND CHAPLAIN

WHEN Dr. W. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the United States Senate, was in London, he consulted the leading oculists as to the possibility of regaining his sight. He was told that there was but one oculist, however, and that man Dr. Graef, of Berlin, who might effect a cure. He went to Paris to consult the French oculists. They concurred in the opinion that the only man who could treat him successfully was Dr. Graef, of Berlin, and congratulated him on the fact that Dr. Graef happened then to be in Paris, and so Dr. Milburn consulted him. The great German specialist said to the blind chaplain, "You must come to my hospital and remain there six weeks, before you receive the first part of the treatment." Dr. Milburn consented. He went to Berlin, and entered Dr. Graef's hospital. The oculist told him that he probably would find his sojourn very tiresome and tedious, and he would do well to advertise for somebody to read to him. Dr. Milburn advertised for an educated German woman who, for reasonable compensation and for the sake of Christ, would read to a blind chaplain. In response to this advertisement, Frl. von Forstner applied for the position. She happened to be peculiarly adapted to the requirements, being a niece of the famous theologian and preacher Schleiermacher. The day she was installed, Dr. Milburn asked her to take down Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, Vol. V., to turn to page 119, and begin to read to him. He was such a quiet listener that Frl. Forstner several times thought he was asleep, and finally she stopped, thinking that he was no longer listening. He roared, "Why do you stop? Why do you not proceed?" In response, she asked him the question. "Why did you get a German and not an English or an American lady to read from the English historian's work to you?" He replied, "What do English women know about Frederick the Great? I wanted to know all about


him, and I knew that an educated German woman could tell me more on this subject than any English woman I know.

After six weeks, the oculist made the initial operation, and was delighted with its success. He told the chaplain he would have to wait several months before the next operation could take place, and in the meantime it would be just as well for him to return to America, where he would no doubt enjoy life more than in a strange country. Two months and a week after his return to this country, Chaplain Milburn was informed of the death of Dr. Graef. He could find no oculist who would undertake the delicate operation which Dr. Graef was willing to perform, and so, with the life of the great specialist, the chaplain's hopes of recovering his sight vanished.

It is a joy to know that, in our spiritual blindness, there is a Physician to whom we can go with a certainty of relief, who never failed to restore sight to the patient who had committed himself to Him for treatment, and who never will. Death shall never remove this Physician from his beneficent work. "I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore."



LIFE SAVING SERVICE

N the graveyard of the Baptist Church at Manahawkin, N. J., are thirteen graves in a row. They are those of a captain and twelve sailors, who perished in a wreck off the South Jersey coast, a short distance below the Barnegat Inlet. Forty-three years ago the Austrian brig *Count Perasto* struck a sandbar at midnight, and, though only three hundred yards from shore, the thirteen, all on board, perished in the fearful storm, trying to swim to land. There was a man living in the neighborhood who saw the wreck, and said to himself, "What a shame! All these lives could have been saved if some organized effort for their rescue had been made from the shore!" The matter rested so heavily upon his heart that he began a series of experiments to find a way of sending a line to a disabled ship from the shore. At first he used a bow and arrow with a delicate string attached to it; then a rocket with a larger string, and finally his idea was expressed in the mortar and ball and rope. That man was William A. Newell, and in his brain was born the Life Saving Service of the United States. Seven years after the wreck, Mr. Newell was elected to Congress, and as the most dangerous part of the New Jersey coast was in his district, he had a good reason for introducing his pet scheme for life-saving. His first resolution died in committee. John Quincy Adams, who occupied a seat behind him, said: "You have a good idea, and it ought to succeed." Abraham Lincoln, who was also a member, said: "Newell, that is a good measure; I will help you. I am something of a life-saver myself, for I invented

a scow that righted itself on the Mississippi sandbars." The following summer, when the Lighthouse Bill came from the Senate to the House, Newell saw his opportunity, and offered an amendment providing for surf boats, rockets, carronades and other necessary apparatus for the better preservation of life and property from shipwreck along the New Jersey coast, and for an appropriation of ten thousand dollars for the purpose. The amendment was carried, and the Life Saving Service became a governmental institution. The coast line guarded was from time to time increased, till to-day it includes three hundred rescue stations, manned by two thousand brave life-savers and supported by two million dollars of public money annually.

Mr. Newell was honored as having been in Congress and Governor of the State, but most because he was in thought and in execution, the founder of the Life Saving Service of the United States.

Science is reducing the perils of the deep. Philanthropy is entertaining a higher regard for the sacredness of human life. Christianity is urging a higher estimate of the value of an immortal soul, and the church is busy organizing new instrumentalities for the rescue of those who are being lost. The heroism and almost superhuman energy of the life-savers should be copied by the Christian men and women whose duty it is to save their fellows from the spiritual wrecks that line the shores of time.



STORIES OF A MODERN NOVELIST SUGGESTED BY THE BIBLE



R. HALL CAINE, the novelist, has surprised the reading public by telling how extensively he has drawn upon the Bible for his literary material. He says:

"I think that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book like it, and the finest works ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. *The Deemster* is the story of the Prodigal Son, *The Bondman* is the story of Esau and Jacob, *The Scape-Goat* is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and *The Manx-man* is the story of David and Uriah."

The fact that truth is stranger than fiction is illustrated in the Sacred Scriptures. Tributes to the literary worth of the Bible are paid, not only by those who believe its divine authority, but also by those who deny it. The Word of God is full of truth which appeals to reason, and of pictures of truth that appeal to the imagination. There is no reason why the Holy Spirit, who indited the Scriptures, should not have recorded the most perfect knowledge



SCIENCE IS REDUCING THE PERILS OF THE DEEP

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of human nature, and the most accurate story of human life. The greatest writers, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians and orators, have derived their richest nourishment from the Book of God. Cut from literature and art what has been suggested by the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and we have but a tattered fragment of its present worth and glory.



A DRUMMER BOY BEATS A RALLY



AT Kernstown, when the Confederate forces were beaten back and it seemed as though the day were lost, Stonewall Jackson stood alone, amidst the flying bullets of the enemy, and, seeing his soldiers disorganized and beating a hasty retreat, called a drummer boy to him, and, placing his hand on his shoulder, commanded him to "beat the rally." He kept his hand on the boy's shoulder and had him continue the work until the line was reformed and defeat was averted.

There were two essential instruments in rallying those disorganized forces—Stonewall Jackson and the little drummer boy. Each would have been powerless without the other. In the conflict of moral evil, when the forces seem disorganized and defeated, there is the need of the fearless, able leader, who will grasp the situation and employ suitable instrumentalities, and also a necessity for the little drummer boy—the least, the humblest soldier in the army of God—to beat the rally that shall reform the broken line and secure the victory.



THE FATAL BAR OF GOLD



AN OBLE ship was anchored in a harbor of a southern republic, and while strolling on the shore, the captain came upon one of the cisterns where the Incas had hidden their treasure, to prevent it falling into the hands of the rapacious Spaniard. The captain decided to load his ship with the shining metal, and sail homeward to a life of peace and ease; one of the middies, wild with the thought of securing enough to set him free from further labor, gathered a supply of food, and when night came stole away with one of the golden bars. He made his way out into the desert; for days he journeyed, clinging to his prize, and yet he reached no habitation and saw no human face. The vegetation grew sparser, the cheerless journey more wasting. Years afterward, a caravan crossing the sands of an untraveled land came upon a human skeleton half covered from the sight of men. The half-made grave was opened, and there, in the bony arms of the dead seaman, was closely pressed the bar of gold.

This foolish sailor can be seen any hour of any day on any street of any city, or on any country road, slipping away from the pleasures of home, the sanctities of the church, away from moral obligation, from sweet charities, from true happiness, to go out into the desert of starvation and death. The only real impression he makes on the world is that of a half-covered skeleton in the sand, hugging a bar of gold.



A CONQUEROR NOT STOPPED BY THE SEA

WHEN Akbar, the Mohammedan conqueror of Africa, came in his crusade of conquest to the boundless ocean, he spurred his horse into the waves and, raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed with fervent tones, "Great God, if my course were not stopped by this sea, I would still go on to the unknown kingdoms of the West, preaching the unity of thy holy name and putting to the sword the rebellious nations who worship any other god than thee!" There is sublime eloquence in these words, betokening a most valorous spirit. But the Christian propagandist is not stayed by the ocean's vast expanse. Mountains are no bars and floods no hindrance to the progress of Christian truth. The mountains subside, the seas are dried up, the mouths of lions are stopped, flames are quenched, and Christianity goes bravely on to conquer an entire globe.



PRESIDENT ESTRADA PALMA AND HIS MOTHER

IN a conversation which I had with General Palma, the new President of Cuba, about his career, he made the following beautiful reference to his mother:

"Every true son has the highest respect and love for his mother, but I have a special cause for gratitude, as my mother was one of the truest and best of women. What little I am, and what little I have done for my country, I owe to her. My father died when I was young. I was the only child, and mother lived for me. She taught me the path of rectitude, and my love for freedom she breathed into my spirit from her patriotic soul."

"General Palma," said I, "you have mentioned the debt of gratitude you owe to your mother. I have heard that she was murdered by the Spaniards. Have you any objections to telling me of her death?"

"It was in this manner," said he: "during the Ten Years' War, my mother followed me to the camp. She could have lived in the city in comfort, but I was her only child, and she would not remain away from me, but kept as close to me as she could. In 1873, she undertook to make her way to me, but was captured

by Spanish soldiers. She was unable to keep up with the soldiers on the march, and they left her alone in the forest. It was in the rainy season, and for fourteen days she wandered about, without shelter, and with nothing to eat but the scanty wild fruit which she found. I learned of the capture, and sent men to rescue her, but they did not find her until she had been so wasted by starvation and exposure that she died the next day."

"General," I remarked, "I noticed a statement in one of the papers that revenge for this foul murder of your mother intensified your relentless warfare on Spain."

José Palma, the oldest son of the general, who was seated near us, said: "That statement is incorrect. My father's services have been rendered out of love for the country for which his mother died, and not from revenge for her fate. Some time after his mother's death, he served as a member of a court-martial, which was trying for his life a Spanish captain who had been captured leading a guerrilla band. My father objected to the death sentence, whereat a member of the court said to him: 'You ought to be the last person to befriend this prisoner, as the Spaniards killed your mother, and this is your opportunity to avenge the crime with blood.' My father answered: 'My love for my mother is so intense, and my memory of her is so sacred, that I cannot associate with them the idea of vengeance.'"


I suggested that the delegates to the Constitutional Convention had quite a discussion over the vital question of recognizing God's providence in the Constitution.

General Palma said, with some emphasis: "There was only one man who opposed that recognition of God; all the rest favored it. The new republic had no hesitancy in recording that faith in God, which the people feel. My mother taught me, at the start, that such trust is necessary to high character, usefulness, and happiness. I consider that all moral law and order are based on faith in the Almighty, and that we must have His guidance in industrial and national life."

The sainted mother has two immortalities, one in the other life, the other in this, in the spirit and service of her child.



ESTIMATE OF DR. TALMAGE BY AN INTIMATE FRIEND

NOWING how close Dr. Klopsch was to Dr. Talmage personally and professionally, I called at his editorial rooms a few weeks after the death of the great divine and said, "Dr. Klopsch, would you take two or three minutes of your time to talk about your great friend and co-laborer." He answered: "Nothing would give me greater pleasure. I met Dr. Talmage first in May of 1885, and after that for seventeen years it was my privilege to sustain the

most intimate relationship with Dr. Talmage, and the longer I knew him the more I admired his genius, the more I loved him personally, the more I esteemed his noble character. I have lost the dearest and most loyal friend, the wisest counselor, the most unselfish of business associates. Sunny-hearted, genial, courteous and kind, optimistic, generous, sweet-tempered and forgiving, are terms which found in him their most perfect expression. No one came in personal contact with him who did not feel warmer and kindlier in his heart. Religion was the life of his soul and it breathed itself out toward others in Christian love. In his death the world lost one of its brightest jewels and the cause of righteousness its ablest, most loyal, most popular champion.

"No man ever believed more firmly what he preached than did Dr. Talmage, and none could have a greater reverence for sacred things. Never did I hear him make light even in jest of those things which good and noble men and women the world over hold most dear. To him the Bible was God's inspired word, and the many worn-out sacred volumes that he left filled with memoranda evidence how diligent a student he was of the Divine Word. He knew his Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and he preached to a sin-sick world from a heart fully consecrated to God. Millions of Christian homes will for a long time to come mourn the loss of this truly great and good man.

"In the early part of my business life, when I first undertook to syndicate Dr. Talmage's sermons, which insured their regular weekly publication in more than 3,000 papers, I was not as successful as I had expected, and the results of my efforts fell considerably short of my obligations. One morning, Dr. Talmage called, and after greeting me in a cheery manner, he said: 'You have been much more successful than I had anticipated, but I can easily figure that you are not taking in all the money you are paying me. You are a young man, without capital, and you cannot stand this loss. My wife and I have talked the matter over, and we have come to the conclusion that I cannot afford to take money from you which I have not earned. So, if you are willing, we will cancel the contract now.' At that time, over \$21,000 was yet to be paid under the agreement in the course of a number of years, and Dr. Talmage was willing to call it square. Fortunately, I saw my way clear to continue the agreement, which, after numerous renewals, remained in force until it was terminated by his death. I cite this instance out of many to give an insight into his sense of fairness and his generosity.

"No man could be more affable and approachable than was Dr. Talmage. At work at his editorial desk he would always take time to shake hands and exchange a word with many people who asked to meet him. And as for autographs, he wrote them in quantities innumerable.

"All that was mortal of our good friend now rests in Greenwood, but his spirit lives, and his influence will survive him for generations to come.

"A prince among the princes of Israel he was summoned to his coronation."

When Dr. Klopsch had finished his estimate of his friend, I said: "Between twenty-five and thirty years ago I first saw Dr. Talmage. I went from Salem, Indiana, where I lived, down to Louisville, Kentucky, to hear him lecture. For an hour and a half he entranced me. His wit and humor were side-splitting, and his pathos forced the tears in spite of themselves. His description of Nature, its beauties, its sublimities was so perfect, his knowledge of human nature was so keen, his hits at the weaknesses and faults of men were so hard and yet in such a kindly spirit, his imagery was so gorgeous, his delivery so dramatic, his eloquence so thrilling, his enthusiasm so impetuous and overmastering that I left the hall completely captured by the man. In after years it was my fortune to enjoy his acquaintance and friendship. The last time I met him was in this room a few months ago. You remember, perhaps, how jolly he was, how hard he laughed and how he made us laugh, and how serious he became as he spoke of the martyr McKinley, and of the supreme value of faith in God, love for fellow men and hope of immortality. After a life of usefulness and of honor the soldier of the Cross has passed from the labors, conflicts and victories of earth to the rewards of heaven."



THE TWIN GRAVES OF THE MOUNTAIN

IN the early days of gold gathering amid the hills of Montana, two famous miners worked as partners in the Laughing Mist Gulch. They answered to the names of Old Reliable and Pansy, the latter had come to the Silver Bow district with a wife, and a little child, whom the rough miners named "Pan," whom they claimed as their mascot, and whom they were wont to have put her hand upon the gravel as they shook their treasure pans, believing there was luck in her gentle touch.

Old Reliable and his partner secured an ample fortune and stored it up in the banks of San Francisco, thinking they would some day seek a more quiet life and enjoy their wealth. When the mother died, the little one became the care of these fast friends; she had been well schooled before entering upon her wild surroundings, and had with her a single book, the Bible, whose sacred truths and loving words she used to read, as evening pastimes, to Reliable and Pansy.

One day, in a hot dispute with a troublesome miner, Pansy was mortally wounded, and the murderer was at once hanged to the nearest tree. After that the girl and Old Reliable made up the family, and every night at the setting of the sun, in deference to her wish, they used to stand on the mountain peak, and say, "Jesus, Master, I believe that thou hast saved me by thy blood." The old man's locks were turning white, but his lips rather than his heart, went through the service to please the little maiden. He came to love her so, that he could endure

sacrifice for her welfare, and, though he was broken-hearted at the parting, she was sent to a school on the Pacific coast, where every luxury surrounded little "Pan." It is said no post ever reached "Silver Bow," without a letter to Old Reliable from the child.

The marksmanship of the old miner was very skilled, but one day the cap on his rifle missed fire, and a marauder, mortally wounded the dearest earthly friend of little "Pan."

Fleet couriers bore the sad news to the nearest telegraph station, and by rapid stages the girl made her way to the dying man. The sun was sinking beyond the western hills as the child burst into the room where the dying man lay, and pressed her lips against his brow, now growing cold. The dying eye caught for the last time the light of earthly sunset; his arm about "Pan's" neck, a smile upon his lips, he whispered, "Jesus, Master, I believe," and died.

"Pan" buried him on Heart's Mountain, looking out upon the western hills, and not long after they buried "Pan" beside him, for her life was short. Ever since, for it was in her will to do it, and the means were plentiful, each day is reverently placed upon these graves a simple cross of flowers, and at the head of these two sleepers is a rock-hewn stone, with this simple inscription in letters of silver and gold, "Jesus, Master, I believe."

Amid all the circumstances and habits of life, for rugged miner or beautiful maiden of the mountain, there is but one means of moral purification and one hope of a blessed future, and that is simple faith in the crucified Redeemer.



PRESIDENT GRANT AND THE BIBLE



HE editor of the *Sunday School Times* in Philadelphia was preparing a centennial number, and wrote to President Grant, asking him if he would send a message to the Sunday Schools of America. The editor received the following reply:

"WASHINGTON, June 6, 1876,

"To the Editor of the Sunday School Times, Philadelphia:

"Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States to accompany your Centennial Number, is this moment received. My advice to Sunday Schools, no matter what their denomination, is: Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this Book are we indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future. Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.

"Yours respectfully,

U. S. GRANT."

It is likely that this message of President Grant will be read to the school children and Sunday School children of the United States a thousand years from now, as one of the most terse and comprehensive expressions of the relation of the Bible to child life and national destiny.



WASHINGTON IRVING ON SPIRIT COMMUNICATION

IN a conversation with Mr. John T. Terry, the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, I said to him, "Did you know Washington Irving?" He replied, "Yes, very well, he was an intimate friend of mine. I was at his house the night he died, not at the hour, but just a little while before. My wife and I were there, and soon after we left he passed away suddenly. My place was near his, and we visited back and forth. I often entertained him as a guest and was entertained by him. From his boyhood he had been very fond of society, and at three score and ten he had not lost his keen relish for it. He had been entertained in the best circles of society in this country and in Europe, and was the ideal gentleman in the drawing-room. There was an irresistible charm about his personality which drew men and women, old and young, to him. I never met a man socially who had such a magical influence over me. One evening there were some guests invited to my house, Irving among the rest. When he came in, he said to me:

"'Have you any safe place, with lock and key, where you can put this package? It is very valuable.'

"I took it from his hand and locked it up. As he started home he forgot it, and so did I. In a little while he returned, greatly excited, for the bundle. Taking it from my hand, he said, 'This is the manuscript of my *Life of Washington*, which I have just finished.'

"I was very ill with pleurisy," continued Mr. Terry, "and Irving used to come over to see me, and sit at my bedside and cheer me. The sunshine of his loving presence was health to my body as well as my soul."

I said, "Mr. Terry, is there any incident connected with your acquaintance with Mr. Irving which impressed itself upon your memory more distinctly than the rest?"

He answered, "There is one that I shall never forget. He was at my house one evening, and in conversation with me he told this story. He said: 'I was in Spain about the time that the question whether the dead can come back to speak to the living or not, was being generally discussed. A dear friend and I talked the matter over seriously, and determined to make a practical experiment to ascertain the fact. We agreed that whichever one should die first should return to a certain place in Spain in disembodied form at a specified time, and the other

was to be there to communicate with him. My friend died first, and at the appointed time, I went to the place selected and, seating myself upon the stone, I waited for him, and I called for him, and I implored him to come and speak to me. But there was no form and no voice, and I made up my mind that the dead do not communicate audibly with the living, for if they could do so, my dear friend would have come to me.' I shall never forget the impressive manner in which he related the incident. There was not a particle of the humor which usually flowed from his lips; there was the atmosphere of another world, which seemed to settle about us as he spoke."

After hearing the incident from the lips of Mr. Terry, I said to myself, "Washington Irving has come back to earth. The Headless Horseman has found his head or sought another churchyard; he is no longer the terror of Sleepy Hollow, the spirit of Irving is now its charm. He hovers over the Hudson, which he loved so well, and over the hills upon its banks which have been consecrated by his footsteps. His voice is echoed in the song of birds and the mirth of children, his beauty is mirrored in the flower-gardens, his love is reflected in the hearts of happy people. He is present in the public library and in the private study. He speaks wherever the English language is spoken. He charms the ear with the melody of his periods, he enriches the mind with the value of his truth, he cheers the nature with his inimitable humor, he clarifies the heart with the purity of his sentiment, he inspires the soul with the loveliness of his personality. Where there is the highest appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the good in literature, the work of Washington Irving will live in the libraries and lives of mankind."



THE EAGLE FROZEN TO THE GROUND



FRIEND, on one occasion, related to me the following incident:

"I once had the very great privilege of listening to a conversation between two American authors—the late E. P. Roe and Julian Hawthorne. They spoke, among other things, of the unjust and harsh criticism to which portions of their work had been subjected. Mr. Roe referred especially to one incident mentioned in his writings, where he describes an eagle, which had been exposed to a storm when the rain froze as it fell, until the bird was so incased in ice, as in a coat-of-mail, that it was not able to fly, and was captured in consequence by some passing wayfarers.


"The incident had been mercilessly criticised as impossible, absurd, preposterous and the like. 'And yet,' said Mr. Roe, 'I have actually seen a bird in just that plight, and it could have easily been captured by any one who did not fear its beak and talons.' Mr. Hawthorne supplemented this statement by saying

that he also had seen a fishing eagle, somewhere on the Long Island coast, in the same helpless condition from the same cause.

"As I drove homeward through the moonlight, I thought how foolish one is to refuse to believe a statement merely because his own experience contradicts it."



THE LOVER'S LOCKET


 HERE lived in Scotland, a few years ago, a little lassie whose parents were debauched; whose home was miserable. She preserved her Christian character and fortitude under the most trying circumstances. All day long she toiled and ran errands, swept the hearth, and tended her younger brothers and sisters. The light of her life was the Mission School hard by, and there she was found, poorly clad, but clean, every Lord's Day.

The good deaconess at this school, noticed that Jeanette always wore a locket. This was passing strange, since jewelry was not to her taste, and her means were scanty, nevertheless, that locket was always on the faithful little heart. Presently, hard fare and brutal treatment did their work, and Jeanette lay down to die. As she passed away, the watchers tried to remove the cherished trinket. She waved them aside. Presently, when Christ had claimed his own, they opened the locket. Nothing was within, no portrait, no memento, save these words, "Whom having not seen we love."

No palace of wealth or culture could produce a more beautiful Christian character than this poor girl from the hovel. Her heart was a locket, richly jeweled, in the centre of which was the picture, the person of her Lord, who was her life, her love. Jeanette's locket with its lovely motto, might be profitably worn by every girl, by every follower of Christ.



CRUELTY TO LIVING THINGS

 NE of the most marvelous creations of Coleridge's genius is his poem, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. It is one of the most fantastic and grotesque poems in the English language. It is almost hideous in its weirdness, and yet contains a most helpful moral lesson. The wedding guest is going to the feast, when he is stopped by an ancient mariner. He unloosed the skinny hand that held him, but the mariner held him with his glittering eye, and the guest listens as passively as a three years' child. Then the mariner recited the tale; how his ship was chased by the winds and waves into the South Sea, followed by an albatross, a bird of good omen. In an unlucky

THE SPEAKING OAK

moment the mariner with his crossbow shot the albatross. The whole universe seemed to sicken at this unnecessary act of cruelty. The wind died down.

“Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink.”

The tongues of the sailors were so parched they could not speak; they merely cast evil looks at the mariner that had caused this woe. Suddenly there appeared in the distance a sail, but it was only a phantom ship, and in despair the sailors, without a sigh or groan, fell lifeless to the deck. The ancient mariner alone was left. In his utter loneliness he tried to pray, but a wicked whisper hushed the thought. For seven days and nights the eyes of the dead men gazed at him and yet he could not die. He watched the water snakes coiling and swimming about the ship.

“O happy living things, no tongue
Their beauty might declare,
A spring of love gushed from my heart
And I blessed them unaware.
Sure my kind saint took pity on me
And I blessed them unaware.
The selfsame moment I could pray,
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.”

That love and the prayer following occasioned a change in his fortune. He falls asleep, and while he sleeps a refreshing rain falls. The lifeless men arise and man the ropes, and the ship passes from the Southern Sea.

“Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Cruelty has in it the seeds of death. Love is life, is life eternal. The dead mariners that lie on the decks of the ship of Zion can be brought to life by love.



WU-TING-FANG ON LINCOLN

THE ninety-second anniversary of Lincoln's birthday was celebrated by the Union League Club, of Brooklyn, by a dinner, at which Wu-Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister to the United States, was the principal guest. His able address closed as follows: "To Lincoln may be applied the words which a Chinese historian uses in describing the character of Yao, the most revered and honored of the ancient rulers of China. 'His benevolence was boundless; his wisdom was profound; to any one approaching him he had the genial warmth of the sun.' When viewed at a distance he seemed to have the mysterious warp of the clouds; though occupying the highest station he was not haughty; though controlling the resources of the whole nation, he was not lavish; justice was the guiding principle of his actions; nobleness was written on every lineament of his face."

Lincoln was a child of America, but he was large enough to become the property of the world. Two Frenchmen were standing on the back platform of a Broadway street car, and as they passed the statue of Lincoln in Union Square, one said to his companion, "Who is this?" and the answer came, "*Lincoln, Lincoln le bon.*" "Lincoln, Lincoln the Good." All nations, all tongues pronounce him Lincoln the Good.



SAVED 3,000 CHILDREN; LOST HIS OWN LIFE

WHEN the Boxer uprising in Peking became so intense that the destruction of every foreigner and native convert seemed a question of but a few hours, Professor James, of the Imperial University, and Dr. Morrison, the Peking Correspondent of the *London Times*, started out to find a place of safety for the native Christians, especially the children of the schools and orphanages. They prevailed upon Prince Su to give up the southern portion of his splendid palace for their purpose. The palace was just opposite the British legation. About three thousand, most of them little ones, many of them fatherless and motherless were marched into this palace and were saved from slaughter. Professor James had just assigned the little ones to the various apartments of the palace which they were to occupy, when a friend said to him that he was convinced that the Imperial troops were in collusion with the Boxers in the uprising. Professor

James said that could not be the case, for Prince Su had assured him that the Government soldiers would never fire on the foreigners. That same afternoon the Professor undertook to return to the British legation by the North bridge, when he was shot and killed by Chinese soldiers. He saved three thousand children, himself he could not save.

Professor James, in providing a place of safety for these little ones, builded wiser than he knew, for we heard Professor Gamewell, who was in a position to know the facts, say that without the possession of the palace of Prince Su, the allied forces would never have been able to hold out against the enemy. Professor James, in his service and death, taught a larger class and sublimer principles than he could have done in his university for a hundred years; he did more for humanity and heaven than if he had lived a thousand ordinary lives.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND DIVINE PROVIDENCE



THE ceremonies at the inauguration of President McKinley and Vice-President Roosevelt were the most magnificent of any ever held in this country. The parade was not as large or imposing as the one in honor of Admiral Dewey on his return from Manila, or the one in honor of General Grant after his trip around the world; but in the beauty of the decorations, in the appearance and skill of the troops, in the multitudes of people present, and in the dignity and impressiveness of the exercises, the celebration surpassed by far any other one of the kind ever attempted in this country. At the appointed time Chief Justice Fuller stepped to the front of the pavilion to the right of the President, the President turned and faced him, and raising his right hand received the oath of office, at the conclusion of which, the Chief Justice opened the Bible in use in the Supreme Court, raised it toward the President's lips, who, bending low his head kissed the book.

The book, it happened, was open at the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, and it is said his lips touched these verses: "He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good; and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." "The wise in heart shall be called prudent; and the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning." The President then delivered his inaugural address, to an audience of thirty or forty thousand which stood in the pelting rain. His address, which was brief, contained two references to the Providence of God, one over the nation, the other over himself. He said, "Intrusted by the people for a second time with the office of President, I enter upon its administration appreciating the great responsibilities which attach to this renewed honor and commission, promising unreserved devotion on my part to their faithful discharge, and reverently invoking for my guidance the direction and favor of Almighty God."

Almost all of the Presidents of the United States have been men of faith and prayer, and in their public addresses have asked the guidance of God in the administration of their office. We recall the words of Major McKinley on this subject in an address at the dedication of a Young Men's Christian Association Building at Youngstown, Ohio, September 6, 1892. He said, "The men who established this Government had faith in God, and sublimely trusted in him. They besought his counsel and advice in every step of their progress. And so it has been ever since. American history abounds in instances of this sincere reliance on a Higher Power in all great trials in our national affairs. We have never had a President from Washington to Harrison who publicly avowed infidelity or scoffed at the faith of the masses of our people."



FELL TO DEATH IN THE ALPS

RECENTLY an English party, composed of Dr. Black, of Brighton; Miss Bell, the daughter of Edward Bell, the publisher, and Miss Trow, the daughter of a London clergyman, led by Leonard Carrel, the guide, were ascending the Matterhorn. They had reached a sublime height, from which the glory of the picture seemed indescribable. While the guide was cutting steps with an ice-axe, Miss Trow turned and exclaimed, "What a view!" As she said this, she slipped, dragging the party down the treacherous surface-ice. The rope broke, and Dr. Black and Miss Bell were hurled headlong 1,500 feet to instant death. Miss Trow and Carrel first fell over an ice ledge fifty feet high. They then slid down a slope less steep, after which, with terrific and ever-increasing rapidity, they shot down the ice ravine a thousand feet. The guide was rendered unconscious, but the relief party from the Hotel Mont Cervice heard a woman's voice from the bottom of an ice gully crying out, "We are not all killed." It was Miss Trow, and she was rescued.

This too venturesome spirit we find also in the moral and religious world. People seem to see how near to the edge of the precipice of moral danger they can go without falling over, and in so doing, they slip into the awful chasm below. In some of the modern amusements, the young interest themselves in the question of seeing how near to the edge of wrong they can go, and still be right. The very proximity of the ground on which they stand, to moral evil, makes it dangerous ground. It is as slippery as ice. The tourists that fell to death in the Alps are illustrations of those who, in the moral or religious world venture too near the edge of wrong, and plunge into the chasm of ruin.

The tourists were fastened together by a rope, and Miss Trow, in falling, pulled the rest down. People have to be careful of their moral and religious conduct, not only on account of their own safety but also the safety of others, for

they are fastened by a rope to someone else and one slip of their feet may drag their companions down. It is the surest plan for the traveler over the mountain to have a wide space between him and the edge of the precipice of wrong.



A FATAL VANITY

ANNIE McLEAN, a young woman of remarkable beauty, twenty-two years of age, lived in the city of Paterson, N. J. Her picture was sent to Buffalo to represent America in a design for the Pan-American exhibition. When she learned that her picture had not been accepted, she became despondent, dressed herself in her finest clothing and committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid. Poor little moth she was! So silly to fly into the flame and be burned. What Annie McLean did the more swiftly and rudely many a young woman, and young man as well, does more gradually and politely, but just as surely sacrifices body and soul on the altar of Vanity. The pride of form or feature, of wealth or station, of birth or attainment, of robes and plumes, and jewels, the overweening desire for the notice and admiration of others, the giving up of the life to the empty vanities of earth, hurt the health and spoil the soul.



PRIDE THAT WENT BEFORE A FALL

AS Xerxes was undertaking an expedition into Greece for revenge and conquest, he asked the advice of some of his leaders as to the wisdom and possible result of his expedition, thinking, of course, that they would agree with him in his intention, and in his contemptuous estimate of the Greeks. Artabanus, his uncle, discouraged the expedition, telling them how powerful the Greeks were, and intimating very strongly that the gods might frown upon the haughty attempt to subjugate them. In his speech to the king, he says, "Seest thou how God with his lightning smites always the bigger animals, and will not suffer them to wax insolent, while those of lesser bulk chafe him not. How likewise his bolts fall ever on the highest houses and the tallest trees? So plainly does he have to bring down everything that exalts itself. Thus oftentimes a mighty host is discomfited by a few men, when God sends fear or storm from heaven, and they perish in a way unworthy of them." Xerxes, angry with Artabanus, said that if he were not related to him he would kill him. As it was, he punished him for his intimation that failure might attend the war with the Greeks. According to Herodotus, the king crossed the Hellespont with more than five million men, and having a fleet of over twelve hundred

ships, and after an unsuccessful war he returned to Persia with his army crushed and scattered and wasted by weapons and disease. In his humiliation he gave himself up to a life of debauchery, and was put out of the world in disgrace by the hand of one of his officers. The prophecy of Artabanus was literally fulfilled that God smites haughty heads to the dust, illustrating the word of Scripture, "Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord: though hand join in hand he shall not be unpunished," and the teaching of our Lord, "Who-soever exalteth himself shall be abased."



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S RELIGION

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who in his writings and life emphasized the gospel of obedience, has given us the following valuable account of his religious experience and faith. He says:

"For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. These kindnesses from men I can therefore only return on their fellow men; and I can only show my gratitude for those mercies from God by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator.

"You will see in this my notion of good works that I am far from expecting that I shall ever merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He that for giving a draught of cold water to a thirsty person should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world are rather from God's goodness than from our merit; how much more such happiness in heaven. For my own part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable, and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

"I have myself no doubt that I shall enjoy as much of both temporal and eternal happiness as is proper for me. That Being who gave me existence, and

through almost three-score years has been continually showering his favors upon me, whose very chastisements have been blessings to me; can I doubt that He loves me? And if He loves me, can I doubt that He will go on to take care of me not only here, but hereafter?"



TAMING THE BRAZEN BULLS

THE Grecian heroes landed at Colchis, where the Golden Fleece, which they sought, hung on a tree. King Æetes was angry because they had come to take the most valuable thing he had in his realm, and calling the leader to his palace told him that the dangers in securing the treasure would be so great that he had better not undertake the task; that, beside overcoming the dragon at the foot of the tree on which the coveted prize hung, he would have to tame two brazen bulls, whose lungs were furnaces of fire, and whose hot breath would burn him to a black cinder, in a moment of time. The young man said he was willing to undertake the task. Behind the king as he spoke, there was a beautiful woman, who was fascinated with the appearance of the young visitor, and, following him into another room, she told him that she was the daughter of the king and an enchantress, and would herself teach him how to tame the bulls.

According to agreement, they met at night on the steps of the palace, and went together to the sacred grove where the animals were kept. She gave him a little gold box of ointment, which she instructed him to smear upon his body as a proof against the fire. He asked her if she was sure the ointment would protect him. She told him she was sure, but that if he had the least doubt about it, or the least particle of fear, he would be certainly slain. He put the substance upon his body, and started bravely for the farthest corner of the field, where he found the animals lying upon the ground. As they saw him, streams of fire poured out of their mouths and nostrils, lighting up the whole field and withering the vegetation about them. Bellowing aloud, they rushed toward him; the heat from their brazen lungs set fire to the tree under which he stood, but he seized them both, and by his magical charm tamed them.

In the conflict with the most terrific spiritual foes; in securing the highest possible prize in life, there is a preparation that will protect the soul from harm. It is the Balm of Gilead; it is the blood of Jesus Christ.

In the conflict with moral evil, the least doubt or fear is followed by defeat. The maiden told the hero that the ointment would protect him from the assaults of the bulls, but only on the condition that he have implicit confidence in its power. The blood of Christ saves the soul, but only when there is the sincerest faith in its efficacy.

A SOUTH AMERICAN STATESMAN ON THE BIBLE



R. MAGNASCO, the Minister of Justice and Public Instructor of the Argentine Republic, received a letter from Rev. William C. Morris, asking him to furnish his opinion on the Bible as an educational force in the country. He sent to Mr. Morris, the following answer:

"When the Romans spoke indefinitely of a city as 'Urbs' it was always understood that they meant the great city, the head of the Old World. The word represented the monopoly of thought by its grandeur.

"Thus also has it happened with the old 'Biblos.' The same antonomasia; the identical monopoly. And in truth, none like the Bible deserves the name of book. It is peerless because of its intrinsic excellence. In its pages throb the teachings of ineffable wisdom; all other books are but amplifications of this book. It is itself the sure way to the attainment of all the greatest human ideals—truth, kindness, and beauty. Its philosophy contains a purity too often forgotten; its morality is the simplest goodness, its art the supreme beauty.

"He who has not read the book will be incapable of experiencing the great sensations of intelligence; neither can he bear upon his soul the marks of the tracks along which men and peoples go most surely to their natural destinies.

"The worship of the Bible is not the worship of the past or of anachronical things, for it is a book which is eternally new and fresh as a perennial spring. And eternal also are its teachings! they come to us from the remotest depths of time; they comfort the present and illumine the future with the pure rays of everlasting light.

"The Book of books deserves to-day more than ever the glorious monopoly of thought. There is no book outside of this book. And those who, through I know not what strange wanderings attributed to the modifications effected by modern civilization, judge of its value merely from the standpoint of bibliophiles, manifest clearly their rashness in so doing; and it is easy to understand that they have never meditated deeply over its pages, nor brought their spirit into the presence of its crystalline founts.

"Our people must be built up with its teaching, and the book must be upon the tables of our homes, and on the desks of our schools.

"The children of ancient Rome learned to spell from the text of their fundamental law—the Twelve Tables. It was not first of all the attainment of literary progress which induced the Roman matron to proceed thus: the children drank in a spirit of truth and justice from among the asperities of that primitive text, as from the jutting crags of the rugged rock the water leaps forth with more transparent beauty.

"Our children should learn to read from the pages of the book; the fountain of eternal health; the key to all progress."

On the receipt of this testimonial, Mr. Morris sent the following reply:

"Distinguished and much esteemed Mr. Minister: I cannot express to you my thankfulness for the very beautiful and most valuable testimony which you have so kindly sent me concerning the educational value of the Bible. It shall appear on the first page of the pamphlet which I am preparing for the press, and which will be published shortly for gratuitous distribution. I will translate it into English, and it will be published in several important papers and reviews of England, Canada, and the United States; and it will be sure to command the attention and receive the favorable comments which it so well deserves.

"When that which you so wisely advocate comes to be an accomplished fact—when the book is the counselor of our Argentine homes, and occupies the place of honor which rightly belongs to it in the Argentine schools—we shall then have commenced to build the greatness of our Argentine nation upon the immovable rock of eternal truth.

"Kindly allow me, Mr. Minister, a moment of frank and sincere intercourse. You have been the first member of the Argentine Executive, from the date of our national independence to the present day, who has had the wisdom and the courage to propose the reading of the Holy Bible in our public schools—I refer to your message to the Honorable Congress dated June 5, 1899—and now you plead with powerful eloquence in this magnificent testimony for the Bible in the home. And this advocacy reminds me of the never-to-be-forgotten privileges of my childhood. I received my first lessons in divine truth from the lips of my dear father and mother—who years ago finished their earthly pilgrimage—and the reading of a passage from the Bible, a short explanation of the paragraph read, and a prayer—that is to say, family worship—marked the beginning and the close of each day. Such teachings and examples can never be effaced from the spirit of the child.

"If I might be permitted to do so, I would beseech you, in the name of the sincere affection which we profess for the Argentine people, to urge forward this propaganda in favor of the Bible which you have initiated. This cause, of which you are the leader and defender, will triumph. Its triumph is inevitable; and on this triumph depends the complete freedom, the true progress, the abiding strength, and the lasting greatness of this great nation.

"Again I thank you most heartily for this beautiful testimony, and I will entertain the hope that during long years your gifted mind may be consecrated to the work of proclaiming these profound truths, for the saving and the ennobling of this young nation.

"I salute Your Excellency most respectfully, and praying that God may preserve you for many years, I have the honor to subscribe myself your obedient servant.

WILLIAM C. MORRIS."

La Tribuna adds these comments:

"It is of the greatest importance to the Argentine people that a statesman occupying the position and enjoying the prestige which belong to Dr. Mag-nasco should thus have placed himself at the head of a movement fraught with such beneficent and far-reaching consequences. The Minister has met, and will meet, much opposition from those who fear the propagation of Bible truth, but he has shown already that he has the courage and the strength to stand alone and defend with decision and ability a cause to which he is committed. May he prove to be a valiant national leader in the cause of educational, moral and religious reform; for in this work he can confer the greatest possible blessing upon this country and nation."

Such a testimonial from such a source is one of the most remarkable trib-utes to the value of the Bible in national development and happiness, which has ever come under our eye. If such plans for State building can be carried out, the Argentine Republic bids fair to become one of the most prosperous and happy nations upon the earth.



LINCOLN AND THE BIBLE



ONE of the most beautiful stories of the Civil War has been told by a wounded Confederate soldier boy. It is as follows:

"In the summer of 1862 I was with General Lee's army on its march into Maryland. We had a rough time before we crossed the Potomac, and much worse after we got on this side. At the battle of Sharpsburg my regi-ment, the 10th Alabama, suffered heavily in killed and wounded. Among the wounded of Company K was myself. I was supposed to be mortally wounded and left on the field, and consequently fell into the hands of the Union forces. As I lay suffering from pain, and being very weak from loss of blood, and wishing that death would come to my relief, a gentleman dressed in citizen's clothes came up to me, stooped over my almost lifeless body, and in a gentle voice said, 'My lad, you are very young to be in the army. How old are you?' 'I am sixteen, and am dying. Will you be kind enough to send this Bible to my mother?' I drew the book from my pocket and gave it to him. He said, 'Your mother shall have this Bible, and you shall take it to her.' On the fly-leaf was written my mother's name and address, with the following lines underneath, 'Will some generous foe please return this book to my mother and give this body Christian burial?' He asked my name and command. I said to him, 'My name is Darby, Company K, 10th Alabama.' As the stranger turned to leave I called him back and asked him to please give me his name, as I did not wish to

die and never know who to thank for such kindness. 'You will not die, my lad; take courage, you will be cared for,' were his words. 'My name,' he said, 'is Abraham Lincoln.' When he announced his name it stunned me. I thought, was it possible that President Lincoln would notice a wounded rebel? I will never forget the impression it made on my mind.

"I was taken to the hospital at Frederick, Maryland, where I received every attention that medical skill and careful nursing could bestow to relieve my suffering. After many months I became convalescent. One morning I was called to headquarters and notified that I would be sent the next day to Fort Monroe. You can imagine my delight; my heart leaped into my throat; the night passed wearily away, but I was cheered with the hope of seeing the dear ones at home. I was anxious to see what the next day would bring forth. As I was about ready to leave for Baltimore the officer handed me a small package. After I had started on the journey I unwrapped the covering of paper and found it was my Bible. In turning over the pages I found a card in the book, with the following written on it: 'Take this Book of God to your mother. A. Lincoln.' The card was in the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, and the 1st, 13th and 14th verses of that chapter were marked in pencil with the letter 'L.' The first verse read thus: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them'; 13th, 'Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man'; 14th, 'For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.'

"I devoted my time on the trip to Baltimore and Fort Monroe committing to memory the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, which I have never forgotten. When I reached home I told the story of my captivity, and how kindly I had been treated by the enemy. They were not disposed to give my statement the proper credit. I produced the Bible which mother had placed in my pocket when I started to the army nearly two years previous. I turned it over to her, as President Lincoln told me I should do, just as I received it from the officer at the hospital. She was not long in finding the card and the marked verses.

"'Ah,' she said, 'my son, let these verses ever be your guide, both in war and in peace. This precious book saved your life.' I have tried to live up to the teachings of that Bible and the verses designated by the hand of the great Lincoln. I taught it to my only son as a maxim to pilot him through life, and made the same request of him that my mother did of me."

The Bible, *Æsop's Fables*, and *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress* were the three books Lincoln's mother gave him, and they composed his library in his cabin home. He learned them almost by heart. About all of his messages and public addresses delivered while he was President, contained some quotation from the Holy Scriptures.

IT IS FINISHED



HE Venerable Bede, the Father of English history, lay dying in his monastery at Jarrow, in the year 735. Great and many had been the works of this good priest, but the effort on which his heart was most earnestly set, was the translation into the common language of the four Gospels, and now when the pangs of death were lacerating his body, the last Gospel was yet unfinished.

The monk, feeling his end rapidly approaching, hastily summoned his scribes, and bidding them write with speed, began to dictate the translation with feverish haste. Swiftly flew their pens, but death moved swifter, and when the last chapter of the Gospel of St. John was reached, the pens were forced to cease from their writing; for the monk's lips were silent, as his thoughts were taken up with the death struggle raging within him.

Despite the sorrow of his disciples, the zeal of one overcame all other emotions, and he softly whispered:

"Dearest Master, there is yet another chapter wanting; will the trouble be too severe?"

The dying man roused himself; his indomitable spirit asserted itself even in the face of death, and he answered in feeble tones:

"Trouble there is none; take your pen, prepare your parchment and write fast."

Again the pens work rapidly; no other sound disturbs the chamber of death save the low voice of the dying man dictating the words, and the scratching of the pens.

For a time the soul is superior to the weakness of the flesh, and the work progresses rapidly, but again the power of dissolution makes itself felt, and the voice of the priest once more becomes silent, as he leans back from exhaustion. But the task is not yet completed, and fearful of losing the knowledge of his master, the disciple again says softly, while the tears roll down his cheeks:

"Dearest Master, there is yet one sentence unwritten."

There is a short struggle, and the will again proves its power, and the priest, with faltering accent, says:

"Write quickly."

The sentence is finally completed, and as the last words fall from his lips, the scribe exultantly exclaims, "Master, it is finished." A happy smile illumines the countenance of Bede, as he replies:

"It is well; you have said truly, it *is* finished; bear me in your arms and set me before the place at which I was wont to pray."

Tenderly the monks carried him to the spot, and then, while they lifted up their voices in "Glory to God the Father, to the Son and to the Holy Ghost," the good Bede died, even while they were singing.

The Great High Priest, after having offered Himself as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, on the cruel Cross, hung in inexpressible agony, until He had drunk to the dregs the last drop of human guilt and human woe, and then said: "It is finished," and gave up the Ghost. It was finished, the last word of the law and the Gospel was fulfilled, the last and only possible thing that could be done for the redemption of the world had been done, and, having finished His mission, He went back to His Father's throne to make continual intercession for men.



BIG-HEARTED GENERAL LEE

WHEN General Lee had been informed by General Gordon that his army had been wasted to a fragment, and that he could no longer resist the enemy, Lee said, "There is nothing left but to go to General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths!" and then, for the first time during the war, he sank into a fit of deep despondency in which he said, "How easily I could get rid of this, and be at rest! I have only to ride along the line, and all will be over!" He was silent for a short time after uttering these words, then, with a heavy sigh, added, "But it is our duty to live." After the surrender, however, he set himself cheerfully to the task of filling out, with usefulness and honor, the days that remained to him. He, who during the war had never been heard to say an unkind thing about the Northern people, after it did everything in his power, by precept and example to allay sectional bitterness and encourage loyalty to the Government of the United States. While he was President of Washington College—which position he accepted at the close of the war—a woman, whose husband had been killed in the Confederate army brought her two sons to him. Thinking she would have a listener in sympathy with her, she indulged in a bitter tirade against the North, and to her surprise the General gently said: "Madam, do not train up your children in hostility to the Government of the United States. Remember that we are one country now. Dismiss from your mind all sectional feeling and bring them up to be Americans."

With this freedom from bitterness, his spirit went a step farther in its superb magnanimity as illustrated in this incident, told by a gentleman of the North:

"One day last autumn, the writer saw General Lee standing at his gate, talking pleasantly to an humbly-clad man, who seemed very much pleased at the cordial courtesy of the great chieftain, and turned off, evidently delighted, as we came up. After exchanging salutations, the General said, pointing to the retreating form, 'That is one of our old soldiers, who is in necessitous circumstances.' I took it for granted that it was some veteran Confederate, when the noble-hearted chieftain quietly added, 'He fought on the other side, but we must not think of that.' I afterward ascertained—not from General Lee, for he

never alluded to his charities—that he had not only spoken kindly to this ‘old soldier’ who had ‘fought on the other side,’ but had sent him on his way rejoicing in a liberal contribution to his necessities.”

A man of such mental ability, such military genius, such religious devotion, such kindness of spirit, such magnanimity of soul, will have a permanent place in the respect and affection of all true Americans.



BENJAMIN HARRISON AS A LAWYER

BENJAMIN HARRISON, like so many of our Presidents was born in Ohio. His great grandfather was thrice Governor of Virginia, and voted for and signed the Declaration of Independence; his grandfather was Governor of the Territory of Indiana, United States Senator and President of the United States, and his father was a Democratic politician, a Congressman from one of the districts of Ohio. The rough cradle in the log house that held Benjamin Harrison was the same kind of a one that rocked Lincoln and Grant. His parents were ambitious for him and sent him to school and college. He began the practice of law at Indianapolis. He volunteered in the Union army, and was made a brigadier-general for bravery and ability on the field after the battle of Peach Tree Creek. In 1876 he was defeated for the Governorship of Indiana, in 1881 he was elected United States Senator, and in 1888 to the Presidency.

Mr. Harrison was physically low of stature, but mentally and morally he towered head and shoulders above most of his countrymen. His intellect was of a superior order, remarkable not so much for the pre-eminence of any one faculty as for the symmetry and vitality of them all. His strong and evenly balanced mind was polished into comeliness and sharpened into efficiency by the schools and by the discipline of his profession. The great success he had in the profession of the law was in itself a high tribute to his intellectual ability. He was the ablest lawyer west of the Alleghanies, and was perhaps one of the three or four greatest lawyers in America. W. P. Fishback, his old law partner, who died a short time before he did, wrote: “General Harrison possesses all the qualities of a great lawyer in rare combination. He prepares a case with consummate skill; his written pleadings are models of clearness and brevity; he is peerless as an examiner of witnesses; he discusses a legal question in a written brief or in oral argument with convincing logic, and as an advocate, it may be said of him that when he has finished an address to a jury nothing remains to be said on that side of the case. I have often heard able lawyers in Indiana and elsewhere say that he was the hardest man to follow they had ever met. No lawyer who ever met General Harrison in a legal encounter has afterward placed a small estimate upon his ability.”

WANG CHENG PEI'S BEAUTIFUL DEATH



EV. F. G. GAMEWELL, as he was hurrying to the important work to which he had been assigned in the siege of Peking, saw men carrying a native Chinese on a stretcher. The man had fought bravely and had received a mortal wound. Professor Gamewell discovered that it was a personal friend, a missionary, Rev. Wang Cheng Pei, pastor of the Methodist station at Fei-Cheng, in the Shaw-tung District, who had come up to Peking to attend the annual session of the Conference. Thirty years before he had wheeled his aged mother four hundred miles in a wheelbarrow to Peking, to give her the advantages of Bible study and Christian preaching. Professor Gamewell expressed deep sorrow at the fate of his friend, who answered, "Pray for me. It is all well. My body is in great pain, but my heart has great peace." The prayer was offered at the side of the stretcher while shot and shell were falling thick and fast. And then the man who prayed rushed away to fight, and the one for whom he prayed passed to his reward. Death, however suddenly or savagely it may come, will find the true Christian ready. Death is not an enemy, but a friend to take the true Christian warrior to his palace and his crown.

"Thy Saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die."



THE PRINCE AND THE CHILDREN



REDERICK III. of Germany, was passionately fond of his children. He mingled in their sports, and romped with them through the palace. One day a visitor, calling for alms, found the Prince on his back, in the middle of the floor, his children on him, trying to hold him down. Turning to the visitor, he said: "You see I have a large family; they have ravenous appetites and are breaking me up. How can I help you?" This he said in fun, for he was full of play, but the next day he saw to it that the cause presented received a generous contribution. He was conducting a grand parade one day, when he saw a poor little girl trying to see the soldiers, but failing because those in front of her were so thick and so tall. He rode near to where she was, and ordered a soldier to give her to him. And he lifted her up and placed her in the saddle in front of him and rode along the lines that she might get a good look at the soldiers. What a beautiful picture! Worthy to be put on canvas, or to be cut in marble for the eyes of the ages—a great general, with shoulders strong enough to hold up an empire, with spirit tender enough to carry a child of poverty in his bosom.

MEETING AFTER THIRTY YEARS OF ABSENCE



WAS invited to speak, one Sunday afternoon, at the Young Men's Institute in the Bowery, New York City. The room was full of young men. The Scriptures were read by the chairman of the Devotional Committee; beautiful music was rendered; and earnest prayer was offered. I spoke about twenty minutes on the religious privileges and duties of young men, urging them to be charitable with their fellow men, and especially to try to bring some soul into the Kingdom of God. At the conclusion of the remarks, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man arose, and addressing the one who had charge of the meeting said, "With your permission I should like to relate an incident which illustrates the lesson of this hour's message. In a certain college were two young men near about the same age, their fathers were both lawyers, had both been judges, and were themselves friends. These two students were in the same department in college; were in the same class; boarded with the same family, and slept in the same bed. They became very closely attached to each other. One was a Christian; the other was not. The one who was a Christian never spoke to the other on the subject of religion, until one evening as they were about to retire for the night, he said, 'Frank, I have often felt it my duty to speak to you on the subject of your soul's salvation, but have never quite had the courage to do so. Do you not think it is about time you were becoming a Christian. It seems to me you ought to consecrate your young life to the Master, besides, Christ can do so much more for you than you can do for His cause.' The young man replied, that he had often thought he ought to enter upon a religious life, and intended, some day to do so. The room-mate answered, 'Why not here and now.' The other said, 'I am willing to do so.' Both kneeled by the side of the bed, and prayed the prayer of faith, which was answered by the conversion of the one who sought. And next to the joy of the one who was saved, was that of his mate who had led him into the light. Soon after, these classmates parted, and strange to say, for thirty long years neither ever saw the face of the other, nor had a line of communication with him. This afternoon they have met. I am the one who was converted, and the room-mate who brought me to Christ is the minister who has addressed us this hour. I came East to finish my college education, and settled in my profession. I lost sight of my friend; did not know that he was in the ministry. I knew that he had another profession in view, and supposed that he was following it. I saw in one of the New York papers, that a person bearing the same name as my old classmate was to speak here this afternoon, and I came over from Brooklyn to see if it was the same man." Having made these remarks the visitor sat down. I could not believe my eyes, and could hardly believe my ears, for the boy with clear complexion, and red, rosy cheeks, had become the mature man, with beard all about his face; with only here and there

a hint of his former features. He had become an officer in one of the leading Congregational Churches of the country, and a physician of skill and reputation. I went down into the Bowery, simply to talk to the young men about Christ; I had the added joy of renewing the friendship of my old room-mate.

We never see one-half of what we do; there is a larger harvest from evangelical seed that is scattered than one would think; there is a greater reward to an effort to save souls than one would imagine. If we shall only embrace one opportunity out of a hundred presented to us; if we shall only bring to Christ one out of a score whom we might save, our crowns at last, through grace divine, will be studded with jewels. And, under the shade of some tree, or in some garden of flowers, or by the side of some fountain in that other world, persons whose faces we had forgotten, or had never known, may say to us "by some word or petition or act, you brought me to the Cross and to this beautiful heaven."



PAGANS AND CHRISTIANS PRAY FOR EACH OTHER

MRS. McKINLEY, who accompanied her husband and the members of his Cabinet on a tour of the West, became dangerously sick in California. Her life was in the balance, and earnest prayers were offered for her restoration. Heathens, as well as Christians, united in their petitions for her recovery. The following wonderful and beautiful request, that the Chinese of San Francisco prayed for the recovery of the President's wife, was published in the *Ching Sai Pat Vo*, the Chinese daily paper of San Francisco:

"It is our custom that each householder erects within the living room of his residence, however humble the home be, a shrine before which he may worship after his own faith. We request that, this night, the elder of each and every Chinese family pray fervently and tenderly to the Creator to spare and restore to health the wife of this great man, the heart of his heart, for whom he has shown a devotion which must excite the admiration of every true-hearted man, be he Christian or pagan. We may differ materially in our religious faith; and, because of thousands of years of training, it is sometimes difficult for us to agree on certain ceremonial laws; still, our love for those whom we have taken to our hearts is identical, and the same tender love for wife and family is common to all mankind. Our sympathy for the President is as sincere and as intense as it could be were it expressed by his own people."

This request for prayer astonished us greatly, as we were not aware that the Chinese people entertained such a distinct faith in the existence of the Supreme Being, or of his willingness to hear and answer prayer. Confucius, who thought that the gorgeous Oriental mind had given undue emphasis to the spiritual and eternal, paid almost no attention to them in his teachings,

insisting that to meet obligations with reference to this world was the whole duty and reward of man. He taught rigidly the sacred relations of ruler and subject, parent and child, of husband and wife, of brother and sister, and it would be perfectly natural for the Chinese mind to be profoundly impressed with the sorrow of the great ruler of the great nation for his beloved wife, and his unceasing devotion to her. It is likely that the nearness of these Celestials to our western civilization gave them a spiritual light which Confucius did not have, which prompted them to cry out to a personal God.


The tender sympathy of the universal heart and its instinctive cry to the Supreme Being for the help of another, is also similarly illustrated in the prayer of the missionaries and the native Christians for Li Hung Chang when he was so dangerously wounded by the assassin's bullet in Japan. The Earl wrote a public letter, in which he expressed his belief that the prayers of the Christians for his restoration had been heard, and that God had spared him to do some good in the world. And, during his visit to this country, when the representatives of the various missionary societies called at the Waldorf Hotel, New York City, and presented to him an address, which was handsomely engrossed in a black sealskin portfolio lined with red, he made a beautiful answer, closing with these words:

"I have to tender in my own name my best thanks for your most effective prayer to God to spare my life when it was imperiled by the assassin's bullet."

In this acknowledgment, Li Hung Chang, as well as the California Chinese, went farther than Confucius in his belief in a personal God, who hears and answers prayer. The Hindoo mind seems to be moving toward Christian faith. May it not be possible that the Chinese mind, so stationary for four thousand years, is now taking a step or two at least toward Christ?



AN OLD MAN SCATTERS FLOWERS OVER SOLDIERS' GRAVES

HE Decoration Day of 1901 fell on Thursday. At our prayer-meeting service that night, an old man arose and said: "For seventy-five years I have been traveling on the Christian road and I am not tired of the journey. I regret my mistakes and sins, but rejoice in Christ's love which has been so constant, and whose arm to hold me up has been so strong. This afternoon I took some flowers to the cemetery, and scattered them over the graves of the dead soldiers; all the time that I did so, I thought of my own little boy, who was shot to death in the battle of the Wilderness, and whose body lies unmarked, down in Virginia. With his uniform, soaked in his life-blood, as his only covering, they put him, with hundreds of other dead soldiers, in a long

trench, and threw a little dirt over him. I knew no one would put any flowers over his dust, unless the kind Father would allow some wild flowers to grow there. My heart seemed to fly away to the Wilderness, and to find the unknown grave; and as I scattered the flowers this afternoon, some seemed to fall on the resting-place of my little boy. He was only fourteen, and so fair and lovely and promising. I'm in my ninetieth year, and will soon be gathered to my fathers, and will meet the loved ones who have gone on before me, and I will have my little boy again, who fought and died for his country."



LINCOLN'S MAGNANIMITY



I CALLED at the office of a daily newspaper in Newark, N. J., one morning and asked to see the editor, Mr. Noah Brooks. He came out, and invited me into his sanctum. After begging his pardon for intruding upon his busy hour, I said, "Mr. Brooks, I understand that you were the editor of a newspaper in Illinois, and that you were an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln." "Yes, that is true," he answered. I said, "Mr. Brooks, would you relate to me some incident illustrating Mr. Lincoln's magnanimity?" "There are so many I could give you," he said. "Take this one. There was quite an organized opposition on the part of the radical wing of the Republican party to Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency for the second term. Among the leaders was a John Wilson. His friends caused a change in a department at Washington to make a place for him, a place as Third Auditor of the Treasury. The orthodox Republicans were disgusted at the insolence of himself and his friends in applying for the position after his hostility to the President. I myself went to the White House to protest against his appointment. As I entered the door, I met Wilson and two friends coming out in great glee. I went in to see the President and he, noticing the disappointment in my face, said, 'You do not look pleased,' 'I am not,' I said. 'Is not Mr. Wilson an honest man,' asked the President. 'Yes,' said I. 'Is he not competent?' 'Yes, I understand so.' 'Would he make a good Third Auditor of the Treasury?' 'Yes, I presume he would.' 'Then I think that settles it. I do not allow any personal ill-treatment to affect my official administration.' Then he went on to say, 'When Moses was on the Mount receiving the law of God, Aaron made a golden calf and caused a bolt in the camp. When Moses came down he was very angry, but Aaron got his commission all the same,' that was the way he had of telling me he had given Wilson his commission despite my anger."

How few in life will forget an injury, or fail to punish an enemy if the opportunity shall offer. A man must be pretty close to the heart of the Christ to reward an enemy.

HEROIC CARE FOR INSANE RELATIVES

RIDING along a country road with a gentleman, recently, he said to me "That little, low, old-fashioned farmhouse has quite a strange history." On asking what was peculiar about the place, he continued: "A brother and sister live there. He is deaf and dumb and insane; he has a huge body, but short legs, and crawls on his hands and knees like an animal. She devotes her whole attention to caring for him. For many years, another sister looked after the farm, while she cared for him, but at the death of that sister, the care of both the farm and the brother fell on her. She could have sent him to an asylum; she could have accepted offers of marriage, but she did not do so. This poor, disgusting animal who, at times, acted like a dangerous beast, was her brother, and she loved him; and, for forty long years she has done almost nothing but wait upon him."

I said to the gentleman: "The incident you have related reminds me of another. I have a friend, a merchant in New York, whose only daughter was comely in appearance, bright in intellect, quick at her studies, and singularly proficient in her music. Her reason slipped from its throne, bringing a dark shadow over the home. For many years the mother has lived for her afflicted daughter, her whole existence has been bound up in her child's welfare. The father treats the daughter just as though she had all her mental faculties, only a little more tenderly; he takes her riding with him through the parks, and pleasant driveways and speaks sweetly and lovingly to her, as though she had her reason. They sent her away to a private sanitarium, but being home-sick without her, and feeling that, perhaps they could do as well by her, if not better than anyone else, they brought her back home, resolving that, if it took every moment and ounce of strength, their house should be her home. Every day, through these many years, they have prayed, and looked for a return of her reason to its throne; but she is so far along in years now, that it is not likely that their hopes will ever be realized. But the example of their parental love and heroism will be more valuable than a dozen ordinary lives.

"Another incident, similar to these two, occurs to my mind. The wife of a prosperous business man in Brooklyn became suddenly insane. Although her reason was entirely gone, she was not dangerous, and he determined to make his own house a sanitarium for her. As it would require one person's time to care for her, he determined to be that person. He sold out his business; invested his money wisely so that its income would support him, and devoted his whole life to caring for his afflicted companion. For twenty-five years he scarcely ever allowed her to get out of his sight. His love for her was so intense, that his slavery through those years was his greatest delight. She sickened and died, and he pined, like a lonely mate, without her. One morning, coming from the provision store on the corner, old and infirm, the trolley-car caught

him, and wounded him so that he died. I was called to attend his funeral, when I was made conversant with the facts which I have just given you. If the man had lived to be as old as Methuselah, and had accumulated in his business the wealth of a Cræsus, he could not have as much of real life as he had in the twenty-five years of devotion to his afflicted wife."

Can there be any earthly thing more beautiful than the constant, heroic love for companion, child, parent, brother, or sister? This love, however unselfish or undying, is but a hint of the love of the Infinite Father, for His afflicted children. However great may be their moral disabilities, however deep they may have plunged into the mire of bestiality, however wild may be their spiritual insanity, He does not cast them from His heart, but loves them the more, because there is the deepest affliction and moral distemper, and the greater need of His help. The love of the sister, parents, and husband, for their afflicted loved ones, was beautiful in the comfort which was afforded the unfortunate, and in the splendid discipline of character to which they themselves were subjected; but as a curative agent, it was powerless and hopeless. But the love of God in Christ, is remedial. It lifts the crawling brute from his hands and knees into superb manhood; it cures the spiritually insane, it brings them to their senses. In all this sin-cursed earth, there is not a raving moral maniac who is incurable, if this Love be sought.



ANTS TURNED INTO MEN



AMONG the many impressive stories of the Ægean shores and sea, is that pertaining to the maiden Ægina, whose name was given to the island on which she spent her days.

According to Grecian mythology, her beauty so overcame the great Jupiter, that he stole her away from those she loved, and on this barren island tried to make her satisfied with his devotion alone. In pity at her loneliness and constant supplication, Jupiter, since this rock-bound shore had no other inhabitants, turned the ants which had their busy life upon it, into men, women and children.


And so out of the sorrow of Ægina, came blessing, prosperity and joy. And this island, once sterile and barren, became a garden of grain and flowers; an elysium of palaces and vine-clad hamlets, and produced a little nation which made joy and goodness pastimes; and which became famous throughout the world for commerce and war. The nation was loyal to Ægina, the Queen, and followed her motto: "If life is not what you yourself had willed it, make it a blessing to another heart."

Many of the fortunes of life come out of its misfortunes. By Divine power

in answer to prayer, sorrow may be turned into joy and defeat into victory. Out of the smallest beginnings God usually brings the most far-searching consequences.




CUT THE ROPE ; SAVED HIS OWN LIFE

N the Alps, Professor Kotula and his brother, were once making the ascent, tied together, but without a guide. The professor, when trying to cross a fissure in the glacier, fell in. The other had only the alternative of falling after his brother and thus sacrificing both lives, or of freeing himself by cutting the rope. He chose the latter course, and the professor was drowned in the torrent below.

It is terrible to have to choose between two courses, either of which leads to sorrow and despair. It is wise to choose while there is yet time, between the course that leads to honor and the course that leads to destruction.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AMONG BIRDS

GENTLEMAN friend, who is very fond of nature, told me the following singular story of a hanging amongst the birds:

“Amid the locust boughs one day, I heard much chirping and whistling; on a near approach I discovered that a score of feathered songsters, seemed making much ado about nothing.

More close scrutiny showed one of the tribe perched in the midst of his fellows, with downcast head and dejected spirits.

What the birds were saying I could not divine, but the pantomime was very real. After a little the magpie chatter was at an end, and the central object seemed more and more broken down and to deserve one's pity.

Two simple winged messengers of the air flew over toward the stables, and soon came back again, bearing with them a long horse-hair of raven hue.

The doomed bird shuddered, but never made any outcry or opposition to the singular proceedings. A strange scene in bird-life followed. The horse-hair was tightly wound around the neck of the quiet fellow and fastened to a twig on the tree, in which the Court had convened, then the bird was launched into the air, every effort to secure a foothold was baffled by a watchful sentinel, and in a little while the wings ceased to flutter, the limbs hung down stiff. The bird was dead, and its executioners flew out into the sunlight.

Next morning the bird still hung there; after that I did not see him.

Why he had won title to a public execution I have never learned; we may

all conjure up different causes, but only the birds who do such things can tell."

It may be that in this incident we have the hint of the great fact of accountability which runs through all human endeavor, which Carlyle calls the shadow of the Judgment Day, and of the penalties of vice which threaten this life and the one which is to come.



THE PRINTING ON THE COTTON POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF

WHEN Daniel Webster was only eight years of age, he entered a country store, near his father's farm, to look at the pretty things, with a view of spending a few pennies that he had saved. He examined one thing after another till he found a cotton handkerchief, with printing on both ends of it. He took the article home, and in the evenings he spread it out on the floor before the fire-place, by the light of which he read the writing on the article he had bought. That writing was the Constitution of the United States. He read and studied it, until he had learned it almost by heart. A writer has said: "Forty years from that time came the great Hayne debate. But I would travel farther to see a master's picture of the lad reading the Constitution, in the rude home on the edge of the northern wilderness, than to see Healy's great painting of the orator in his senatorial debate; as I would go farther to see a picture of the springs of the Amazon, far up under the cold white splinters of the Andes, than the most adequate representation of the imperial river's tropical tide."

Webster as an old man, could be seen on the streets of Boston, wearing his olive-green frock coat, and having about his neck a heavy gold chain, which had been presented to him by the people of California. Upon the clasp of the chain was this inscription, "To Daniel Webster, the defender of the Constitution and the Advocate of the Union." On the receipt of this present, he wrote a letter, which contains this reference to California: "At last we have seen our country stretch from sea to sea, and a new highway opened across the continent from us to our fellow-citizens on the shore of the Pacific. Far as they have gone, they are yet within the protection of the Union, and ready, I doubt not, to join us all in its defence and support. They are pursuing a new and absorbing interest. While their Eastern brethren continue to be engaged in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation and the fisheries, they are exploring a region whose wealth surpasses fiction. They are gathering up treasure in a manner and in a degree hitherto unknown, at the feet of inaccessible mountains and along those streams 'whose foam is amber and their gravel gold.' Over them and over us stands the broad arch of the Union, and long may it stand, as firm as the arches of heaven and as beautiful as the bow which is set in the clouds!"

The impressions of childhood are the strongest, and run farthest through an earthly life. The pocket-handkerchief on the floor may have had much



HE SPREAD IT ON THE FLOOR BEFORE THE FIRE-PLACE

more to do with determining the direction which the future life would take than anyone would imagine. Its threads may have become woven into the fabric of his being; the reading upon it may have become a part of the fibre of his mind. Childhood is the period of greatest susceptibility to influences good and bad; then the nature is like clay ready for the potter; like metal ready for the stamp.

How important it is that the pliant nature should be molded by the Divine hand into the likeness of Our Heavenly Father! How necessary that the image of Jesus Christ be stamped upon the face of the coin! More beautiful than the picture of a boy studying the Constitution of the United States, is that of the childhood of to-day studying the Word of God, whose precepts and principles, and inspiration will lift it up to the highest eminence, and greatest usefulness in this life and in the one which is to come.



BOMBARDED THE HEAVENS IN VAIN FOR RAIN

THE heat was so terrific, and the rains were so scarce in some of the Western States, one summer, that the crops were parched as though they had been in an oven; the thermometer ranging from 100 to 108 degrees. The corn in some places seemed to be cooked on the stalk. Many prayers for rain pierced the heavens. Mr. W. F. Wright, of Lincoln, Nebraska, concluded to relieve their local distress, by bombarding the clouds and making them give down rain, whether or no. From one evening till five o'clock the next morning, with the aid of a force of men which he had secured, he kept twenty-five mortars shooting into the heavens. But the clouds declined to pay any attention to his demands.

The failure of Mr. Wright reminds us of the extra-sensational, extra-businesslike, and earthly methods employed by some evangelists, to bring down showers of divine grace upon the thirsty soil. There are cold-hearted, business-like, noisy, brassy-human instrumentalities sometimes employed, guaranteed to get up a revival at any time, for so many dollars a week. Such agencies cheapen religion and bring the name of revival into reproach. Patent rain-makers, with their extensive artillery, may promise great things, but they cannot make it rain. The parched earth is begging for rain; the flowers are wilted, the corn leaves are twisted, the pastures are brown, the springs are dried up and the thirsty cattle are panting for drink. The rain comes, the garden is painted with lovelier hues, the corn with a darker green, the springs are replenished and beast and man are supplied with drink; there is plenty in the field; there is joy to the farmer. This is the genuine revival; the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Church, like rain on the thirsty ground, calling up the seeds of saving truth into beautiful flowers and luscious fruit—the refreshing from the presence

of the Lord. The earth is parched, the gardens and fields and flocks are famishing for drink. A black cloud promises relief. The lightning flashes, and the thunders roll. The storm sweeps over, the crops are thrown on the ground to spoil; there is not a drop of rain, it is only wind; this is the so-called revival. The blackest cloud, with the reddest lightning and the loudest thunder, but only wind, with damage to field and disappointment to the farmer. These so-called revivals, with the *plus* human and *minus* divine, have wrought such spiritual harm, that some reliable churches are afraid of any kind of revival. Evangelists, like pastors, are of various shades of ability and grace, some advertise themselves like the advance agent of a circus, preach questionable doctrines, exhibit a prodigious ability for numbers in counting converts, complaining of the ministers of the place who do not come under their banner and work with their methods, blessing a town like a forest-fire does a forest; like a hurricane does a fleet. Other evangelists are modest, brilliant, consecrated, affectionate, and bring untold blessings to the Church and to the world.



GOVERNOR ODELL'S INDUSTRY

WITH a few exceptions, no man of his State has ever been promoted in official life so rapidly as Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., the able Governor of New York. He has qualities of mind and of heart which justify his promotion. Like almost all men who succeed he has been a hard worker. I called at the ice office of Newburg, N. Y., and met his father, B. B. Odell, Sr., who began the ice business about forty years ago, and who, by the way, is a politician himself, having filled the offices of Alderman, Commissioner, Sheriff, and Mayor of his city ten terms. I said, "Mr. Odell, I understand that your son, the Governor, for years got up at four o'clock and worked hard till the day's work was done." "Yes, that is true," he replied. I continued, "Can you remember any incident illustrating his fondness for work?" He said, "Yes. One day, Robert Phillips, who kept a store at the corner of Second and Water streets, in Newburg, came to me and said, 'Mr. Odell, you are making a great mistake in allowing your boy Ben to go on the ice wagon. He is not more than fourteen or fifteen years old, and lifting those large cakes of ice will injure him for life, I am afraid. This morning he lifted into my ice-box a piece no one man ought to have handled. I offer the suggestion, not as a complaint, but because I think so much of the boy and do not want him to get hurt.' At the first opportunity I called the boy to me and said, 'My son, Mr. Phillips thinks you are too young to go on the wagon, and that the heavy lifting will injure you. I have been wondering, myself, whether you were strong enough for the work, though you seem to be, and you have insisted all

the time that you were.' The boy said, 'Father, it is kind in Mr. Phillips to take an interest in me, but do not give yourself any worry. I am a boy, but I am as strong as a man, and I can do as much work as a man, and I want to stay on the wagon, and help you drive the business for all it is worth.' I let the boy stay on the wagon, and no harm came to him; he got stronger all the time."

Governor Odell has a strong mind, a liberal education, a good character, is a keen judge of men and has a splendid power of organization, but much of his success can be attributed to his enormous capacity for, and intense love of hard work. The genius for hard work has much to do with success in the spiritual as well as temporal world, in the Church as well as in the State.



HIS WIFE'S FACE IN THE CASE OF HIS WATCH

NAPOLÉON III. had such good luck in stealing the throne of France that he concluded to help himself to all the territory he could lay his hands upon. During the anarchy of the civil war in Mexico, foreign subjects were mistreated and England, France and Spain sent a fleet to Mexico to demand satisfaction. England and Spain were satisfied with the treaty made, but Napoleon left his army in the territory, and in 1862 declared war on the government of Juarez and overthrew the republic. A year after, he persuaded Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, to act as Emperor of Mexico. Having put one hand on so much American territory, he reached the other out after a part of the United States. But for the timely interference of Albert and Victoria, his arrangement with several nations of Europe, to declare war on the United States, and divide up the territory, would have been carried out. The American Government was not so nearly dead as he thought it was. General Grant told Napoleon's army to get out of Mexico, and it got out, and the Mexican Empire collapsed. Poor Maximilian was captured. When he took the throne, he threatened to shoot any who adhered to the republic, and in many instances he made his threat good. The tables were now turned and it was the people's turn to do some shooting, and they condemned him to die June 19, 1867. As the condemned Emperor stood before a file of Mexican soldiers at Queretaro, he took out his watch, which he would never more need, and pressing a spring revealed in its case a miniature of the lovely Empress Charlotte, which he kissed tenderly. Then, handing the watch to the priest at his side, he said, "Carry this souvenir to my dear wife in Europe, and if she be ever able to understand you, say that my eyes closed with the impression of her image, which I shall carry with me above." When the watch reached her it found her insane from her sorrow, and she was under the impression that she was still Empress of Mexico, and

that her husband was away leading a victorious army, and would return to her and his throne. The young adventurer paid for his folly with his life and her reason, but their love for each other was beautiful in the extreme.

Our love for the Saviour should prompt us to keep His picture where the eye will see it most, or better, to keep the original in the locket of the heart.



GRANT AND THE COLT

ULYSSES GRANT, when a boy, took a fancy to a colt in the neighborhood, and begged his father to let him buy him. His father hesitated, but the boy was so anxious about it that he gave his consent. His father told him to get it for about twenty dollars if possible; if not, for twenty-two and a half, and if necessary to go as high as twenty-five.

Ulysses went over to the house of the neighbor, and said, "I want to buy that colt." "What will you give me for him?" The boy replied, "Father said I was to offer you twenty dollars for him, and that if you would not take that to offer you twenty-two fifty, and if you would not take that for me to give you twenty-five." The man smiled as he said, "I will not let him go for a cent less than twenty-five." It was the sting of ridicule that this trade produced that made Grant cautious about revealing the prophecy of military greatness that he had in his bosom. Grant, though passionately fond of horses and a splendid rider, was a poor horse trader, a poor farmer outside of Saint Louis, a poor storekeeper in Galena, Illinois, a poor dealer in stocks in Wall street, but one of the greatest generals the world ever saw. Some are born to make money and some to lead an army. It is important for the individual and for society that each man follow the calling for which he is best adapted.



DRESSED FOR THE KING'S PALACE

REV. WILLIAM S. AMENT, in speaking of the terrible losses sustained by the massacre of native Christians in Peking, and of the heroism of the martyred saints, tells this beautiful incident:

"There was a man named Hsieh, past fifty years of age, who was an opium devotee at the time he was converted. He at once sold his two opium dens, and became a Gospel preacher at his own expense. When he heard that the Boxers were coming for him, he dressed in his best clothes. The Boxers arrived, and hurried him away to the palace of Prince Chuang, who had insisted on having all victims brought before him prior to their execution.


‘Why did you put on your best clothes?’ they asked him. ‘Because I thought I should be taken to the palace of my King,’ answered the staunch Christian. They cut off his head, and then they tore out his heart, to find out, if they could, how he got so much courage.”

It is believed that at least thirty thousand native Christians were killed by the Boxers during the recent troubles in China, any one of whom would have been spared if he had been willing to deny his Lord. That they did not do so, but freely gave up their lives for the One who died for them, is an evidence of the power of our religion, and a new inspiration to those who live to labor in God’s cause, and especially to spread his truth in heathen lands. All of the thirty thousand martyred ones were clad in their most beautiful garments—raiment washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb—as they ascended to the palace of their King. And, robed in the garments of Christ’s righteousness, they are seated with their Saviour on his throne, “heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.”

If the Boxers had only possessed keener eyesight, when they cut out the heart of Hsieh, to find the secret of his courage, they would have discovered Christ in its centre. The secret of every Christian’s courage, service, and victory is the presence of Christ in the centre of his soul.



THE MIMICRY OF LIFE

HE mimicry of life is not so marvelous as the mystery of life. The crowd before the window in New York listening to the music-box which mimics the songs of birds, is attracted by the golden case and the feathered forms within so cleverly imitating the movements of life; and it gazes in rapt admiration at the poses and flutterings of the ingenious toys, marveling at the skill which can produce such prodigies, and speculating about the mechanism employed. But the homely sparrows, chirruping their common notes in the gutter behind the crowd, conceal a mystery far more fascinating and profound. No human being, however learned, ever yet discovered the source of their movements or of their songs. Life exists all about us, and in our own bodies, but we cannot find it. The keenest scalpel is not keen enough; the most powerful microscope fails to discover what it is or where it has its seat. Life is beyond the highest art and the deepest science. “Dead machines survive” the earthly lives of their masters; and a power-loom at Lowell, a watch at Waterbury, a pin-machine at Ansonia, or a phonograph at Orange, may seem instinct with intelligence; but none of them possesses life, and no human ingenuity can impart to any of its creations that mighty and mysterious force.

The ignoble nobleman may practise the arts of politeness without being a

gentleman; the un-Christian may go through his religious observances without having any religion. In the show windows of the church there are some stuffed birds and monkeys who are wound up on springs to perform, who have not a particle of spiritual life in them; and the people know that they are not real.



NARROW ESCAPE OF A MINER



N talking with Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D. D., about providential escapes from danger, he related to me the following incidents connected with his personal history:

“There is an old saying that ‘a man is immortal till his work is done.’ How true this is may be questioned, but it has always been a sort of conviction with me, and I found myself acting upon it as a working faith when I was in moments of peril. During my life as a miner these moments were frequent, for mining is a dangerous business. But I always believed I should live to preach the Gospel; even when I was not yet a Christian, this impression stayed with me. On one occasion, the chain in which I was sitting to ascend a deep shaft, slipped up my body and caught under my shoulders. The caretaker at the surface was absent from the mouth of the pit, and did not hear my shouts as I swung higher and higher yet into space, afraid to let go, and knowing it was certain death to hold on. But the thoughts I have mentioned above flashed into my mind. They took the form of a certain Scripture which says, ‘Thou shalt not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord.’

“While dangling over the fearful abyss, with the slimy fetters, all muddy and damp, slowly moving beyond my effectual grasp, I knew I should not perish. I heard the man return, and the engines were stopped. I was lowered back fully two hundred feet, faint and exhausted, but safe.

“On another occasion, I was sitting under the timbered spaces which uphold the rock and shale roofing the coal. Everything seemed perfectly secure, but suddenly some monition within me said, ‘Get away from here!’ It came so unexpectedly and yet distinctly, it was as though a voice had audibly spoken. I did not obey at first, and tried to reason away my desire to leave. But it would not be put down. More imperatively still I felt, move I must, and I walked thirty feet to the rear. I had scarcely halted, when, without the slightest creak or jar, the whole place caved in. There was running overhead a fissure in the strata which threw all the ponderous mass on the timbers, and they gave way. My faithful horse was buried and killed, and for forty-eight hours the workmen were busy removing the debris. ‘We never hoped to find you alive,’ said one of the miners. ‘Nor should I have been,’ I replied, ‘but for the providence of God.’

"As I reflect upon these and other circumstances of deliverance in my youthful days, I am constrained to believe in the overwatching providence of God."

Almost every minister, man and woman of faith, has had experiences similar to those related by Dr. Cadman.



WHAT A HINDOO GIRL SUFFERED FOR CHRIST

AT a meeting in behalf of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Miss Stevens, a returned missionary, from Madras, India, made an address. By her side in native costume sat a young Hindoo woman of high caste, by the name of Soonboonagan Ammal. Referring to the Hindoo girl, Miss Stevens said, "At ten years of age she was married. The priests refused to let her read the Bible, but insisted that she should keep her eyes and heart upon the twenty-five pictures and fifty images of the gods she had in her room. She said three thousand prayers every day and six thousand on Fridays. Every week from Friday evening at 6 o'clock till 6 o'clock Saturday morning, she stood in the temple before the gods with clasped hands. Young as she was she had made the journey to Benares, and had thrown her father's sacred bones into the Ganges. None of this worship gave her any satisfaction. She became a convert to Christianity by hearing the Bible read. Instantly her family began to persecute her. The girl gave up her home and her treasures of precious stones, and six years ago she walked into our schoolroom in Madras, and said, 'God has sent me as a Christmas gift to you.' The girl's family tried to get the English soldiers to arrest me for taking the child. They offered her the costliest jewels, and a finer house if she would return, but she refused. They now declared her an outcast, and called on the gods to curse her. Then they counted her dead and held a funeral service for her for eleven days. An effigy of the girl was made of the sacred leaves of the Ganges and placed on the funeral pyre. The husband was married to another girl, and the mother went to the Ganges, a journey of a thousand miles, and stood in the sacred river for days to purify herself of the stain of having a daughter become a Christian." After Miss Stevens had spoken, the Hindoo woman arose, and sang sweetly, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee." Then in good English, she spoke briefly, saying, "All I have given up for Christ I count as nothing when I think of what he gave up for me, and of what he has given to me. I love him with all my heart and intend to serve him all my life, and give myself up to the work of bringing the women of my native land to a knowledge of the same Saviour." The sacrifices this Hindoo girl endured for her Master appear in marked contrast to the little so many of us are willing to do or suffer for the Christ who has died for us.

THE KING AND THE ANT HILL

IN the poem of Whittier, "King Solomon and the Ants," we have the picture of the Queen of Sheba and the wise King of Israel, riding in state through the realm. In the path of the company was an ant-hill, peopled with the little insects. The king, by his knowledge of the languages of all, heard the ants complaining that the one whom men called good and great, was coming to crush them under his feet. The king repeated this to the queen, who exclaimed, that such a fate was a happy one, and that no better one need be expected. But Solomon turned his horse aside, and the entire train followed in the path of the leader, curved around the ant-hill and left it untouched. The queen saw the secret of Solomon's greatness in this, and said:

"Happy must be the state
Whose ruler heedeth more
The murmurs of the poor
Than flatteries of the great."

In earlier centuries it used to be thought that the common people were good for little else than to become the slaves of royalty, the conveniences of wealth and the targets of war; that the poor were only ants in their hills over which the wheels of the king's chariot might pass. Jesus Christ effected a wonderful change in the sentiment of the world on the subject. Time was when the object of government was to minister to the rulers, now it is to minister to the happiness and prosperity of those ruled. He is counted the greatest king, who has at heart the welfare of the humblest of his people, who will turn his chariot wheel lest it crush the weakest or smallest of the subjects of his realm.

He is most like his Master, who has the badge of the only real royalty, whose heart is in sympathy with God's dumb creatures and with his poor.



A HERO WITH HIS FACE TO THE FOE

HAVING learned of a medal which, a few years ago, had been awarded to Colonel Thomas W. Bradley, for especial valor under the fire of the enemy, I went to Walden, N. Y., to see the gentleman and learn something about his brave act. I found him in the office of his large knife manufactory, situated on the bank of the beautiful Walkill. He had his coat off, his sleeves rolled up, and a mechanic's apron on, and was as hard at work over his table as any day-laborer could possibly be. I said to him: "Colonel, tell me something about that act of bravery for which you received a Congressional medal." He searched through a dozen pigeon-holes, until he found a bundle of

papers, which he handed to me, saying, "I would rather let others talk about that act of mine, nearly forty years ago, than to do so myself." I took the papers, and copied from them a few facts, which I desired to record. John R. Hayes says: "At the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., on Sunday, May 3, 1863, I was Lieutenant, commanding a company of the 124th Regiment, of Pratt's Brigade, Whipple's Division, Sickles' Third Army Corps. The regiment supported a battery located west of the Chancellorsville House, south of and at right angles with the plank road, and facing west toward Van Wert's farm. It then moved north across the plank road and across an easterly branch of Lewis Run or creek, and in line of battle withstood a flanking assault of a portion of Iverson's Brigade, of Jackson's Second Army Corps of the Confederate Army. The regiment here lost half of its number, killed or wounded, and practically exhausted its ammunition before being recalled to a point on the level, near Chancellorsville House, from which place it charged with the bayonet and retook the position formerly occupied by the battery. Being out of ammunition, and the position being untenable, the regiment fell back, under a galling fire, to just east of the Chancellorsville House, near a new line, to which our Division had been forced. The Confederate batteries were shelling the Chancellorsville House, and raking the plain and turnpike with grape and canister, making the spot a very warm one, and causing the men of our regiment to hug the ground closely. At this time, Colonel A. Van Horn Ellis, of our regiment, was conserved for want of ammunition, and, there being some boxes of it in sight, lashed to the backs of a group of dead mules, distant about five hundred yards to the right front, between the lines, he spoke of making a detail to go for it, but hesitated about doing so because of the hazardous undertaking. Then Thomas W. Bradley, aged eighteen years, a corporal of my command, volunteered for the special service, and divesting himself of his arms and accoutrements, went out between the lines amid a heavy fire of shell, canister, and scattering rifle-shots, across the plain, to where the ammunition boxes lay, and, in safety, returned with all the ammunition he could carry. Thomas W. Bradley enlisted in my Company as a private on August 12, 1862, at the age of only seventeen years. He was seriously wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; was severely wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, and again wounded in the right hip at the battle of Boynton Road, near Petersburg, October 27, 1864."

Lieutenant Thomas Hart, of Company A, of the same regiment, also describes the act of bravery, making this additional mention: "At the hottest part of the return, Bradley was seen to turn, and, facing the enemy's line, rapidly walk backward; being questioned later in regard to this, he replied, 'I felt sure of getting hit, and wanted the stroke in front instead of in my back.'"

Major-General Daniel E. Sickles, in a letter to Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, Secretary of War, dated New York, April 4, 1896, says: "The gallantry and ability of Captain Bradley were well known to me, and were highly appreciated

by his commanding officer, the accomplished Colonel Ellis, who fell at the head of his regiment. The incident of the supply of ammunition obtained by Bradley in the face of a terrible fire from the enemy—the only man who volunteered to get it, was reported to me at the time. It seems to me that this is distinctly one of the signal acts of devotion, courage and heroism, contemplated in the Act of Congress, authorizing these medals of honor, and that Bradley is worthy, both as a soldier and a citizen, to wear it.”

Turning to the colonel, I said: “It is not necessary for you to mention with your lips what you have spoken so eloquently by your action, and while you have such faithful witnesses to speak in your honor.”

I said, “Your regiment was the ‘Orange Blossoms,’ was it not?” He said that is was. I remarked that it was a great honor to have been a soldier in that brave regiment. “How about those wounds?” I asked. “Do they hurt you any?” “Yes, some, but I count it a pleasure and honor to have received them in the defense of my country.”

Getting the ammunition on that bloody field was a brave act, which deserved the medal, but that bravery reached a sublime pitch of heroism when the boy of eighteen, expecting to be killed, turned his face to the enemy, unwilling to be shot in the back.

In the Christian warfare, there are more men of the corporal’s bravery needed—men who will stand up with their faces to the enemy, every time. Satan must certainly laugh in his sleeve at the cowardice of some Soldiers of the Cross, who, at the firing of the first gun of the enemy, take to their heels and leave the field of battle as quickly as possible. “Are there no foes for me to face?”



A HEART BROKEN BY THE HAMMER OF AFFLICTION



WAS once called upon to attend the funeral of a woman, whose husband had a prosperous business in New York. She had a comfortable home, happy children, and the gratification of every earthly hope; she was a true Christian, and after a lingering illness she passed to her reward. Her mother, who was not a Christian, was heartbroken at the death of her child, and as rebellious as she was heartbroken, at the Providence. In my presence, she expressed great wonder that God should take such a creature as her daughter, so valuable in her life, and so much needed in her home; and then she burst into anger, and into open complaint against God, and declared that she would ever after hold a grudge against him. I had never heard such talk before, and the cold chills fairly came over me as I listened to it.

A few years passed by and another sorrow came upon her. She had a son, who was handsome, bright in intellect, kind in heart, and correct in his habits.

He was ambitious to master a learned profession. In order to do so, it was necessary for him to earn the money for his technical instruction, which he did by employment in New York City. On the threshold of his profession, this manly man, splendidly equipped for his life-work, sank down with a lingering disease; and, though he went to the mountains of the far West, and availed himself of every possible remedy, he died. At first, stunned with the grief, the poor mother seemed beside herself in her sorrow, and the wickedness of her rebellion against divine Providence. But this second stroke of God's hammer had done its work; it had broken her heart. She became quiet and resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father. The spirits of the departed brought the heaven they had entered, and the Saviour whose glory they had seen back to their mother, and she gave her heart to Christ; made a public profession of her love for him, and became a devoted member of the church.

Few are as daring in their rebellion against God's dealings with them as this mother, but many find it difficult to submit to the Divine Will, especially when loved ones are taken, but such a surrender brings the sweetest joy on the wickedest life. The hammer of Christ's Cross broke the woman's heart, but the softening of it by the tears was a good preparation



SNAGS AND SUCCESS



M^{R.} EDISON being asked on what lines electrical investigation will be pursued in the future, answered, "On chemical lines decidedly. It is in this direction that a man should work to anticipate the future. The great discoveries of the past have been in the line of chemistry. Chemistry is closely related to electricity, but it is sadly neglected because of the difficulties encountered. I find that electrical investigation is one long course of snags. A man does not have to look out for them; they are always cropping up. There are, I should say, about two hundred and fifty snags to every new fact."

The boy, Thomas Edison, struck one of these snags when the angry conductor threw him off the train, and boxed his ears so savagely as to damage his hearing for life. But he took his chemicals to the cellar of his father's house in Port Huron, Mich., and continued his experiments. The daughter of the local telegraph operator was about to be killed by a train, when the discharged newsboy, at the risk of his own life, rescued her from danger, and the father, in gratitude for the heroic act, took the saviour of his child into his office and taught him telegraphy. With his appetite for chemistry and electricity, he would have struck a wire sooner or later and learned to work it, but it so happened that his act of heroism was his introduction to that wide field where he has wrought such wonders, and secured such benefits for mankind.

The young man, Thomas Edison, struck another snag. While a telegraph operator, in Indianapolis, Ind., he was experimenting with his chemicals, when he knocked over a huge jug of sulphuric acid, which soon eat through the floor and the carpet of the president's room, destroying the furnishings and some of the instruments. He was promptly discharged. The poor young man, on a winter day, in a linen duster and straw hat, started to walk to Louisville, Ky., a distance of more than a hundred miles, where he secured another position as telegraph operator.

All through his life, in the laboratory and in his business ventures, Mr. Edison has met obstacles which have caused him close study, hard work, and much trouble, but he has overcome most of them, and has wealth, honor, and the consciousness of a singularly useful life.

"Two hundred and fifty snags to every new fact," would perhaps be the testimony of the inventors of the world if they were to be interrogated. The snags are the challenges to keener thought and greater labor.

No one succeeds in any occupation or enterprise in life who does not triumph over obstacles, and profit by many failures. The hindrances are the things that give the greatest value to success.

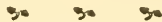
The religious life is full of snags. As Edison says they do not have to be searched for, they are popping up everywhere. Disagreeable, troublesome, even dangerous, though they be, they serve a good purpose or they would not be scattered so thickly in our pathway. They develop caution, wisdom, energy, enterprise, courage and reliance on Divine power. They are the things that make a high type of Christian manhood or womanhood possible. They are the things that make us skillful navigators on the sea of life, and will enable us to appreciate the calmness and security of the harbor on the other side.



CLEVELAND BELIEVES IN THE RELIGION OF HIS MOTHER

DR. JOHN WESLEY BROWN, who died while rector of St. 'Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, of New York City, told me one day of a conversation which he had had with Grover Cleveland while President of the United States. He said that Mr. Cleveland remarked that he had the most unfaltering faith in the religion of his mother, and that he intended to be guided by it as long as he should live. The day he was elected Governor of New York, Mr. Cleveland wrote a letter to his brother, which says, among other things, "I have just voted, and I sit here in the office alone. If mother were alive I should be writing to her. Do you know that if mother were alive I should feel so much safer. I have always thought that her prayers had so much to do with my success. I shall expect you to help me in that way."

In these days of doubt about some of the doctrines of the Bible, it was rather gratifying to hear Mr. Cleveland, in his tribute to Mr. McKinley, express such positive faith in the resurrection of the body. It seems that the theology of his father's sermons, as well as the simple piety of his mother, had made a deep impression on his life. A young man will come out at the end, at about the right place, who will take the Bible and the religion of his father and mother for his guide.



THE CHARITY OF FREDERICK III.

THE sensibilities of Frederick III., not only went out in daily acts of kindness, but they poured through great channels of benevolence, making him one of the great philanthropists, as well as generals and scholars of his country. At his wedding reception, in his father's palace, at Berlin, costly presents came from all parts of the realm. And he took these presents and with them founded hospitals, asylums and scholarships. On the day Dueppel was taken, Frederick's father decorated his breast with the sword of the Red Eagle. But he lost sight of the nation's glory, of his own promotion, in his sympathy for the suffering. That same day, he immortalized his memory by founding the Crown Prince Institute, a school for the instruction of the children of deceased soldiers. Besides, he and his wife gave liberally for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the soldiers that fell in the war with Denmark. At the time all Germany was wild with enthusiasm at the overthrow of Napoleon III., the Crown Prince was thinking of the wounds of the Fatherland. On September 6, 1870, he issued a proclamation asking for an institution for the relief of the sufferers by the war. In 1883, on the occasion of their silver wedding, the citizens of Berlin gave Frederick and Victoria, a vessel containing two hundred thousand dollars in gold, which, like the presents received twenty-five years before, they set apart as an endowment for charities.

It is not a surprise that a man of such affections, and such practical benevolence should be universally popular. His ability and heroism on the field commanded the respect of the soldiers, while his familiar and tender treatment of them won their love. In his love for his soldiers, and in their love for him in return, he was much like Cato, the Younger, whom he resembles in many particulars. Cato's soldiers fairly worshiped him, and when his commission expired, they cried like children and embraced him. And they took off their garments and spread them on the ground to carpet the path of their chief, and tenderly kissed his hand. This affection, the army of Germany always had for Frederick, and at his death he was the pride—the idol of two millions of soldiers. His manliness, his generosity, his distinguished services to the State, made him

as popular with citizens as with soldiers. His love for the common people, his liberal ideas of government, that excited criticism of a small circle of conservatives, aided him greatly in winning the heart of a nation. One of his subjects offered to die instead of his royal master, offered to have his larynx cut out and placed in the neck of his monarch, if by so doing his life could be prolonged. The surgeon replied that such an operation could not be successful, and that the sacrifice would not be accepted. The Emperor was loved by mankind everywhere. He was almost as popular in England as he was in his own country. And the Austrians and French, whom he did so much to humiliate and defeat with his sword, vie with the Germans in regard for his memory.



WHALERS WHO MISSED A VALUABLE PRIZE



N inhabitant of Lemoine, Me., tells the following story:

The fishing schooner, *Squantum*, Captain William Parslow, had come in from the Grand Bank of Newfoundland with cod.

Captain David Parslow, of this port, an ex-whaler, brother of the skipper of the *Squantum* and principal owner, was inspecting the craft after her arrival and in the fo'castle detected the odor of the precious product of the sea, ambergris. He traced the odor to a pair of sea boots belonging to one of the crew, and upon diligent inquiry evolved the fact that, without doubt, at one time on the *Squantum's* last trip a mass of ambergris worth at least \$5,000 was alongside the little old schooner, and was allowed to go adrift because the crew were ignorant of its value, and, furthermore, that a "sample" that had been saved, and that was worth at least \$100, had been used as a lubricant for the boots of one of the crew.

James Perkins, first hand and head splitter of the *Squantum*, tells the following story:

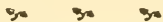
"One night on the Virgin Rocks 'Bill' Jason, who was up in the bow, sung out that there was something drifting down on us. We thought first that it was a dead body or something, but when it came alongside we saw that it was a junk of something as big as a bait cask, or bigger—looked like tallow, only it was a dark grayish color, mottled with white in streaks. It had a powerful smell—sickish, sweetlike.

"We had a line round it and set out to call the skipper, but he was snoozin' and we thought it wasn't best to get him riled up about nothing, and so, after Oliver Eaton had cut out a junk big enough to fill a baking-powder tin, we let the stuff go adrift again.

"Oliver made an awful smell with the stuff a'greasin' his boots in the fo'castle and we made him move them out. Oliver said it wasn't very good

grease anyway—wouldn't give a pint of neat's foot oil for a ton of the stuff."

As they navigate the sea of life, men, either through ignorance or sheer carelessness, are constantly permitting the most valuable prizes to drift away from them, while they spend their time and strength in securing treasures that are trifling in comparison with them. They spend years in search of live whales, which would not be nearly so valuable as the product of the dead one, which they allow to float away from them. They hunt for cheap game, and permit the five thousand dollars' worth of flavoring perfume to pass by them unheeded. Poor human nature is continually preferring the material to the spiritual, the temporal to the eternal.



PRAYER SAVED THE BESIEGED IN PEKIN



FEW times in the history of this world have there been so many or earnest prayers offered to God as those in behalf of the besieged in Pekin. Those within prayed as well as watched and fought, and the civilized world sent up one united prayer for their deliverance. At times the imprisoned ones felt that there was almost no hope for their rescue, and up to the day that help came they did not know what moment the Chinese might make a successful rush upon them, or explode a mine beneath them and send them into eternity. So many providential things occurred during the siege that the Christians came to believe that God would somehow save them. At the time a furious gale was blowing a fire was started that threatened to destroy all the buildings of the legation, and in a moment of time the fierce wind ceased. There were only eight hundred foreigners, and it was seriously debated whether it was safe to share the protection of the legation with the native Christians; but the missionaries were unwilling to be saved and leave the converts to die, and without the help of these native Christians it is likely the besieged would not have been able to hold out. The wells were low, but four thousand drank from them in the daytime, and at night the Lord filled them up so that the next day the four thousand were refreshed again, and the process of replenishing continued till the day of the rescue. There was the unexpected discovery of supplies of food and of material for bags for the fortifications. In these and in many others things God's interposing hand seemed to be so manifest, that the imperilled ones came to believe that God intended to save them from slaughter. During the siege texts of Scripture were used as an encouragement to faith. One day, Mrs. Arthur Smith handed Dr. Martin a text which she said Mrs. Conger had taken from her daily reading as an appropriate one for the day. Dr. Martin tacked it up at the gate-house. It was II. Corinthians 1:8-11. "We would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, insomuch that we despaired even of life. But

we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead, who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us. Ye also helping together by prayer for us, that for the gift bestowed upon us by the means of many persons thanks may be given by many on our behalf."

Christian people throughout the civilized world and many who do not publicly profess Christ, firmly believe that God came in answer to prayer and saved the besieged ones in Pekin.

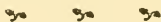


WASHINGTON'S LOVE FOR THE POOR

THE benevolent disposition of Washington was illustrated in a letter which he wrote from his headquarters during the Revolutionary War to the manager of his farms at home. The letter is as follows: "Let the hospitality of the house, with respect to the poor, be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them in idleness; and I have no objection to you giving my money in charity, to the amount of forty or fifty pounds a year when you think it well bestowed. What I mean by having no objection is, that it is my desire that it should be done. You are to consider that neither myself nor my wife is now in the way to do these good offices. In all other respects I recommend it to you, and have no doubt of your observing the greatest economy and frugality; as I suppose you know, that I do not get a farthing for my services here, more than my expenses. It becomes necessary, therefore, for me to be saving at home."

Washington was great as a general and as a statesman; he was greater still as a man, in his sense of rectitude, in his reverence for God, and love for his fellow men.

The poor we have always with us, and there are perpetual opportunities and reasons for practical benevolence.



THE BOY-OFFICER WILLIAM McKINLEY

DR. MARK L. NARDYZ, a retired army surgeon, who lives in Kansas City, Missouri, though an Italian, was given the name of the "Flying Dutchman," by General Grant; as a member of Grant's staff, he showed such courage and swiftness in carrying despatches, that the General called him by that name. While brigade surgeon, Dr. Nardyz saw very much of the boy-officer, William McKinley, and for three years was his intimate acquaintance. He speaks thus of his friend:

"The young major seemed to be very religious. This fact impressed me very much, as well as the deference shown him by the men on this account. In the three years we were together I never saw Major McKinley drink a drop of liquor or heard him use a profane word. That is a difficult thing to do when a man is thrown into the rough life of the army.

"It was not at Antietam that President McKinley distinguished himself, for his regiment had no chance to do anything there. It was at Gettysburg. His name is always associated in my mind with Gettysburg, and a magnificent charge on a stone wall in a hollow before Cemetery Hill. There is where the young, smooth major showed the true qualities of a soldier, and the men who were alive after that charge felt a new regard and increased respect for the man who did not swear or drink, but was as cool and collected as the oldest veteran.

"Our brigade was assigned to the Sixth Army Corps, which was commanded by General Hooker. I will never forget the incidents of the long march from Cincinnati down through Virginia and up into Pennsylvania. That was in 1862. When we started, Colonel Keppler was in command of the Ohio regiment, but Major McKinley, it seemed, assumed the special duty of looking after the condition of the men. He was an ideal officer, calm always, and kindly in his manner. The first real battle McKinley's regiment was in was at Antietam, but for some reason it was held in reserve and did not get much to do. This disappointed the future President. But his turn soon came. Our corps became part of Meade's army, sent to check Lee, who was threatening to invade Pennsylvania. The history of the battle of Gettysburg is well known, but the part of which I remember most was the attack of the left wing, of which our brigade formed a part. I can see the stone wall in the hollow behind which the Confederates lay. The order came to charge, and then the roar was terrific. Sheets of flame came from behind the wall, but our men got over it. Smoke was everywhere, and through it could occasionally be seen the calm, set face of the boy-like major. No excitement or agitation was visible in those features. He was always the same. Colonel Keppler was killed and Major McKinley took command of what was left of the Thirty-sixth Ohio Volunteers. That was not much. The men came from around Canton, Niles, and Cleveland, and many of them fell. This was where McKinley won special mention for his bravery. He became known as one of the most distinguished officers in the Ohio volunteers. His men idolized him."

The home of the boy, William McKinley, had not wealth nor social pretense, but it had things more important—honesty, virtue, affection, moral instruction and religious training. And when the boy went out into the army to meet as terrible temptations as ever assailed mortals, he was enabled to stand firm as a rock, and in all the struggles and temptations which beset a man in political life, he maintained his moral principles to the last. His political ene-

mies, as well as his friends, paying the warmest tributes to the correctness of his habits, to the purity of his life. The boy-major, who stood straight as an arrow before God and man, preserved the same uprightness of character till the assassin's bullet laid him low.

Major McKinley was not only careful of his moral habits, but he was genuinely religious in his soul. He was not ashamed to let it be known to all his comrades in the army that he was a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ and determined to maintain the honor of his name, and to the day of his death he was a brave, loyal and efficient soldier of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

Young men who are looking to success in public life, need not think that it is necessary to surrender principles or yield to the temptations that line so thickly the avenues of political life, or to conceal their religious faith and experience. A firm, religious faith better equips a public officer for his grave responsibility, and a consistent Christian life has a tendency to bring to him increased public favor.



LINCOLN'S LETTER TO A BEREAVED MOTHER



RESIDENT LINCOLN, hearing that a mother had given five sons to the Union army, and that all of them had been killed on the battlefield, wrote her the following letter of sympathy:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1864.

“TO MRS. BIXBY, BOSTON, MASS.

“Dear Madam—I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

“I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which shall attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

“I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

“Yours very sincerely and respectfully, A. LINCOLN.”

The autograph original of the above letter is said to be owned by the London Historical Society, and that it is prized by that organization, not alone for its purity of sentiment, but as a bit of the best English composition known.

Where could human heart seem more tender, or faith in the Divine Heart more strong, than in these lines of the martyred President.

THE BOY WHO COULD SEE NOTHING BUT FLOWERS



POOR clergyman at Rashhalt, Sweden, found himself possessed of a son who was the cause of much grief and great mortification to the worthy man, from his inability and unwillingness to pursue the learned studies then in vogue. Of musty books he would have none; Nature was the only book he would attend to, and botany alone received his earnest attention.

Finding all his efforts useless, the pastor sent his son away to school; but he found to his sorrow, that matters had mended so little, that the teachers advised him finally to apprentice the youth to a shoemaker or tailor, as he would never be fit for anything better.

The discouraged father tried other institutions, but it was the same story everywhere; nothing could be said against the moral character of his son, but he could not acquire any knowledge, except such useless sort as related to plants and flowers and the like, or in poring over such books as touched upon those subjects.

Finally, the father gave up the attempt to educate his son, and we find the latter taking matters thereafter in his own hands, and turning up eventually at the University of Upsala, where he devoted himself almost exclusively to his favorite study. At that period, botany was about the most unpromising pursuit that one could select; indeed, the science was almost entirely neglected, so that during the entire stay of the young man at the college, he never heard a public lecture on the subject. Arriving at the university, the young man studied ardently at botany; all such works as were obtainable he devoured, and then there was the great Book of Nature, everywhere waiting for him. They were very trying times, those, to the youth; he was extremely poor, and suffered from every privation. The pangs of hunger were frequent visitors indeed; for much of this period he was indebted to generosity for food. His clothes were in the most dilapidated condition, and so full of holes were his shoes, that he stuffed paper in the openings to protect his feet. Yet none of these things deterred the student, nor for one moment did he think of giving up his loved pursuit, but in spite of all, the days, and indeed most of the nights, were given up to study, so that each day he was accumulating an enormous store of botanical knowledge.

One day, Celsius, the Professor of Divinity, who was himself somewhat inclined to botany, while walking in the Academical garden, found the ragged student entirely engrossed in examining some plant. Impelled by curiosity, he entered into conversation with him, when he was so amazed at the learning displayed, that he at once took an active interest in the young man; made him an inmate of his home, saw that he was properly fed and clad, and obtained for him employment in teaching some children, whereby his lot was made one of comparative comfort. Nor did the good professor's kindness stop here, he brought

the youth to the attention of Rudbeck, the professor of botany, who soon discovered such excellence in him, that he had him appointed his adjunctus, and he henceforth delivered lectures in the college.

From this point life changed for the poor student; the way indeed was yet far from easy, many difficulties and great trials lay in wait, but the struggling pedant surmounted them all, and lived to see his name—Linnæus—known all over the world as its greatest naturalist. Honors from every nation poured in upon him, wealth flowed generously to him, and every day his reputation so grew, that when his end came, at a ripe old age, as one old chronicler expressed, "he died in a blaze of glory."

There has been this persistency of purpose which made Linnæus so successful, in all those who have rendered signal service, or achieved distinction in the various departments of science. Difficulties that seemed insurmountable have been overcome; repeated discouragements have not disheartened them, but only tended to increase their courage. The difficulties that would have defeated men of weaker wills, were transmuted, by their deep determination, into the instruments of their victory.

Such tenacity of purpose is necessary to success in the religious life. There are lions in the way; there are serpents hidden in every hedge; there are nets spread, and pitfalls dug for the feet, and there is a savage behind every tree. There has to be the strongest and most persistent determination to make any headway, and the strength of the Divine Will also is necessary to make the journey and achieve the victory.

It is a lovely thing to see Linnæus lost in the contemplation of God's beautiful thoughts in the planted realm, and determined to learn the secrets God had ready to reveal to those who should persistently seek them. It is a still more lovely thing to be lost in the Divine personality, by whose word and energy the material things exist, and know the secrets of his heart, which he is willing to communicate to all those who diligently seek them; and to know by blest experience his Son, who is the beauty of all beauties, and the loveliness of all love.



FIELD-MARSHAL ROBERTS HONORED BY THE QUEEN



WHEN Field-Marshal Roberts returned from the war in South Africa, he was received by the royal family and the people of England with honors, such as, perhaps, had not been bestowed upon any military leader since the days of Wellington. The government laid out a most elaborate and magnificent programme of processions and exercises. The royal family took the lead in the reception. At Osborne, underneath arches of flowers and evergreens and mottoes, and amidst the enthusiasm of the multitudes, the hero passed through

the grounds of the palace. After an exchange of greetings, he was conducted into the drawing-room, where Queen Victoria received him alone, and conferred upon him the dignity of an Earldom, and invested him with the Order of the Garter. There had been a vacancy since the days of the Duke of Argyll, and it was universally expected that he would receive the coveted honor. The exercises continued the following day, when he went with a blaze of glory from Southampton to Buckingham Palace. He was met at Paddington Station by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge and Sir John Aird, one of London's twenty-eight new Mayors. The procession moved forward in the following order. The royal personages with their escort of Life Guards, drove a long distance in advance of Lord Roberts, so that the throngs behind the lines of soldiers in the streets might single him out as the sole object of their interest and grateful homage. The Commander-in-Chief was in a carriage with General Ian Hamilton and Kelly-Kenny and Colonel Carrington, and was attended by an escort of thirteen hussars and six mounted Indian orderlies. Lord Roberts' staff and Sir Evelyn Wood and the Headquarters' Staff were behind in carriages with the Secretary of War, Lady Roberts and others. A detachment of hussars brought the cavalcade to a close. Fifteen thousand regular soldiers were employed to keep the populace from crowding the carriages in the parade. Hundreds of thousands of people, wild with delight, lined the streets. They recognized loyally the heir to the throne and his attendants, but when they saw the little man, with brown face, white hair and gray moustache, they gave full vent to their enthusiasm, cheering themselves hoarse. A heavy fog had made it necessary to turn on the city lights at mid-day, and had delayed the procession several hours, during which time the people, chattering and shivering with the cold, persistently held their places in the line; and when the carriage passed that held "good old Bobs," and they had gotten one look at their hero, they said they were paid for all their trouble, and went back contentedly to their homes.

At the royal banquet at Buckingham Palace, the Prince of Wales, proposing the health of the Field-Marshal, said:

"It is my pleasure, on behalf of the Princess and of all the members of the royal family, in the Queen's name, to welcome Lord Roberts home from the distant country where he has commanded our gallant army in very difficult and trying circumstances. We congratulate Lord Roberts upon the success he has achieved and upon seeing him safe back. In the name of all present, I wish to express our delight at finding Lord Roberts accompanied by his wife and two daughters." Lord Roberts, replying, said:

"Your Royal Highnesses, My Lords and Ladies and Gentleman: I am deeply sensible of the honor Your Royal Highness, with the Princess and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, paid me in coming to see me at Paddington

Station, and I appreciate very highly the kind and flattering words in which Your Royal Highness has proposed my health. My heart is full of joy at the unexpected and magnificent honor with which Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to reward my endeavors in South Africa, and at the splendid welcome the public of England have given me. The only drawback to my happiness is that circumstances in South Africa have prevented more of my comrades from being with me, the comrades to whose valor and military skill I owe any success that may have been achieved in South Africa.

"Your gracious words, sir, and the kindness of this distinguished company in responding to them, will, I assure you, never be forgotten by me."

This unusual tribute to Lord Roberts was partly on account of his military skill and service to the Empire, and also of his admirable qualities as a man. Because he was one of the truest, purest, kindest, manliest of men, the common people as well as Royalty made him their idol.

The highest honors that the greatest rulers can confer upon heroes for valor or military success, are trifling when compared with that honor which the King of Heaven will bestow upon the humblest Soldier of the Cross who is loyal to His Son. They shall ride in royal chariots, underneath triumphal arches through palace grounds, and be admitted into the Palace, where the Sovereign of the universe will bestow upon them a crown of life.



THE THIEF IN THE CARRIAGE-HOUSE

IN a pleasant interview with Governor Odell, one evening, I asked him if he would relate to me an incident or two connected with his history which would illustrate some valuable truth. He said that nothing of unusual interest had occurred in his brief public career; that no heroic experiences had thus far fallen to his lot, and then, pausing a moment, he said: "I had forgotten; there is one heroic incident in my life, which I will give you. My brother Hiram and I, after supper, often rode to town together from our place, a mile or two in the country. We arranged a division of labor, by which, in harnessing and unharnessing the horse, each did his half. We became so proficient in our individual parts, that we could have the horse in the buggy or back into the stall again, in an incredibly short time. One night, I had been delayed a little longer by a call than usual, and my brother felt a little provoked at having been compelled to wait for me. We went home as fast as we could go, but neither spoke a word. In a short time we had the harness off, and as I was doing the last part assigned to me—putting on the halter, my brother said, 'Ben, come here! There's a burglar in the carriage-house. Don't you see him?' I looked and saw him. I said, 'Hipe, have you got your re-

volver?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Walk the gentleman out.' I called and said, 'Young man, come out from there, we've got you.' He did not come. My brother called peremptorily to him, but he did not respond. 'Shall I shoot?' asked my brother. I replied, 'Let him have this last warning.' It was not heeded, and 'Bang! Bang!' went the revolver till the six chambers were all emptied. Father got out of bed, and ran down into the yard to find what was the trouble. A more careful examination of the premises revealed the fact that the burglar was none other than a hog, that had been killed, hung up, and covered with a white cloth. I threw myself down on the grass and laughed and rolled and laughed. 'This is about the only act of heroism that I ever remember to have been connected with. The most tragical part of this tragedy, however, is that when the hog was sold the next day, there was not a bullet hole found in his body.'

There is nothing more untrue than the oft-repeated statement that it makes no difference what a man believes, so long as he is honest in his belief. The young men were honest in their opinion that the hog was a burglar, but their opinion did not make it a fact. We may honestly believe the right is wrong, and the wrong right, and yet our opinion will not affect the everlasting wrongness or rightness of an action. It makes all the difference in the world what we believe, however honest we may be in our opinion.



A YOUNG MAN PREACHES TO A PREACHER

DR. GEORGE F. PENTECOST told me this singular incident, which occurred during his pastorate in London:

"I was once traveling down from London to Edinburgh, for the purpose of preaching the opening sermon before the Prophetic Conference, to be held in the Free Assembly Hall in that city. I was in a third-class carriage, in which were three other travelers. At Newcastle, there came in the carriage a man, about thirty-five years of age. From his dress and general appearance, and especially from the look of his hands, he was, I suppose, a mechanic. He took the seat beside me. After the train started and was well under way, he addressed a few words of remark concerning the day and the weather, to which I responded politely. Presently, after a little embarrassment, he said:

"'I beg your pardon, sir; really I do not wish to be obtrusive or impertinent, but I should like to ask you a question.'

"'Certainly,' I replied.

"'May I ask you, sir, if you are a Christian?'

"This was rather startling, and I observed that the other passengers dropped their papers and books and turned their attention toward us. Suppressing my

surprise, and quickly determining not to give a categorical answer to his question, I replied,

“ ‘Why, my friend, that is a very leading question and possibly ought not to be answered offhand. What do you mean by being a Christian?’ ”

“ He then began to tell me in a very simple and straightforward way what he understood and meant. His exposition was a very true and sincere one. In the meantime, I asked him many questions, for the purpose of drawing him out and ascertaining how much he himself knew about this important matter. I confess that I was gratified at his clear replies, and became convinced that he was utterly sincere—one of those Christians who felt it to be his duty to sow his seed beside all waters, if happily, he might win a soul to Christ. I did not in words tell him that I was a Christian, but plainly intimated to him that I was deeply interested in the matter. In the end, he told me that he had made a vow that he would never miss an opportunity of speaking a word for Christ, and evidently he was very earnest in his endeavor to win me. By this time we were drawing near to Edinburgh. He asked me if I were stopping overnight in the city; and when I told him I was so intending, he said,


“ ‘Well, sir, I have taken a day from my work to go down to the Conference for the purpose of hearing a man whom I have never seen or heard preach. A man,’ he said, ‘to whom I owe my own conversion, through reading one of his little tracts. For five years,’ he said, ‘I have kept a number of these tracts in my pocket, and give them away as I have opportunity. I would earnestly advise you to go to the Free Assembly Hall to night, and hear Dr. Pentecost.’ And with that, just as we were stepping out of the carriage, he handed me one of my own tracts.”

The courage and evangelical zeal of the young man are to be highly commended. People have become so in the habit of thinking and talking about every other subject than that of religion, that the one who ventures to introduce that question is likely to be considered impertinent, even by Christian people. The world will be converted much more rapidly when the missionary spirit and conversation of the young man shall characterize the average Christian.

There is no measuring the message of a true minister of God, its influence goes beyond his sight or his thought. The audience which the preacher addresses is only the beginning of those saving influences that move out in ever widening circles. It is likely that the unconscious energies of a good man will be more potential than the conscious ones. The true minister of the Lord Jesus will doubtless find many souls in heaven, saved by his instrumentality, whose faces he had never seen, and whose hands he had never clasped.

The religious press has grown, in this age, to be a tremendous power in saving individual men, and in establishing the Kingdom of God. Many a precious soul has been redeemed by the judicious distribution of religious literature.

THOMAS EDISON'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN BOSTON

HOMAS EDISON, after wanderings North and South, reached Boston, a young man twenty-one years of age. He had invented a device by which two currents could be used over a submarine wire, and had secured a position in the telegraph office at Boston. He came into the city, poor, tired, and shabby in his dress. He gives the following graphic description of his reception there: "I had been four days and nights on the road, and having had very little sleep, did not present a very fresh appearance, especially, as compared with the operators of the East, who were far more dressy than their brethren of the West. The manager asked me when I was ready to go to work. 'Now,' I replied. I was then told to return at 5:50 P. M., and punctually at that hour I entered the main operating rooms and was introduced to the night manager. My peculiar appearance caused much mirth, and, as I afterwards learned, the night operators consulted together how they might 'put up a job on the jay from the Woolly West.' I was given a pen, and assigned the New York No. 1 wire. After waiting an hour I was told to come over to a special table and take a special report for the Boston *Herald*, the conspirators having arranged to have one of the fastest senders in New York to send the despatch, and 'salt' the new man. I sat down unsuspectingly at the table, and the New York man started slowly. I had perfected myself in a simple and rapid style of handwriting, devoid of flourishes, and susceptible of being increased from forty-five to fifty-four words a minute by gradually reducing the size of the lettering. This was several words faster than any operator in the United States. Soon the New York operator increased his speed, to which I easily adapted my pace. This put my rival on his mettle, and he put in his best powers, which were, however, soon reached. At this point I happened to look up, and saw the operators all looking over my shoulder, with their faces shining with fun and excitement. I knew then that they were trying to put a job on me, but kept my own counsel, and went on placidly with my work, even sharpening a pencil at intervals, by way of extra aggravation. The New York man then commenced to slur over his words, running them together, and striking the signals; but I had been used to this kind of telegraphy in taking reports, and was not in the least discomfited. Finally, when I thought the fun had gone far enough, and having completed the special, I quietly opened the key and remarked, 'Say, young man, change off and send with your other foot.' This broke the New York man all up, and he turned the job over for another man to finish."

Young Edison remained in Boston only one year, but in that time, by his experiments, he laid the foundation for the improvements in telegraphy which are employed now everywhere. He then went to New York City, where his success as an operator and inventor was so great and so rapid.

It is not the clothes that are worn, but the man within them which deter-

mines influence and standing. There is no need of making any apology for slovenliness in dress, and yet this young man was poverty personified. His mind was more taken up with everlasting principles than with fashionable clothing; he was so lost in his chemicals, that he was not much more careful with his apparel than he was with his corner of the baggage-car, or with the president's office in Indianapolis. The linen duster which he wore during his earlier years to protect his clothes from stains and dirt, and his shabby straw hat, were then counted the freak of a crank; the same kind of articles worn now by the great inventor in his laboratory in Orange, are considered the attendants of genius; and the young chemist or electrician who ever expects to amount to much, will be expected to provide himself with a long linen duster, and a straw hat very much the worse for the wear.

The operators in Boston who attempted to "set up a job on the jay from the Woolly West," were making fun of one whom they thought to be a tramp, because he was poverty-stricken in his appearance. Appearances deceived them. It is an unsafe thing to judge people by the clothing they wear, or by outward appearances; six times out of ten the judgment might be correct, the other four times it would be incorrect. Manhood and womanhood, and not wardrobes, should determine a person's standing in the Church. The operators were making fun of a man who was in every way superior to themselves. It is generally the case that those who are most ready to make fun of, criticise or censure their neighbors, are in every way inferior to the ones at whom they laugh, and whom they condemn.



THE BOY FARRAGUT



FORMERLY, the age of admission to our navy, was much lower than it is at present, and thus it chanced that in 1813, young Farragut, although but thirteen years of age, found himself a midshipman, on board the man-of-war, *Essex*, commanded by Captain Porter.

Early in the following year, while the *Essex* lay in the neutral harbor of Valparaiso, she was attacked by the two British frigates, *Phoebe* and *Cherub*, either of which was much her superior in strength.


Porter, however, had no idea of surrendering, and fought his ship with the greatest heroism, suffering terrible loss of life, and resulting finally in the *Essex* becoming a helpless wreck. The carnage was frightful; men dead and dying cumbered the decks, while the very cock-pit ran blood. But through all this terrible scene, while cannon shot were rushing by, or sending masts and splinters flying around his head, while men were falling fast around him, the boy, Farragut, stood amid his guns; the only officer left alive.

There at his post, this mere child remained to the end; the blood flowing from his own tender side; but above the roar of combat, rising over the sound of shrieking shell, was regularly heard his shrill, childish, treble voice, as he calmly transmitted the orders of his grand commander. Naval history furnishes few sublimer pictures than that presented by this undaunted lad, whose sense of duty proved superior to the fears of childhood, and overcame terrors which might well have appalled a veteran to the trade.

In the battle of life, there have been some boys and girls who have been heroic soldiers of the Cross, standing at the post of duty, fighting valiantly for the establishment of the Kingdom of God.



THE KNIGHT WHO SLEW DEATH

N the *Idylls of the King*, Tennyson gives us vivid pictures of the chivalry of the Middle Ages. With the stories of love and tourney there are combined lessons of truth, beautifully told. The story of Gareth and Lynette is one of these. Gareth is the son of King Lot and Queen Bellicent, and longs to become one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table. This his mother refuses to permit, but finally agrees, on condition that he shall serve a twelve month and a day in Arthur's kitchen, disguised as a scullion; thinking that such a condition would cure the lad of any desire to become a knight. But Gareth gladly complied with the condition and served in Arthur's kitchen as a knave. After a few weeks of such service well rendered, the Queen mother released the boy from his vow and sent him the arms of his father. He eagerly sought King Arthur, and begged him to become his knight. Unknown to any save Lancelot, Arthur's brother, Gareth was made a knight of the Round Table, and was promised the first quest. On the same day came the Lady Lynette, whose sister Lyonors, was held captive in a distant castle guarded by three knights, known as Morning Star, Noon Sun, and Evening Star. A huge man-beast called Death, held the Castle Perilous, in which Lyonors was held a prisoner. Lynette besought Arthur to send Lancelot to rescue her sister, but Gareth in a loud voice demanded the quest, and to the disgust of Lynette it was immediately granted to him. The two started on the quest, Gareth, supposedly a kitchen knave, and Lynette in great anger that Arthur should have sent such a one on such an important quest. The three hostile knights are met; one after another succumbs to the stroke of Gareth's sword, for the very disdain of the queen nerved him to his best endeavor. Finally, they arrive in sight of the Castle Perilous, and Gareth is made known to Lynette as a prince and knight of Arthur. She begs him not to do battle with the hideous monster who guards the castle, but he boldly defies Death. At the first onslaught Death is

thrown to the ground, and on attempting to rise, "with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull.

"Half fell to right and half to left and lay.
 Then with a stronger buffet he clove the helm
 As thoroughly as the skull; and out from this
 Issued the bright face of a blooming boy
 Fresh as a flower new-born,
 Then sprang the happier day from under ground;
 And Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance
 And revel and song made merry over Death,
 As being after all their foolish fears
 And horrors only proven a blooming boy."

The One born in a manger, the poor carpenter's son, was the royal knight, who, defeating His enemies, slew death with one hard stroke, rescuing captives from peril and from fear, and bringing from his cloven skull, a form beautiful as the flowers, glorious as an angel of light.



PROTECTED BY THE GREAT SPIRIT



AFTER the battle of the Monongahela, in a letter to his brother, George Washington recognized the special Divine Providence which protected him, in the following language: "By the all-powerful dispensation of Providence, I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, while death was levelling my companions on every side of me."

Fifteen years afterward, he went West with a party of men to survey the wild lands, and an aged Indian chieftain called upon him, and told him that at the battle of Monongahela, he had selected him as a special target for his bullets, and had instructed his warriors to do the same, but that they were unable to hit him. The chief said that, becoming convinced that he was under the protection of the Great Spirit, they ceased firing at him. He said that he had made a very long journey to look one more time upon the face of him who was the particular favorite of heaven.

What a wonderful example Washington set, in many regards, to the patriots and statesmen of America for all time! Nearly all of the great men of the nation to this time have confessed their faith in the guidance and inspiration of the Divine Spirit. Nearly every great commander of the nation has recognized the Divine anointing and protection.

THE BELLMAN WHO DIED AT HIS POST

FOR five hundred years the Catholic Cathedral had stood in Pekin, until the last outbreak of the Boxers, when it, with the other foreign buildings in the city, was destroyed by fire. Just before its destruction two thousand native children were taken from its walls to a place of safety. The Catholic missionaries had an understanding that when the Boxers should approach the building the bell should sound the alarm. Accordingly, at the first appearance of the enemy the bellman began vigorously to ring the alarm. The Boxers used the torch; fire crept up into the tower; it broke through the floor beneath his feet, but he kept on ringing the bell until the floor and the bellman and the bell fell into the flames beneath. Here was heroism in the humblest man in the cathedral worthy of the greatest king or conqueror. A life like that is not lost. From its chariot of fire it preaches to the whole world a thousand sermons on fidelity and sacrifice. It will be well if every herald set up on the watch tower of Zion shall be as true and brave in ringing the alarm bell as this heroic sexton of the Cathedral of Pekin.



BROWNING'S RELIGIOUS FAITH

ROBERT BROWNING was eminently a Christian poet. The hold he had upon the vital truths of religion which he never relinquished, was due largely to the example of his mother. She was an earnest, evangelical Christian, who trained her children diligently for the Lord. His love and reverence for her were akin to worship. Even as a grown man he never could sit by her otherwise than with an arm about her waist. Her death occurred in 1849, while he was in Italy. His sister, fearing that the shock of the news would be fatal to him, sent him two letters, saying in one, "She is not well," and in the other, "She is very ill," when in fact she had died. As it was, he was completely prostrated, and his recovery was very slow. The influence of this woman's devotion to her Saviour colored all the poet's days. Of a very affectionate disposition, the death of his wife, closely followed by that of his father, rendered him almost inconsolable, but through it all shone the Christian's view of the immortality of the soul. In *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, he wrote,

"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure."

He once said to a friend, "Death! It is this harping on death I despise so much; this idle as well as ignorant harping. Why should we not change like everything else? Death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body

is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. For myself, I deny death as an end of anything. Never say of me that I am dead." Near the end of his life, a dying lady wrote to thank him for the help she had received from his poems. The following is an extract from the letter he sent her in reply. "Dear friend: It would ill become me to say a word as to my own feelings, except inasmuch as they can be common to us both in such a situation as you describe yours to be, and which by sympathy I can make mine by the anticipation of a few years at most. It is a great thing, the greatest, that a human being should have passed the probation of life and sum up its experience as a witness to the power and love of God. I dare congratulate you. All the help I can offer in my poor degree is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and that by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary. And for your sake, I could wish it to be true that I had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I, myself, have been aware of the communication of something more than a ratiocinative process when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depths."

Robert Browning was priest as well as poet. His strong faith bound thousands of souls to the heart of God, and to immortality.

Death is only an incident in life and not the end of it. It is only the clock striking twelve, which introduces a new day that shall never end.



GENERAL HARRISON'S TENDERNESS OF HEART

WHEN General Harrison died there was a meeting of the Indiana State and Indianapolis Bar Associations in the Senate Chamber at the State House, to pass resolutions and express becoming sentiments. There were present both of Indiana's United States Senators, judges of the United States Circuit Court, the entire membership of the State's Supreme and Appellate Courts and prominent lawyers from all parts of the State. All of the addresses made were singularly able and appropriate. Hon. A. L. Mason, of Indianapolis, a close friend of General Harrison, among other things said: "Notwithstanding his great natural endowment of intellectuality; notwithstanding the fact that his reason always maintained with him a clear ascendancy, he was still a man of intense feeling, and he recognized with unerring perception the part which feeling plays in the affairs of man. On the occasion when Mr. Gladstone wrote his remarkable letter, after the Armenian massacre, in which he denounced the Sultan as 'that wicked old man,' and declared it to be the duty of England to protect the Armenian

Christians from massacre, I spoke of Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Harrison, and asked him if he did not think the letter was unimportant, because it was all mere sentiment. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is mere sentiment; but sentiment rules mankind.' He had, indeed, profound sympathy for the weak and oppressed. On the evening of March 6, immediately preceding the fatal illness with which he was seized on the following morning, I rallied him about his recent article on the Boer war, saying that when he next went to England he would not be a welcome guest at the Court. 'Well,' said he, with a quick flash of the eye, 'I can go to see Kruger.' He loved little children. Every spring he spent many hours at the summer mission for sick children. He looked after the arrangements for cooking and baths. He gave attention to the size and comfort of the cribs and savings for these children of the poor. He was a devout man, a believer in God and in righteousness. A few weeks before his death we were talking of the utterances of a certain public man. General Harrison said: 'The trouble is, that he leaves God out of the twentieth century. Whoever leaves God out of his calculation cannot rightly judge of the future.'"

General Harrison was right. Sentiment does rule this world. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." Love is the strongest force in the universe. God is love.



LINCOLN PARDONS A SOLDIER CONDEMNED TO DEATH

IN a lecture at Round Lake, New York, one night, I referred to the pardon of young Scott by President Lincoln, to the pleading of Scott's little sister, who came all the way from Vermont to the White House, and to the scene of Lincoln's taking the child on his knee, pressing her to his heart, and telling her he would not let them kill her borthor. At the close of the lecture Colonel J. D. Rogers came forward to the platform and said: "I was much interested in the Scott story. I was one of the officers detailed to carry the sentence into execution." I said, "Colonel, would you write out a little account of the scene and send it to me in New York?" He said he would, and in a day or two I received the following description of the thrilling scene:

"I told you I was an eye-witness to the scene as far as it was enacted.

"It was in the summer, nearing fall, of 1861, over the Chain Bridge, in Virginia, but in sight of Washington from the high table land. There was a large part of the then forming Army of the Potomac occupying the point, having daily skirmishes with the enemy, who were in the vicinity. We were also there to build up the defenses of Washington. During this time Scott, the young flaxen-haired, fair-faced boy from Vermont, unused to anything like the deprivations and hardships of the soldier, slept on his post—an outpost—one night in face of the enemy. He was reported, court-martialed and sentenced

to be shot. An example must be made, and this beautiful, unsophisticated boy was the victim for the sacrifice. It must be done in the presence of a detail from each company of every regiment in that part of the army, so that the example would have its desired effect on all the army. The trial and preliminaries for the execution took days, during which efforts from the home of the young soldier had been made in behalf of the son and brother, and touched the great heart of our great President, who determined to pardon the boy. Between the President and the commanding officer who was to carry out the sentence of the court-martial, an understanding was had that the preliminaries of the execution up to the act of taking the life were to be carried out, with the usual formalities. While waiting and delaying, a cavalcade and guard arrived from Washington, and the order of pardon was placed in the hands of the commander of the execution, and read by him. Ten thousand soldiers were marshaled in hollow square to witness the supposed execution. The condemned soldier sat on his coffin—a plain pine box—beside which yawned his open grave. Forty yards away stood a detail of soldiers with four loaded rifles, ready at command to execute the cruel law. When the order of pardon arrived, and was read in the hearing of the condemned boy and all that great body of soldiers, the boy fainted for joy and fell as if shot, while for more than an hour every man was permitted to shout. There seemed to be nothing but shouting and tears of joy.

“Thus ended the apparent tragedy, almost parallel to the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. The act, so far as its moral effect was intended, was enacted, and Scott was free. Scott made one of the best of soldiers, was mortally wounded near Yorktown, and died praying for the noble and kind-hearted President.

Scott's little sister interceded for him at the White House to secure his pardon. Condemned to death, we have our pardon through the death and intercession of our Elder Brother, Jesus Christ, and should become faithful soldiers of the Cross.



WIDOWHOOD

THE widowhood of Victoria was pathetic in the extreme. Her sorrow at the loss of her husband was so intense that the loyal widows of Great Britain presented her with an elegantly bound Bible and a note of sympathy to which the Queen made affectionate reply. In that reply she says, referring to herself, “But what she values more is their appreciation of her adored and perfect husband. To her the only sort of consolation she experiences is in the constant sense of his unseen presence, and the blessed thought of the eternal union hereafter, which will make the bitter anguish of the present appear as naught. That our Heavenly Father may impart to ‘many widows’ those sources of



THE PARDON WAS PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THE COMMANDER

consolation and support is their broken-hearted Queen's earnest prayer." When President Lincoln was assassinated, the Queen sent a message of sympathy to his widow. When the news of President Garfield's death reached England, she caused the blinds of the palace windows to be pulled down, as an expression of sorrow at a nation's loss and a sister's widowhood. And she sent to Mrs. Garfield this telegram: "Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you, as he alone can."

When the Queen died, Mrs. Garfield sent to Windsor a most beautiful wreath of flowers, with a white ribbon bearing this inscription, "From Mrs. Garfield, in grateful remembrance of the Queen's kindness to her." Victoria's actions were prompted by a pure and affectionate heart. The well-nigh universal estimate of her character was expressed in the floral offering of President McKinley sent to the Queen's funeral. It was a large piece, eight feet in diameter, made of the most chaste and fragrant flowers, designed to represent a full and perfect life. Bacon has well said, "All our actions take their hues from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes their variety from the light."



PENELOPE DARLING AND THE BIRDS



R. H. H. HOPE has told a wonderful story of the magical influence of a poor girl, in one of the Southern States, over domestic animals and birds. He says: "It was one of the most beautiful sights my eyes had ever been permitted to behold on earth, to witness the perfect susceptibility of so many birds to the impressions which this girl made upon them. At any time, within two minutes after she came where they were in their little cages, whose doors had been left wide open, where they might be sitting in their nests, hatching their eggs—or on their little roosts, where they might be with their heads curled under their wings, sitting quietly and fast asleep—her presence seemed to work upon them like a spell of power; an insensible and invisible, yet almighty presence, seemed to go forth from her, and to rouse them all into the highest degree of excitement.

"I recollect going with her one fine morning, to her great bird-rookery, to see her perform her maternal duties, and play the part of mother to her collection; for I know of no other term so well fitted to express the relations which she seemed to bear toward birds. As soon as the door was opened by her, and she stepped in, the first songster that saluted her was the American brown thrasher or mocking-bird. He seemed to be the leader; and by a few beautiful, soft, yet trilling notes, he rose to the dignity of a matutinal salute. Instantly, hundreds of birds were in a flutter. Their little necks outstretched, heads uplifted, eyes wide open, feathers fluttering, tails expanded: sitting down, standing

up, walking about, trilling chirruping, singing half-notes, little bits of songs, rousing themselves up to receive new instalments of vital energy, and getting themselves organized into proper relations to life.

"Never, elsewhere, have I seen such an exhibition. And the impression was mutual; the girl seemed to be as much affected by it as the birds were. Her face put on a peculiar hue; her eyes, as compared with their common expression, looked decidedly unnatural; she seemed suddenly to grow in height; there was a variation of aspect about her as a whole. Her lips were slightly parted; her nostrils dilated to the largest extent; the tips of her ears came forward with a sort of natural instinct, as if her whole soul were on the alert to catch every single song sung by the hundreds of these little songsters, all waking up from their rest of the night to a fresh life at morning dawn. For, although it was broad daylight, and even the sun was just peeping over the top of yonder Eastern hill, the building stood so shaded and clustered all around by the large, old apple-trees that the light within its walls seemed to be of that soft, mellow kind which in a bright summer morning is visible at four o'clock. The girl cast a rapid glance over every part of the aviary, and now walking hastily about its outer edges, threw open the doors of such cages as had been closed, and then, taking her way down the middle of it, did the same with the cages that were suspended from its top. Thereupon she began a beautiful carol herself. Instantly, she was responded to by so many and such different voices as to make one think of music of the sweetest, softest, most harmonious, yet most incomprehensible nature. Strange as my feelings were, when I heard these numerous varied notes, which I had no artistic power to separate and arrange in order, and which seemed to be the veriest discord, yet it was the most beautiful discord I had ever heard, I was not so forcibly struck by the music as by the living tableau which presented itself to my sight.

"Within the space of half a minute after this girl began her song, you could not have told whether she was a boy or a girl, white or black, or what she was, so completely was her person covered with feathers, and these feathers on the bodies of the birds. They flew out of the cages in every direction, and alighted upon her till they made her perfectly invisible as far as her external appearance and her countenance were concerned; and language gave you nothing for its representation but a mass of varied and beautiful plumage. They were on her head and shoulders by the dozen; they clung to her skirts and to her dress in every direction, and screamed and trilled half-notes with such indescribable excitement as to thoroughly impress me as I never had been impressed before. Some of them were hanging upon her skirts head-downward—some sideways, some were on her shoes—some were on her head—and so wherever they could get a possible chance, they alighted.

"Now, when I tell my readers that from an old owl, whose eyesight began to grow dim as the day began to dawn; from the eagle, whose eye gleamed darkly


among the rest; from a tame crow, whose 'caw' filled in like a deep bass 'mid tenor music—clear through the whole list of birds of which we know anything in this country, and some about which we know nothing except as they are imported—they were all on her, around her, about her; and those who were not able to alight upon her were whirling about her head as if in a most thoroughly excited state, you may judge what sort of a scene was presented.

"During this she stood perfectly still. All at once she gave a little *chirk*, followed by a little whistle, and they began to go away from her—this one, that one and the other. And so they each went back with as much order and regularity to their cages as ever one saw a puppet move from side to side at the will of its operator. Then she went from cage to cage; took out single birds, and perching them on her hand, her arm, her shoulder or her head, she would sing as the birds could sing. And it seems to me from my present point of remembrance as if she imitated the natural notes of more than fifty species of birds."

How susceptible the lower animals are to human tenderness and love! The dog can tell in an instant, almost before a word is spoken, whether the master is pleased or displeased. What a shame and sin to be unduly rough or cruel toward the poor creatures who cannot give any excuses or make any explanations, but who, as a rule, are so loyal in their service to men. How bewitching are the magnetisms of a beautiful heart! They draw people toward them, filling them with joyfulness and song. What an inexpressible charm there is in a soul charged with the Saviour's love! Men are drawn from ignorance to intelligence, from rudeness to culture, from sin to holiness, from misery to happiness by its divine magnetisms. Jesus Christ has a divine charm which is drawing the world, with its barbarism, its heathenism, and its wretchedness, to himself, and filling it with purity, joy, life and everlasting love.



INTEGRITY AND INDUSTRY

ILLIAM McKINLEY, like the other two martyred Presidents, was enriched with poverty, and exalted by obscurity, and, like them, made his way up from poverty and obscurity to the most exalted position in the land, by honesty and hard work. He earned the money, helping in the Post-Office, to pay his way in the academy, and though a mere boy when the war broke out, he was teaching school to make a living. Knowing that Colonel Thomas Bradley and President McKinley were warm personal friends, I once asked him how he happened to meet Mr. McKinley. He said: "I had known him slightly before, but while he was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, I had an introduction to him which I shall never forget. Foreign firms had been in the habit of manufacturing goods and stamping them with a name indicating

that they had been made in this country, and that they had been made by some rival firm. I felt that the practice ought to be stopped, and I went to Washington to lay the matter before the Committee on Ways and Means, of which Mr. McKinley was chairman. I did not reach the hotel until very late at night, just before the committee adjourned. I sent my card up to the chairman's room, asking for five minutes of his time on the morrow. He sent word that every moment of the next day was bespoken, but that he would give me five minutes then. I went up to his room and said, 'Mr. McKinley, I wanted five minutes to tell you that I want forty-five minutes of your time.' He said, 'I am tired almost to death; it is midnight, and you see I am partly undressed for bed. I do not see how I can grant your request.' I told him I represented five hundred workmen beside myself. He replied, quickly, 'Then your cause is more important than my sleep. Proceed!' We talked together, neither of us noticing the flight of time till a quarter to three in the morning, when he said, 'Colonel, I believe in you and your cause, and, if you make as good a representation of your case to the committee as you have to me, I think the law you suggest will be recommended.' The law was recommended and passed. After that midnight interview, I never had any difficulty in seeing how it was that William McKinley secured the nomination for and was elected to the Presidency of the United States." I then said, "Colonel, there were two traits of character illustrated in the interview which have marked Mr. McKinley's career from the very start—fair-mindedness, honesty and tireless industry. He was an ideal politician, an able statesman, but he earned his way up to what he was and what he had by square-dealing and hard work."

In his address before the Tuskegee Institute, President McKinley thus emphasized the value of these two elements of success: "Integrity and industry are the best possessions which any man can have, and every man can have them. Nobody can give them to him or take them from him. He cannot acquire them by inheritance; he cannot buy them or beg them or borrow them. They belong to the individual and are his unquestioned property. He alone can part with them. They are a good thing to have and to keep. They make happy homes; they achieve success in every walk of life; they have won the greatest triumphs for mankind. No man who has them ever gets into the police court or before the grand jury or in the chain-gang or work-house. They give one moral and material power. They will bring you a comfortable living, make you respect yourself, and command the respect of your fellows. They are indispensable to success. They are invincible. The merchant requires the clerk whom he employs to have them. The railroad corporation inquires whether the man seeking employment possesses them. Every avenue of human endeavor welcomes them. They are the only keys to open with certainty the door of opportunity to struggling manhood. Employment waits on them; capital requires them; citizenship is not good without them. If you do not already have them, get them."

CLOTHING FOR THE BODY AND THE SOUL

MAN is the only creature in the world who is permitted to select his own dress. God has furnished clothing for the lower animals, with color and fabric suited to their necessities. It is one of the beautiful facts of Nature, that these tribes are so careful of the clothing which Providence has given them. With paw or tongue or beak, they comb and brush hair, fur and feather. The birds especially, are particular about their personal appearance. The beautiful plumage with which God has adorned them is rendered even more beautiful by the care they take in dressing it. This attention to dress, not only enhances their beauty, but is of real utility to them; for by it they are better able to withstand the weather and to find their food and make their pilgrimages. Each one is supplied with a vase of ointment, with which he oils his feathers when he sees the clouds gather, or hears the thunders roll, that his suit may be waterproof in the storm, or when he wishes to fly swifter through the air, or dive faster in the water.

There is no reason why people should not be as careful of their personal appearance as the birds are. Scrupulous care for the body, for its cleanliness and its adornment, are matters of real importance. The old-fashioned idea that severe plainness in dress was a symbol of inner purity, and that a flower in the bonnet or hair or on the bosom of a Christian, was displeasing to God, was a mistake, and though it was held by some of the best people that ever lived, in doing so they had to shut their eyes to the beauty of almost every creature that God has adorned. Because Infinite Beauty thought it would be best for us, our Heavenly Father made the flowers and birds and all other charming things in nature. A spirit which is the emanation of Absolute Beauty, and is bound for a world of infinite beauty, ought to weave about its body such clothing as would be becoming to its dignity and mission. I once heard one of the great orators of this country tell this story: "A wealthy man, who was dressed in costly fabric, made in most comely form, was met by another man, who was a stickler for plain and economical clothing. The better-dressed man was severely criticized by the other brother in the church, and told that he should wear cheaper clothing, and give the difference between the suits to the Missionary Society. The man replied that is was his custom to give one-tenth of his income to the cause of God, and he had no compunctions of conscience about wearing clothes in keeping with his means or station. His friend pressed upon him the sin of extravagance in dress. The wealthy man said, "Suppose you learn the lesson you are trying to teach me. I can buy a suit which you could wear on Sunday, for half the price of the one you have on. You are committing a great sin, according to your theory, in not buying the cheaper suit and giving the difference to the Missionary cause. And then you could get a suit cheaper still, and have more money for the Missionary box. A few yards at a few dollars only,

are necessary to cover your body; according to your reasoning, that is all you have any right to spend on your clothing. But even the most economical suit made by the tailor is not necessary. Why don't you get a blanket, and cover yourself with it, and give the difference in the price to the Missionary Society, and become a savage, as your theory would make you, and make it necessary to have a missionary sent to you?" The orator was illustrating the thought that the clothing of a people is one of the expressions of its civilization.

The soul which, in the highest state of culture, asks for a beautiful covering for the body, through grace Divine, desires a suitable garment for itself. This is furnished in the robe of righteousness, which the purified wear—a robe which is washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. In fact, the struggle of the soul to find suitable raiment for the body, is but the hint of that higher effort to secure a suitable covering for itself.

One of the most beautiful thoughts in the Divine life, is that we can put on Christ, and wear him as a garment. We need not remain in our shame, nor undertake to clothe ourselves in the filthy rags of our own righteousness, we need not shiver in the storms of Time, or be pierced with those of the Hereafter, we can go to Christ, confessing our shame and ask him to hide our sins from the face of the Father, and the issues of the last day. He will allow us to wear him as a garment, to carry him about as a complete vestment, letting his light in on our faculties, and reflecting eternal beauty and glory; and we can live our earthly lives through him; and, enfolded by him, we may enjoy his immediate presence forever.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON CHRISTIANITY



ON April 24, 1901, William, Emperor of Germany, took his son, the Crown Prince Frederick William, to Bonn, to place him as a student in the university. At the reception given at night in his honor, he made a splendid speech, from which we take a few selections:

"For you, my dear young comrades, it is needless to dwell upon the feelings that stir my heart upon finding myself in dear Bonn again and among its students. There unrolls before my mind's eye a splendid and glittering picture, full of the sunshine of happy contentment which filled the period of my stay here. There was joy in life, joy in people, old and young, and, above all, joy in the young German Empire which was then just gathering strength. The wish that fills my heart at the present moment, above all else, is that as happy a student's time may be granted my dear son as once was mine. And how could that well be otherwise in this beautiful town of Bonn, so accustomed to the doings of buoyant youths? It is as if it were created for them by nature.

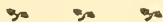
"Yet may the Crown Prince find here memories of his illustrious great-

grandfather, whose kindly eye lighted up whenever the name of Bonn was mentioned; of his grandfather; of the noble Prince Consort and life companion of that glorified and queenly woman who ever strove for peaceful and friendly relations between her people and ours, who, indeed, are both of Germanic stock, and of so many other noble German friends who here prepared for their later careers."

Turning to the toast which had been assigned him—William, the Founder of the German Empire—he said:

"The empire now stands before you. May joy and grateful delight fill you, and may firm and manly resolve keep your hearts aglow. Work for Germania! The future awaits you and will need your strength, not to squander in cosmopolitan dreams or one-sided party tendencies, but to foster the stability of national thought and ideals which the German race, by God's grace, has been permitted to bring forth from Boniface and Walther Von der Vogelweide to Goethe and Schiller. They have become a light and blessing to all mankind; they worked 'universal' and were nevertheless in themselves strictly exclusive Germans. We need such men now more than ever. May you all strive to become such men. But how shall that be possible? Who shall help you? Only One—He whose name we all bear, who has borne our sins and washed them away, who lived for our example and worked as we should work. May our Lord and Saviour plant in you moral earnestness, that your impulses may ever be purer and your aims ever sublime. Then you will be armed against all temptations and, above all, against vanity and envy. Then you can sing and say, 'We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world.' Then we shall endure in the world, strong, spreading civilization."

In these days, when there are so many little and inefficient men lamenting or rejoicing in the supposed decline of Christianity, it is truly inspiring to hear the live young ruler of the live young empire say to the youths of his land that their influence in the state will be measured by the power of Christ's atonement in their hearts.



MOTHERHOOD



ERES, weary and disappointed at her vain search for her daughter Proserpine, renounced the society of the gods and came to earth to live. Coming to the city of Eleusis, she was forthwith employed as a nurse for the child Demophoon. The nurse gave the babe no food, and yet it grew miraculously. The secret was, she breathed in the face of the child the breath of a god as it lay in her arms. She anointed it with ambrosia and held it under the fire at night. The mother watched the nurse one night and screamed aloud at the treatment of the child. Ceres, in anger, threw the babe to the ground, stating that she

had intended to make the child immortal, but the imprudence of the mother had prevented it. She said, however, that he should attain to earthly greatness.

God has made mothers nurses, Ceres-like; and there is a divinity about their task. They are to breathe into the face of their children as they rest in their arms the breath of a holy inspiration. They must not think of leaving the work undone by throwing them to the ground, or be satisfied with giving them over to earthly greatness, but by grace divine they should breathe steadily upon them the sweet spirit of their life, till they become immortal.

I witnessed the death of one of the most brilliant young men, intellectually, I ever met. He called his father to him and said beautiful words of gratitude and affection. He gave his last words to his brothers, which were pathetic in the extreme. He then spoke sweetly to his sisters as he bade them farewell. He was brave while addressing the rest of the family, but when he turned to his mother his lips quivered and the tears came. He said, "Mother, come nearer," and she fell upon his face. He continued, "Mother, your influence has saved me. Your prayers and instruction and example have led me to Christ, and I shall be happy forever because you have done your duty by me. Kiss me once more before I die. Heaven will be sweet, but it will be sweeter because you are to be there." The room seemed to me then to be full of heavenly glory and of angels, as one of them unclasped the arms of the boy from the neck of his mother and took him away.

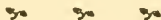
A Christian mother's tender arms are the shelter that angels' wings would furnish, and her spirit sinks into her child's heart with the omnipotence of love. Her tears of affection soften his spirit, and with the hand of faith she draws the arm of the Everlasting about her and him.



ARY SCHEFFER'S "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR"

IN one of the great galleries of Europe is Ary Scheffer's famous picture entitled "Christus Consolator." In the centre of the canvas stands a commanding figure of Christ. Grouped about him in various attitudes of supplication are representatives of many classes of society. On the right is a woman clinging to the Master, and pressing her face upon His arm as if to hold Him forever. Near her is a black slave stretching out his manacled hands, mutely appealing for liberty. Here in the foreground is a prisoner, whose chains are being sundered at the word of Christ. There at the left, a mother is laying her dead child at the miracle worker's feet, pleading for its restoration to life. Near her is a laurel-wreathed poet, and farther away an old man with whitened locks, wanting his youth again. At a little distance is a soldier with accoutrements of war, and all about in every direction are men and women and children of many

grades of society, with various needs, seeking consolation from one person, the serene Man of Nazareth, the world's Messiah. Gazing upon that noble work of human genius inspired by an appreciation of the divine compassion, one feels that a proper inscription for it would be the words of the eager disciples, who disturbed the Master's repose by exclaiming, "All men seek for Thee!"



PERSISTENT EFFORT

IN talking with some inventors, and in reading the opinions of others, we have been greatly surprised to see what an estimate they put upon application in the field of invention. They insist that a young man of average ability, by severe and constant effort, can become quite an inventor. Mr. Edison says: "The question of natural aptitude enters into the matter, and without it no man can become a star, nevertheless it is an auxiliary attainment; dogged perseverance is the keystone of success. In the arts, such as painting, music, poetry, and so forth, a very special temperament may be required, but in the workshop of science, men of the sanguine, sandy kind come out ahead. The man who keeps at one thing, and never minds the clock, is always sure to do something. He may miss many social engagements, of course, but his success is assured."

Mr. Elmer Gates, of Washington, told me that it was his one great ambition to make permanent his school for teaching young men to become inventors. When I suggested to him the current opinion that inventors are rather born than made, he took issue with me at once, and said that any person of average ability, with proper instruction and persistent application, could be quite successful in this field of endeavor. Mr. Edison says: "I believe that any person, even of the most limited capacity, could become an inventor by sheer hard work. You can do almost anything if you will keep at it long enough. Of course, the man with a natural aptitude would get there first, but the other plodder would eventually gain his point. The constant brooding on the one thing is sure to develop new ideas concerning it, and these in turn, suggest others, and soon the completed idea stands out before you. Above all things a man must not give up, once he has outlined his plan of action. Once fairly on your way, don't stop because of some seemingly impossible obstacle in front of you. What you want may be just beyond your nose, though you do not see it. I once had that fact forcibly presented to me. I was working on an invention, and finally reached a point when I could go no further. The thing lacked something, but, try as I might, I could not tell what it was. Finally, I got angry at it, and threw the whole business out of the window. Afterward, I thought how foolish the action was, and I went out and picked up the wreck. In putting it together

again, I saw just what was needed. Repairing the broken portions suggested it, and it was so simple that I wondered I had not seen it before. Now that slight addition to the apparatus could have been ascertained by a little thoughtful experimentation. I suppose I found it out quicker because of the 'accident,' but that does not alter the moral of the incident."

It is painstaking, persistent endeavor, which tells in the religious world. What new worlds of thought and feeling are opened to the heart which is persistent in its meditation and devotion! What vast results follow the efforts of those who labor for the Divine Master, year in and year out. It is the one who holds out in the race, who wins the prize; who remains faithful unto death, who secures the crown of life.



THE LEADER OF A MURDEROUS MOB CONVERTED

I WAS appointed to a church in a Western town, near which the "White Caps" operated quite extensively. They were disguised, self-constituted guardians of justice. They treated the neighbors to a "hanging bee" every now and then. A saloon-keeper had killed a man in the town where our church was situated, and was in the county jail awaiting trial. The lynchers concluded that it was about time for another picnic, and with sledge-hammers broke in the doors of the jail. The prisoner, who was a powerful man, fought the mob desperately with a heavy chair, which he found, until he was overpowered by them and hurried to a railroad bridge near the village, where they fastened one end of a rope about his neck and the other to a beam, and pushed him off into Eternity. The excuse the lynchers gave was that the brother of the prisoner, being the most influential politician of his party in the county, would never permit a conviction in the trial, and that they had better take Time by the forelock and maintain the security of the community. The hanging occurred a short time before my appointment to the charge. Disrespect for law and order was manifest; I felt it my duty as a public teacher to rebuke it. On Sunday night I preached a sermon on "Thou shalt not kill," in which I charged the mobbers with being as mean murderers as the man they hanged, except that they were more cowardly than he, waiting until the law had shut him up in a cell and tied his hands, and then breaking his neck. I said that if the prisoner had been in the open street, with a revolver in each hand, not one of the lynchers would have dared approach him, but would have been as polite to him as French dancing masters. I did not know at the time that some twenty or thirty members of my congregation had taken a part in the sport of the hanging. If I had known the fact, it would not have changed the character of the message, except, perhaps, to make it more severe. The next day a leading man in the town called on me to give me a word of advice and caution; he said he was my

friend, and wanted to talk frankly and affectionately. He said that the temper of public sentiment in the town was such that it would be unsafe for me personally to speak as I had done on the night before; that some of the best people of the town were in the mob, and that if I continued to say such severe things about them the good people of the community could not be responsible for my safety. I told him I was not afraid of any one of such cowards and that, much as I enjoyed life, I should count it worth very little if, as a servant of God and a guardian of public morals, I failed to protest against the anarchy which threatened the place.

Toward the end of the week a gentleman called at the parsonage and said to me: "I have a matter of grave importance about which I would like to talk." Dropping his voice almost to a whisper, he said: "Is there any one else in the house?" I said, "Yes, my wife and children are in the house, but they are in the back part and will not hear anything you may have to say." He said: "I want to talk to you as a Catholic would to a priest. I wish to make a confession, which, of course, you understand you are not to reveal. I have not slept much since your sermon Sunday night. I was the ringleader of the mob; had more to do with organizing and directing it than any other man. I did not realize the enormity of my crime until confronted by your terrific arraignment. When you said that those composing the mob were murderers and, if unforgiven, they would be settled with at the judgment day, a voice said to me, 'You are a murderer,' and that voice has been sounding in my ear until it has almost set me crazy, and because I cannot stand it any longer I am here to confess to you and ask you what I can do to get peace. I cannot bring the man back to life; I wish I could. What can I do?" I said to him, "Make the confession to God which you have made to me and earnestly ask his forgiveness. Give yourself to Christ, who died on the cross that you might be pardoned, and enter upon a life of love, of loyalty to God and to your fellow men." Trembling with emotion, he fell down upon his knees, and I kneeled beside him. In agony of prayer we wrestled until he found relief, and, arising from the floor, he said, "Christ's blood atones for me. My Heavenly Father forgives my sin and accepts me as his child." With a happy face, he exclaimed, "I shall do what I can to undo my awful deed," and he did. He went amongst his old companions, telling them what a dear Saviour he had found, and in a revival that soon followed, fully one-half of those composing the mob professed conversion at our altar and united with the church. It has been twenty-five years since the confession was made, and the ringleader remained ever after a faithful and efficient worker in the Sunday School and church.

In these times of conservatism, when the mild side of truth is emphasized so much, it seems a difficult and unpopular task for the moral teacher to dwell upon the severe side of truth—to rebuke sin as it deserves to be—and yet there are times when there is no kind of preaching which yields such speedy and

ample returns or which secures so completely the favor of heaven, as a wise and fearless arraignment of wrong-doing and wrong-doers. A minister has no business, under a false idea of dignity, to go about with a chip on his shoulder, or, with a wrong notion of justice, to walk around with a club in his hand hunting for some one to strike. Such a course would embitter his spirit and sour his people; but there do come times when it is the preacher's duty to denounce sin with all his might and to warn his people that if they do not forsake the sins which they are habitually committing they will be lost, and lost forever. Short-sighted people thought that my sermon against the mobbers had ruined me and destroyed the work of the church during the year, but, while a question of policy never entered my mind, nothing I could have done could have brought me so many friends or have secured, so manifestly, the favor of heaven, as that sermon. The Holy Spirit sanctified the quickening of the public conscience in an awakening which resulted in the addition of a hundred and fifty new members to a membership of one hundred and twenty in a town of but fourteen hundred people. There are times when there is no Gospel message which is so salutary as the Ten Commandments.



EARLY CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES SPURGEON



R. SPURGEON addressed five thousand people twice a Sabbath in the same place for thirty years in succession. There have been men deeper, broader, more brilliant, more learned, more eloquent; but since the world began few speakers in church or state ever held the attention of so many people to any one subject for so long a time. He was born in the parsonage of the Congregational Church at Kelvedon, in Essex. His grandfather also was a Congregational minister. The blood he received from his ancestors was full of vigor and virtue. His mother was a woman of ability and piety, a model minister's wife, of whom he was singularly fond and proud. We do not find in these parents flashes of genius, and we cannot expect to find them in the boy. But we find in them traits which to him in his calling, are more necessary than genius—good ability to think, enormous ability to work, phenomenal piety, and a purpose unconquerable as the arm of God. The boy started out into life with hereditary traits that promised to make him a great preacher, if the world should give him a chance. It is a strange fact that the most potential outer influences on the boy's life were not received at his own, but at his Grandfather Spurgeon's home. His grandfather was pastor of the church at Stamborne, and the babe was only a year old when he was taken to his grandfather's house to live, where he remained till he was a boy seven years old. Grandparents love their grandchildren as much as they do their own children. Some old people are

crowded into a corner and made to feel that they are in the way, and nothing could be more ungrateful and contemptible than such treatment, but most of them are treated with reverence and affection, and sweetness and love are given in return. To banish the grandparents from society would leave it barren and lonesome. At the grandfather's, there lived a maiden sister, Ann Spurgeon, and this maiden aunt devoted her whole time to the care and training of the boy, and it is likely that she was the most potent outer factor in the formation of his character and destiny. She taught him the Bible and Puritan theology, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and gave a bent to his nature which it retained ever after. Old maids are sometimes laughed at, but not in earnest, for the world knows their value. They are modest, unselfish, effective toilers; they could not be spared from their sphere of activity, especially from the school and the home. The maiden aunt at Stamborne, preached her thoughts and feelings to the thousands for thirty years, through the clay she had so much to do with moulding. Spurgeon respected and loved this aunt almost as a mother.

The modest toilers in the home do not realize how far-reaching their influence and service is upon the life and destiny of children. There may not be the development of character that shall excite the notice of a nation, but children, well trained in morals and religion, however humble may be their lot, will become kings and priests unto God and wear a royal diadem.



A JOURNEYMAN-PRINTER TELLS HOW HE FIRST MET LINCOLN



KNOWING that Captain Gilbert J. Greene was a life-long friend of Lincoln, I once asked him how he first happened to meet the martyred President, and of this incident he gave the following interesting account:

"I was tramping the State of Illinois, from south to north, when I came upon the farmhouse of Jacob Strauss, who owned forty thousand acres of land in the centre of the State. Finding that I was going to pass through Springfield the next day, Mr. Strauss told me he would keep me over night if I would carry some papers to a lawyer in the capital. He said the lawyer's name was 'Abe' Lincoln, 'a very smart man.' I started next morning at sunrise. The road to Springfield was straight, and the country so level that I could see the sun reflected from the State-house dome, thirty-five miles away. There was snow on the ground, and the weather was biting cold. I reached a little, unimportant office, at nightfall, and saw the legend, 'A. Lincoln, attorney,' on a plain strip of black tin on the door. I knocked, and a voice replied, 'Come in.' Entering, I found Lincoln sitting on an old-fashioned, splint-bottomed chair, before a great wood fire, with feet against the mantel, higher than his head, and reading a copy of the Louis-

ville *Journal*. I handed him the papers. 'Taking them, he said: 'I didn't think the old codger would send a horse out such a day as this.' Finding that I had no money, he took a five-dollar bill out of his pocket and gave it to me, saying he would charge it up to his client, as it was worth ten dollars to bring the papers in such weather. Then, taking up the newspaper he had laid down, he wrote on the white margin, 'Mr. Wilson, take care of this boy until to-morrow, or longer, if the weather is bad, and send the bill to me. A. Lincoln.' Tearing this off and handing it to me, he pointed through the window to a hotel across the square, and told me to go there and remain until I was able to resume my journey. As I was leaving the hotel the next morning, to continue my journey, a man brought a note from Mr. Lincoln, which read as follows:

" 'MR. WALLACE, Peoria:

" 'Dear Sir:—This boy wants to reach the Rock River country, somewhere near Beloit. If he needs any assistance, and you can help him in any way, it will be appreciated, and I will be responsible.

" 'Yours,

A. LINCOLN.'

" When I arrived at my destination, I wrote a letter of thanks to the homely, kindly lawyer who had befriended me; and a personal correspondence was begun with him, which ended only with his death. He got a place for me in a printing office at Springfield, where I, though only a boy, was permitted to enjoy his intimate companionship.

" Lincoln was one of the largest-hearted and most unselfish men who ever lived. He had an especial fondness for young men, and never allowed an opportunity to befriend them to pass by unimproved."

No one can calculate the new hopes that may be enkindled, or the mighty destinies that may be affected by a little kindly sympathy, offered even in the most modest way, to some young man or woman, struggling to get a start in life.



LOOKED BACK AND LOST HIS WIFE



EURYDICE, the wife of Orpheus, was killed by the bite of a serpent. Her husband, heart-broken at her death, determined to make his way into the lower world, and, if possible, persuade its rulers to allow his loving companion to return to him. With nothing but a lyre in his hand, he entered the palace of Pluto, and played with such exquisite beauty upon it, that the inhabitants of Hades were charmed. "The wheel of Ixion stopped, Tantalus forgot the thirst that tormented him, the vulture ceased to prey on the vitals of Tityos, and Pluto and Proserpine lent a favoring ear to his prayer." He was promised that his wife should return with him, but only on the condition that he should not look


back until he had gotten beyond the boundaries of Hades. He broke the condition, and his wife, who had gotten part of the way with him, vanished from his sight forever.

So many prizes in life are lost by looking backward. The precious things of life are given to those who look forward.

There is great peril in the divine life in turning backward. In getting away from the regions of darkness and sin and misery, there is everything to lose in looking behind. In leaving Sodom, it is unsafe to turn around; in escaping from a life of sin, it is absolutely necessary to keep the eyes steadily ahead. He who will keep his eyes ahead upon the Cross of Christ will have all the treasures of earth that are of any value, and those of immortality as well.



TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF A JAPANESE STUDENT

APAN, seeing the advantage of the Western, over the Oriental civilization, years ago began sending some of her most brilliant young men to various universities in Europe and America, to learn the literature, laws, industries and customs of foreign nations, and to bring that knowledge back as practical information to their native land. I became acquainted with several of them, who attended the DePauw University in Indiana, twenty-five years ago. They were very keen in their intellectual apprehension, quick in their books and correct in their habits, and one or two of them were eloquent orators. One young man was instructed by his government to make American farming the subject of his special investigation. He was doing beautifully in his work, when he was attacked by consumption and wasted away to a mere shadow. I visited him frequently. I have seldom seen a rarer Christian character than he—so sweet in his contentment, so resigned to his lot, so happy in the hope of a blessed immortality. One day, on questioning him about the comforts of our religion, he replied: “The Holy Spirit is with me in my room all the time, and, better still, he is in my heart. I have not any word in your language, nor in mine, to express the sweetness which I have from that presence in my soul.” Inquiring about his family, he answered: “My father is dead, but my mother is living. She had great hopes for me, and will be very sorry—will cry—when she hears that I cannot get well; but I am glad to say she is also a Christian, and I believe our Heavenly Father will console her with the same spirit that comforts me. I wish I could have her by me now at the last, but I cannot, and I have given my final message to my Japanese companions to send to her. As I started away from home, mother said to me, ‘My son, you are going far away, and are to be gone a long time; you may not live to return, and if you should I may be dead when you get back. We will have this understanding: If I die

first, I will look out of the window of heaven which opens toward America, and will watch for you; and if you go first, you will stand at the window of heaven which opens on Japan, and watch for me. Christ, you know, my son, has destroyed death, and whatever may happen, you and I will live together forever.' " With face radiant with the upper glory, he said to me, " I am not far away from that Mansion, and I shall do as I promised my mother—watch at the window which looks out on Japan and welcome her when she shall come." His body rested in the same altar at which, years before, a student was converted who, being sent to Japan as a missionary, was instrumental in the conversion of the young man whose funeral service was being held.

From an earthly point of view, the death of this young man was peculiarly distressing. Possessing brilliant talent, with commission and pay from the government, with the splendid opportunities for contributing to the marvelous progress which the Japanese Empire has since made among nations, with the magnificent possibilities of Christian usefulness in his home-land, it seemed a pity for him to die so soon. But from a heavenly point of view the picture is not dark. Affliction developed in the young man and illustrated in his character the most admirable spiritual qualities; and consumption, for such a soul, only opened the door of the cage and let the imprisoned spirit free. Instead of considering our dead as buried in the cemetery, how much more beautiful to regard them as inhabitants of the Mansion, watching from the window, waiting for us!



A TURTLE FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD



IN the marine turtle tank, in the reptile house at the Zoological Park of New York, there is a huge turtle whose head is over eight inches in diameter, and whose weight is a hundred and five pounds. It was captured by J. B. Freeland in a swamp near Plaquemine, La. The most singular thing about this creature is its age. Walter Rothschild, of London, an expert on tortoises, owns one which he claims is four hundred years old, and Dr. W. T. Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Society, asserts that the giant tortoise that they have just secured for their society is considerably older than that.

We do not know by what method Dr. Hornaday can tell how old his turtle is; how many years or hundreds of years it has lived in this world, but it is admitted that such creatures often live to be very old. If this tortoise had sense enough, and could express its thoughts, it might teach us a lesson of human frailty and mortality; might tell us of the successive generations that have been born, have wrought and died. It might also teach a lesson of human strength and glory; might tell how these struggling, laughing, crying, dying peoples have made great discoveries, built vast institutions, and contributed

enormously to the sum of happiness and progress. But as it is neither a reasoning nor a speaking creature, simply a turtle, we conclude that it is neither wiser nor more ignorant, neither better nor worse, with all its centuries of life, than it was the first year of its existence. With man it is different; his years bring intelligence or ignorance, virtue or vice, moral advancement or retrogression. There are some long lives that are broad and deep—made so by the truths, the loves, the eternities that have been crowded into them; there are other long lives that are the opposite of them; they are thin and empty because there has been so little thought, and so little done by them. Some old people grow more wicked and corrupt every day. It would be fortunate for themselves and for the world if they could live as harmless a life as that of the turtle. After all it is not the years, but the noble deeds that count. One year of personal holiness, of supreme love for God and service for fellow men is worth a thousand years of idleness, of selfishness, and sin.



MOODY AND HIS BROTHER GEORGE



REACHING upon the text, "Wherefore he is not ashamed to call them brethren," Dr. Pentecost, dwelling upon the advantages of having a King Brother at the right hand of God, in the great Day of Judgment, related the following incident:

"During the last week of the Tabernacle meetings in Boston, when the great building, which would hold seven thousand people, did not serve to hold half those who desired to enter, was packed to its utmost capacity and the doors were closed, I chanced to be in charge of the ushers at Mr. Moody's private entrance. Two or three policemen stood guard on the outside. Chains were drawn across the open door to keep the people from crowding in. Men came up to the door-keepers, inventing all sorts of excuses and arguments, why they, in particular, should be allowed entrance. One man offered a ten dollar bill to a policeman to be allowed to enter.

" 'It is not a question of good-will or money,' said the officer, 'but the doors are closed and the orders are strict. Not another soul may enter.' Presently one gentleman came forward, and after quietly urging the policeman, in an unobtrusive and modest sort of way, said, 'I am in Boston only for the day, and am exceedingly anxious to hear Mr. Moody.' 'But you can't go in. Stand aside if you please. Don't press against the chain.' 'But,' said the gentleman, in an under tone, 'I am Governor ———, of ———,' and presented his card. 'Well, Governor, I am very sorry. You must excuse me pushing you back. It is impossible for you to get in. Even if you should get by the chain, there is not room in the Tabernacle for another man to stand.' In

that outside crowd there were great merchants, distinguished men and women, and a host of common people, all desiring to enter. But they were on the outside, and the 'door was shut.' Nothing would admit them, neither money, position nor influence. Presently there came, pushing his way through the crowd, a little man, with bronzed face, plainly clad, evidently a countryman. He came up to the policeman and said, 'I want to go inside if you please.' 'Well, you can't get in. Didn't you see me just now refuse Governor ———. Stand aside;' and the policeman laid his hand upon him. But the little man tip-toed up and called to me, who was standing just inside the chain, 'Would you be kind enough just to tell Dwight that his brother George, from Northfield, is out here and wants to come in.' You may be sure that I quickly stepped back and made my way through the private passage to the pulpit, where Mr. Moody was already standing, conducting the open service of song. 'Mr. Moody,' I said, 'there is a little man outside, who says he is your brother George, from Northfield, and says he wants to come in. Shall I let him in?' 'My brother George! Certainly. Make way for my brother George,' cried Mr. Moody, turning about and addressing the throng in the passage way. Way was made, and brother George was brought in. There was neither seat nor standing room, except one chair right in the pulpit which Mr. Moody occupied. But Mr. Moody reached down his hand, and taking the hand of 'brother George,' pulled him right into the pulpit. 'There,' he said, 'sit right down here by my side.'" It was worth something to "brother George" that he had a brother there in authority. Our other Brother opens the door into the Kingdom of God here, and the gate of pearl into heaven beyond. Who ever else is shut out in that day, the King will not be ashamed of his "brethren," though they be little and bronzed, and clad in mean attire, and cannot call themselves by high-sounding titles, or display their riches. It is blessed to be brother to him who is in the King's office.



A MOTIONLESS NATION



IN many parts of the United States on the day of President McKinley's funeral, aside from the cessation from labor, in obedience to the proclamation of President Roosevelt, there were the few moments of as near silence and inactivity as is possible to mortals. Electric wires were still, telephones were silent, elevated and surface street cars and railroad trains stood dead on the track. The throngs on the streets of the city stopped and were motionless, human voices were hushed that the voice of the Absolute might be more distinctly heard, and the people thought, and wept, and prayed, and here and there feelings too deep for repression found relief in the song "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Nothing like this ever before occurred in our national history. There

is a legend that at the birth of Jesus Christ everything stopped still. That night-birds flying in mid-air became motionless, that the shepherd reaching his crook toward the sheep held it still; that people eating a meal held their hands midway between the dish and the mouth, and that everyone awake had a sudden inclination to be still. Historically, this legend is very far from the truth, for there was almost nothing that the world thought less about, and paid less attention to, than the Babe that was born in Bethlehem, and yet in a deeper sense the fiction was fact. The world did stop still at the birth of the Babe and began its thoughts and acts anew from the impulse of His life and love. And whatever it has of goodness or greatness to-day, it has derived from Him.

It was largely because William McKinley took this Babe of Bethlehem as his model, his Master, and his Saviour; because he was Christlike in his spirit and his life, that the people of America stopped still to think and to mourn, when he was laid in the tomb.



BOXED THE TRAIN-BOY'S EARS

THERE was a train-boy, fourteen years old, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, who had unusual enterprise. He had the regulation stock of peanuts, candies, fruits and papers. The morning after the battle of Pittsburg Landing he persuaded the manager of the *Detroit Free Press* to let him have a thousand copies of the paper on credit. He got the telegraph operators along the line to put out the bulletin boards at the stations mentioning the account of the battle, and stating that full particulars would be found in the papers that would come on the next train. The newsboy found a perfect mob at every stop, and as his stock decreased his price was raised, and he made quite a sum out of his project.

The boy was allowed one end of the baggage car for his wares. In this place he printed a little daily paper which he called *The Grand Trunk Herald*. He got the operators at the stations to tell him items of war news and printed them in his little sheet.

Though a mere child, he was an omnivorous reader, and was especially fond of chemistry. A part of his end of the baggage car was used as a laboratory. One day he was experimenting with his chemicals, when he knocked over a jar of phosphorus and set fire to the car. Though the flames were soon extinguished the conductor was greatly enraged, and at the next station he put the boy off the train and tumbled the bottles and packages out after him. But the conductor did worse than this, he slapped the boy's ears so brutally that a deafness was caused which exists to this day. That train-boy was Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor.

Almost no one of the century needed good ears more than Edison, whose

whole being was so sensitive to any hint or suggestion of Nature. That he has heard the voices of the subtle forces so distinctly under his physical disabilities is a marvel, and a tribute to his strength of will and keenness of intellect.

There are some jolts and cuffs that boys receive that are just and are not harmful in their consequences, then there are others that are unjust and brutal and are widespread and long-lived in their evil results. Many a boy or girl has been struck spiritually deaf for life by a single blow of anger.

There are times when one evil act may cause a damage to another which can never be repaired.



THE INFLUENCE OF BURNS OVER WHITTIER




SCOTCH tramp visited the house of the father of John Greenleaf Whittier in the country, when the latter was a boy. The tramp having been fed in the kitchen, sang some songs of Burns—"Highland Mary," "Bonnie Doone" and "Auld Lang Syne." The boy was wild with delight; this appreciation was evidence that he possessed poetic instinct, for Britain, since the days of Elizabeth had heard few such songs as those of Burns. When Whittier was fourteen, his first school-teacher, Joshua Coffin, while on a visit to his house read some selections from a volume of Burns' poems. The boy was so pleased with them that he asked the teacher to lend him the volume, which he did. Whittier, in a leaflet says, "This was about the first poetry I had ever read, with the exception of that of the Bible (of which I had been a close student), and it had a lasting influence upon me." The soul of the boy at this time was in such a receptive condition, that any true poet coming to him would have excited his admiration and imitation; but it was peculiarly fortunate that Burns came to him at the start. This poor Scotch gardener, with scanty wages, living in a poor man's house, struggling against all kinds of misfortune and weakness, with genius enough to be the poet-laureate of the realm, but hired by the government to a menial task at fifty pounds a year, and yet discovering the richest truth in the most unlikely places, the purest gold in the roughest rocks, the costliest pearls in the homeliest shells; finding the splendors of a palace under the roof of straw, the beauties of paradise amid the humblest earthly scenes, the divinest instincts in the breast of the lowliest and most forgotten, with a heart of sympathy for everything God has made, even the little mice in the nest upturned by the plow, pouring the wealth of his affection without stint upon the hearts of his fellow men; this is the poet whose verses fell like a fresh revelation upon the heart of a poor son of a poor farmer at Haverhill. What a pity that the Scottish bard should have had a will so weak, and appetites so strong, and that his rising sun, which promised such a glorious day, should have gone down at noon! But he wrote some things that will last as long as the English

language is spoken. What Burns was to Scotland, Whittier has been to America. Whittier had many of the virtues of Burns with none of his vices, and from first to last, made the poetry of the Bard of Ayr his model. His masterpiece, "Snow Bound," is in imitation of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," but is in every way superior to it, and is likely to live as long as the literature of the nation endures.

Who can calculate the power of a book; the power of a book upon the mind of a child! What care there ought to be in the selection of books for children, since the intellectual companionship is so potential! What a power one brilliant personality has over another! The better spirit of Burns was so inbreathed into that of Whittier that his songs in melody and charm seemed akin to those of the Scottish bard. There is a law that mind is permeable by mind. Wherever in the universe there are two spirits, each may be inbreathed into the other. By this law the uncreated Spirit can dwell in the created one. The Holy Spirit can be inbreathed into a human soul; illuminating the intellect, purifying the affections, regulating the conscience, directing the will, and filling it with songs of sweetest melody, and prompting it to the divinest service.



IT WAS HIS OWN BOY

 NUMBER of boys playing on the Recreation Pier at North Second street, Brooklyn, on a recent afternoon, when the cry was raised that one of them had fallen into the river. He was a little fellow, only seven years old. It was a dangerous place to fall, for the water is deep and the current strong. One of the boys, with more presence of mind than the others, ran along the pier to the place where a policeman was on duty marshaling the boys who were going into the baths. He told the policeman of the accident, and the officer promptly ran to the place. Flinging off his tunic and helmet, he dived into the river, and soon came up with the boy. Holding him by one hand and swimming with the other, he reached the pier and passed him up to the hands stretched out to take him. Then, to his astonishment, he recognized in the boy his own beloved child. The shock was so great that the policeman came near swooning, but his delight when the child recovered consciousness, was beautiful to see. How thankful he must have been that he was so prompt in the effort.

While some of the policemen of the great cities yield themselves to the sale of law and the protection of crime, a large majority of them are faithful to their trust and singularly unselfish in their lives. In their occupation of peril, in the protection of property and life, they are constantly performing acts of heroism which should receive the gratitude of the public.

In the spiritual realm people are constantly falling into the water, and some

brave Christian must go into the water after them or they will be drowned. From the crowded docks children are frequently falling into the river of sin and crime, and Christ's life-savers must rescue them immediately or they will be lost.

The man thought he was saving the son of some one else, when in reality it was his own he was rescuing. Every act of benevolence has more meaning in it than appears on the surface, has a larger reward than is at first promised. A heroic act has a great blessing for the man performing it, and for those who are nearest to him. A man who busies himself in saving others is very likely to save his own.

Christ's human kinship is so deep and so wide that whoever be the parent the child is our brother; and every effort to rescue him will be appreciated and rewarded by our Elder Brother.

Men and women are constantly risking their own lives to rescue the multitudes who have fallen into the stream of barbarism and heathenism.



THE DANGEROUS CIGARETTE

EDWARD WEINSCHRIEDER brought action in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn for \$10,000 damage against a firm of tobacco merchants. He was smoking a "Jumbo" cigarette, which, being charged with high explosives, went off, tearing three fingers from his left hand; and the suit against the manufacturers was to secure damages from them.

This "Jumbo" cigarette did only a little more suddenly what the ordinary one does with the average boy more slowly but as surely, injure his body and impair his usefulness. One of the most pitiable wrecks in society is that of the boy or man of promise, whose physical, mental and moral faculties have been undermined by the cigarette habit.



THE HEROISM OF A DOG

DR. JOHN MANNING was bathing in the ocean at Asbury Park, when an undertow bore him out to sea. Exhausted with his vain struggles to make his way to the shore, and feeling that he would certainly perish unless relief immediately reached him, he gave loud cries for help. A St. Bernard dog, belonging to Mr. W. H. Smith, of Brooklyn, hearing his cries, and seeing his distressed condition, plunged into the water and swam out to him. Mr. Manning had just strength enough left to throw his arms about the strong neck of the dog, who brought him back to the shore and saved his life. The people on

the beach were wild with their enthusiasm over the heroic deed of this animal, and gave cheer after cheer in his honor.

There are scarcely any stories of heroism among animals that so thrill the hearts of the young people, and older ones as well, as those of the rescue of lost travelers in the Alps, by the noble St. Bernard.

As we look at this dog, at his unselfishness, his life-saving instinct, we who know the value of a human life and somewhat of its destiny, ought to be more interested in the salvation of the bodies and souls of men. Many are being caught by the undertow and are being carried out to sea, and we must hasten to their rescue or they will be lost.



A TRYING ORDEAL



A SURGEON, assisted by his son, who was also a surgeon, was stricken with heart disease while performing an operation. The son had to instantly choose between duty to the unconscious form on the table or to the unconscious form on the floor. He did not hesitate. Picking up the fallen scalpel he completed the operation, and when the patient was safe his father was dead.

The power to instantly reach the right decision under most trying circumstances is not a matter of impulse, but of right training. The judgment must be disciplined and educated as well as the heart.

There come times in the religious world when duty seems to lie in opposite directions, and the most careful judgment is puzzled to know what course to take. At such times the Holy Spirit is very near to the devout heart to give the light and guidance needed.



THE YOUNG MISSIONARY TO INDIANA



AFTER leaving the Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, Ohio, Henry Ward Beecher was sent as a missionary to Lawrenceburg, Indiana. He and his wife went to housekeeping in a barn, which they cleaned out and furnished pretty much with their own hands. He received, as a salary, two hundred and fifty dollars from the Home Missionary Society, and was promised a hundred and fifty dollars more by his congregation of twenty members. When he had a hundred and fifty people in his little church, he had all it would hold, but his heart was larger than his local society and he reached for the people round about him, preaching in the log houses and at camp-meeting gatherings with


powerful effect. He preached a Gospel which he believed with all his heart. In referring to this missionary experience, he said: "I was sent into the wilderness of Indiana to preach among the poor and ignorant, and I lived in my saddle. My library was my saddle bags; I went from camp meeting to camp meeting; and from log hut to log hut. I took my New Testament, and from it I got that which has been the very secret of any success that I have had in the Christian ministry." In two years he had made such a profound impression upon the community by his brilliant, earnest evangelical labors, that he was called to a church at Indianapolis, where he remained eight years longer. The same success attended his labors at Indianapolis which he had had in his first charge. He was then called to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

In speaking with Mr. Beecher once, about his ministerial experience in the West, he said to me it was invaluable to him, that he would not take anything in the world for it. He said he could never have enjoyed the kind of success he had in Brooklyn if it had not been for the experience he had had in Indiana; that there was a liberty, a breeziness, an earnestness and intensity which made him more vigorous than he could have possibly been under other circumstances.

Poverty and the wilderness, where there is the right spirit, are not barriers, but helps to success. They encourage a self-dependence, strength of will and manly vigor which are necessary to the highest mastery in life. They have developed some of the greatest men in every calling which the world has ever known. Unflinching faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and its acceptance as a vitalizing force in the soul is the secret of true success in life.



"IT WAS ALL MY FAULT; I FORGOT"

 HERE was a collision on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, eight miles north of Cadillac, between a regular freight train and an extra passenger train, in which several were killed and injured. The wreck was caused by the engineer, Frederick Zimmerman, of the freight train, forgetting an order which was given him verbally to side-track his train several miles south of the scene of the incident and await the passage of the passenger train. Zimmerman, who was fatally injured, said just before he died, "It was all my fault; I forgot."


There is not a day passes in which there is not some one who suffers the penalty of carelessness. The newspapers are full of the reports of fatal accidents occasioned by the negligence of some one, but these accidents, lamentable as they are, are not so horrible as the spiritual injuries which come as the result of neglect. People are having the spiritual life crushed out of them by collisions which might have been avoided, if there had not been the greatest

carelessness in the discharge of duty. Very few people who make a moral wreck of life intend to be lost; most of them intend to be saved, but they are careless of the spiritual dangers that are on the track, and are crushed to death. There can scarcely be any remorse more agonizing than that of a soul, in the presence of spiritual ruin, which is compelled to take up the lament, "It was all my fault; I forgot." It is an exceedingly dangerous thing for people to pay so little attention to such grave spiritual perils; to charge the memory so lightly with things on which hang life or death.

The death of poor Zimmerman by his own fault was a very serious thing, but not so serious as the death he brought to others by his neglect. It is a serious thing for a man to wreck himself morally by carelessness in the discharge of religious duty, but it is a still more serious thing for the man to allow spiritual ruin to come to his fellow men by his neglect of religious duty. We have not only been charged with the perilous duty of saving ourselves, but also of saving our fellow men. And it will be a fearful thing if we allow any whom God has placed on the train under our care to be destroyed by our religious neglect. It would be a terrible thing for parent or pastor or teacher or Christian worker in the presence of the everlasting ruin of friends and associates, and especially of those committed to their care, to be compelled to say, "It was all my fault; I forgot."



A NAVAL COMMANDER'S HEROISM

OMMANDER CRAVEN came of a famous fighting race, and by his many acts of gallantry, combined with a highly chivalrous character, had earned through the service, the sobriquet of the "Sidney of the American Navy." By his heroic death, he emphatically proved his right to the title by which he will for all time be known.

In 1864, he was in command of the monitor, *Tecumseh*, and on August 5th, of that year, when Farragut made his famous attack on the defenses in Mobile Bay, Craven was given the honor, and the danger, of leading the fleet into battle.

Mobile Bay was, at the time, thickly planted with torpedoes by the Confederates, and while Craven was endeavoring to attack the ram *Tennessee*, his vessel struck one of these explosives, and a huge rent was made in her hull, which sent her quickly to the bottom.

As she began rapidly to sink, the crew rushed up on deck, all knowing full well that there was not a minute to spare. As Craven sprang toward the turret stairs to escape, he met his pilot at the foot; there was only room for one; both knew that he who went up might be saved; but the other was doomed. With that respect for discipline, so strong in the navy under every circumstance,

the pilot gave way to his commander, but Craven imperatively ordered him to ascend, saying, "After you, pilot."

The pilot just managed to reach the deck, when the vessel plunged underneath the waves, carrying with her her gallant commander. Such a story of heroism makes one think more of his race, and has a tendency to lift the human heart out of the dull treadmill of materialism into the higher altitude of noble thought and tender sentiment. Such unselfishness and sacrifice reminds us of the Spotless One, who died that we might live, who saved others but could not save Himself. The competitions, strifes, the bitter contests; the envies, the jealousies, the revenges that make up so large a part of the average earthly life, are rebuked by the acts of such men as Commander Craven, and by the example and commands of Our Blessed Divine Master.



THE FRIEND WHO MADE LINCOLN PRESIDENT

FROM a group of the intimate friends of Mr. Lincoln, I learned many of the circumstances that led to his nomination for the Presidency the first time, and the important part Judge Davis had in bringing it about. Judge Davis was a huge man, weighing over three hundred pounds, he was also large mentally and morally; his native ability, finished education, gentlemanly demeanor and unconquerable will, made him a superb manager of men. He instinctively assumed a mastery that was accorded to him. His first appearance in national politics was in the canvass for the nomination of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, in which contest his magnificent generalship was so illustrated that he immediately took a conspicuous and permanent place among the wise politicians of the country. He was the leader of the Lincoln forces in the Chicago Convention, and more than any other was responsible for Lincoln's nomination. David Davis, Leonard Swett, of Chicago, Jesse D. Fell, of Normal, and others dominated the forces which placed Mr. Lincoln in nomination. But the chief credit is given to Judge Davis. Mr Swett said: "It is not generally known, but true, that Lincoln owed his nomination in 1860 to the friends he made among the circuit attorneys, and particularly to Judge Davis." Jesse D. Fell wrote to a United States Senator: "To Judge Davis more than any other man living or dead is the American people indebted for that extraordinary piece of good fortune, the nomination and consequent election of Abraham Lincoln." In 1836, the year after Mr. Davis went West, he was introduced to Mr. Lincoln at Vandalia, Ill., and the acquaintance formed ripened into the closest intimacy and intensest affection. Judge Davis rode the circuit, and Mr. Lincoln was one of the few attorneys who went all the way around with him. They stayed at the same tavern, often slept in the same bed, and became like brothers. And when

the elements in the South and North were preparing for the conflict, and the times were calling for a giant, Judge Davis and the circle of able lawyers, who stood nearest to Mr. Lincoln and knew him best, felt that he was the man for the times, and they determined that, if possible, he should be the nation's chief; and Mr. Lincoln, feeling within his breast the symptoms of a greatness that could not be suppressed, and hearing the voice of Destiny calling to him, encouraged his friends to present his claims. They captured the State Convention in Decatur in May with a shout, securing a unanimous recommendation of Mr. Lincoln for nomination to the Presidency. They set themselves to the more difficult task of taking possession of the National Convention, to be held in a few weeks at Chicago. They went to Chicago a week before the convention and opened their headquarters at the Tremont House. Judge Davis, who was a delegate-at-large from the Decatur Convention, appointed on purpose to lead in Lincoln's interest, instinctively and by common consent became the commander-in-chief of all the forces. He organized the State delegation into committees and assigned them work for almost every hour of the day and night, and by his good generalship the National Convention was secured for Mr. Lincoln. And when the decisive ballot was cast, and he saw what he had accomplished for his bosom friend, he broke down and wept like a child. Hearing that Thurlow Weed, who had managed the Seward forces, was sore at his defeat, he with Mr. Swett called on him, though they were both strangers to him. Among other things, Mr. Weed said: "You are a new hand in conventions and I am an old one; now it is all over, I want you to tell me how you did it." They persuaded Mr. Weed to go with them to Springfield to confer with Mr. Lincoln about the campaign; which he did. Letters in the *Life of Thurlow Weed* show that Davis and Swett in the West, and Weed in the East, had the management of the Lincoln campaign. Mr. Lincoln recognized the service of his bosom friend in his behalf by appointing him to one of the highest judicial offices in the gift of man. At Lincoln's death, Judge Davis took charge of his affairs and settled his estate, keeping all the papers in his safe in Bloomington, carefully tied up with a piece of green braid. Having been so successful in making Lincoln President, he concluded he would like to be President himself, and he did reach an eminence during his Presidency of the Senate with only the frail life of Mr. Arthur between him and the Chief Magistracy.

How powerful is the will of one strong man who holds his mind to a purpose, and does not allow anything to swerve him from it! Judge Davis determined to make his friend Lincoln President, and did so. What an imperial will-force there was in a man who could make his friend President, and then come so near securing the prize for himself!

We may not occupy exalted positions among men; people may not talk about us, or put our names in the newspapers; but, by the exercise of the will, through the help of the Divine Spirit we may become children of the King; and

then, if we shall conduct ourselves with the dignity and honor that becometh princes, we shall have a crown and a throne; and by the employment of the will through grace divine, we may help our fellow men up to the position and glory of a royal estate. There is a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother" who can bring us to usefulness, to honor and immortality.



CHILDREN PERISHING WITH THE FAMINE IN INDIA

DR. KLOPSCH, after a graphic description of the sickening scenes of the Baroda poor-house, through which he had passed, full of famine-stricken victims, some writhing and groaning with cholera and others perishing with small-pox, dysentery and one kind of fever or another, said: "We were anxious to get away from this poor-house, but it occurred to us that thus far no children had been in evidence. So we made inquiry concerning them, and learned that they were kept in what is termed the kitchen. We asked to be shown there.

"The kitchen in the Baroda poor-house must be seen to be realized. In a bamboo enclosure, under the supervision of a fat, turbaned Hindoo, sat three hundred skeletonized, diminutive creatures, all sickly and miserable and many of them totally blind. In the entire number there was not a single child which in our country would not be considered hopelessly afflicted with marasmus.

"The sight of these poor little helpless human beings was saddening beyond description. Never have I seen anything approximating in abject misery and utter destitution this gathering of innocents. Not a cry escaped their lips. The place was as silent as the abode of death. Hardly a hand stirred. Not a sound was heard. With the exception of the blinking of the eyelids there was no indication of life. Had our own eyes been sightless, we could have passed by this place in total ignorance of the presence of a living being. We walked in and no one paid the slightest attention to our movements.

"The Hindoo seemed as lifeless as the children. The sanitaty conveniences and the kitchen were one.

"We reached the centre of the enclosure. The Hindoo looked on silently. The whole concern seemed dazed. We ourselves were dazed. Stupor was creeping upon us. Death seemed to be encircling the Baroda kitchen and all it contained, first mercifully benumbing the senses, as the surgeon administers an anæsthetic before he performs the operation.

"Suddenly there was a stir. Two men bearing a can of milk appeared in front of the Baroda tent. The children became animated. The Hindoo revived. He came over to where we were standing and informed us that milk was to be given to the feeble children. We followed him to the entrance and watched

its distribution. As soon as some of the tin cups were filled the children scrambled for them. There was not enough for more than a fourth of the number, and the more vigorous ones got what there was. The feebler ones went without it.

"Some of them were too weak to rise. They cried inaudibly, but their grief was more pitiful than if it had sought noisy expression. Perhaps punishment awaited every demonstration on their part, and hence they dared not complain. God only knows. We protested against the totally inadequate supply of milk and lack of proper management. The Hindoo explained that more milk would be served in the evening. Eight long hours! And then, perhaps, only as much more. How could these hungry ones survive?

"We asked the Hindoo how many little ones died daily. He professed ignorance, but volunteered the information that their bodies were burned. I verily believe that very few, if any, of the twelve hundred who were in the Baroda poor-house that morning ever came out alive. It was a veritable dead-house, and those who once entered seemed hopelessly doomed."

The cry of a child can be heard a long distance. The cry of the fatherless and motherless children of India has been heard around the world, and has awakened the people of our land somewhat, to a sense of their privilege and duty, so that, by the unspeakable eloquence of lips mute in death, our Heavenly Father has taught us the lesson of universal need and inspired benevolences, which will not only care for the bodies, but also feed with the Bread of Life, the famishing souls of the little ones for whom Christ died.



WHY THE LOTUS BLOOMS ON THE NILE



MAN stood one day on the banks of the Blue-Nile, and gazed long and lovingly on the white and golden scene of beauty with which the lotus crowned the river with glory. "Do you know," said his Arab guide, "why that heavenly blossom grows in this turbid stream?" "I suppose it is because God so ordered it," he answered in simple faith. The Arab bowed low toward Mecca and continued. "Once there was no flower growing along the banks of these waters, and a little child lay dying on the sands, who lifted her eyes toward the sacred mountains, and breathed this prayer: 'Great Allah, lover of all that is good and best, I have done nothing in this life of mine, so soon to end on earth, grant when I die, that I may help a little in thy work with men.' And so her prayer was answered, and ever since, this heavenly child, when the tide of the Nile goes down, scatters lotus seeds along the river bank, and they spring into life and burst into loveliness, seeming to say, 'God is God and Mahomet is his prophet.'"

Along the streams of time there are flowers blooming which have grown from seeds scattered by the fingers of the darling little ones who have gone away from us to heaven. From the singular beauty of the flowers, and the delicious fragrance which they breathe, we know that the seeds from which they have sprung belong to another world.

One moonlight night I was walking with a gentleman friend when he said to me, "I had a little brother whom I loved better than my life. We were together almost every waking hour at home, school and play. We went to the millpond one evening for a swim, and my brother got beyond his depth and was drowned. We were all crazy with grief. He was my partner and pet and I fairly cried my eyes out in my loneliness. It seemed as though no one else was living and that I had nothing more to live for. After suffering this agony for some time I had a dream one night. In it my brother came back to me. His clothing was so beautiful, and his face was lovely beyond expression. His face was all that could be desired by me, but it had gotten an added beauty in the realm from which he came. He said to me, 'Brother, I asked my Heavenly Father to let me come back to you and tell you not to cry any more for me. I live in such a lovely place, and am so happy, that you must rejoice and not shed tears when you think of me. Promise me that you will not cry any more, and that you will be a good boy and join me again. The good old times we had together are only the beginning of the glorious times we will have together forever.' I promised him, and he put his arms about my neck and kissed me and went away from me. When I awoke the next morning much of my heart-sickness was gone, and instead of crying, I rejoiced that brother was in such a happy place and that I should be with him again." I told my friend the Arab's story of the origin of the lotus flower, and said, "Your brother came from the other world to scatter seeds in the river's edge to bring forth lovely flowers for you."



DOING THE WILL OF GOD

REV. DR. GEORGE S. PAYSON, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Inwood-on-the-Hudson, used the following apt illustration:

"My fountain pen is a convenience. I carry it with me wherever I go. It saves time and trouble, and if by any chance when I leave home I fail to take it with me, I miss it. It is always ready to do just what I wish, and it does it quickly and well. And I prize it accordingly.

"But its usefulness depends wholly upon its being an instrument of my will. Should it act independently, supposing it could, I would disown it at once. I must. I could not safely do otherwise. It might ruin me by signing fraudulent papers, or by misrepresenting my views upon important subjects, or by issuing

orders to those accustomed to look to me for direction. As an instrument it is valuable and useful; but only as an instrument.

"God can use us for his glory when we have wholly yielded to his will, and only then. We are not, like pens, destitute of life and of free-agency; but we can use our free wills to choose to do the will of God, and so become as it were mere instruments, though highly organized instruments, to do whatever he desires to have done. And this is the true use of the human will—to make its powers instrumental of doing the Divine Will. When we have no will of our own opposed to his; when we are willingly the will-surrendered instruments of his will to do anything and to say anything which he directs, or to bear anything which he appoints, then and then only can he use us with delight. But if in any degree we insist upon doing as we please and being independent of him; if we will not surrender ourselves unreservedly into his hands; if we will not do the will of God from the heart, as unto God and not unto men, then we cannot experience the blessedness of holy living. The holiest and most blessed of earthly lives had this for its sole aim, 'I came not to do mine own will, but the will of Him who sent me.' And just in so far as we follow Christ, this must and will be the chosen aim of our lives."



A BRAVE MOTHER SAVES HER CHILD

RIDING on the train from Washington to New York, a gentleman who got on the car at Baltimore said to me, "Is this seat engaged?" "No, sir," I replied, and moved to make room for him. His big valise and mine, and the two owners, more than filled the space allowed. As I was deeply interested in a book, I did not stop reading to engage in conversation. As we approached Philadelphia, the gentleman asked me how far it was to Wayne Junction. I told him only a little distance. He said he was going to Buffalo and did not wish to miss the connection. I said, "You are going to the Pan-American Exposition, I presume." "Yes," he answered, "and I have come a long way to attend it." "From where?" I inquired. He replied, "From Galveston, Texas." In appearance he was not a typical Texan, but his Southern brogue was pronounced. I said, "Were you in Galveston during the storm?" He said, "Yes, I was." I told him I was sorry that I had not known the fact before, as I should have liked to have him tell me some incidents connected with the disaster. I suggested that, as he would not reach his station for at least twenty minutes, he might take the time to relate two or three. He said, "I will gladly do so; this is one: There was a gay young girl, fond of society, living in our city, who became the wife of Dr. Longena, the surgeon of the United States Post. When the storm began he went to help the fellow-

officers who were down closer to the gulf, not dreaming that there would be any danger to his own home. He found that the water had covered the quarters close to the gulf, and it was learned afterwards that twenty-eight of the soldiers there had been drowned. When he turned to go back to his own home he found that the flood had cut off his retreat, and he took refuge in the home of an officer near by, little dreaming that his own home was already in danger.

His wife, thus left alone, informed her father, who is the cashier in a bank, of her peril, and he sent a message telling her to put on her bathing suit and hasten with her three-months-old baby to a house which he thought would be secure, a half mile further from the beach. She started, but had gotten only a little distance from her home when she found places where the water was too deep for her to wade, and so she swam across them, breasting the fearful current and clinging to her child. At last she reached the house, in which twenty-two others had taken refuge. Soon after she had entered it the house came down. She crawled up on the roof, where, in her bathing suit and her child in one arm, she clung till morning. She was so afraid that her child would die from exposure and for want of food that she got off the roof and started for shelter and food. Through the water and the *debris* she made her way a distance of three miles to a hotel, which had stood the storm, and the two were saved. The husband was also saved.

I said to my companion: "I thank you very much for that incident. It is a good one. Opportunities call out the best qualities of the individual. You would hardly have suspected that this society girl, this soft-handed child of ease, would have displayed such courage in fighting the storm, or such heroism in saving the babe. It is the tragic events that give rise to the sublimest heroism. The young mother was bent on saving the life of her child, and in doing so she saved herself. What a shelter true motherhood gives to helpless infancy! From how many material and spiritual storms imperiled childhood is saved by brave, true, consecrated Christian motherhood!"



THE MAN WHO CURSED HIS COUNTRY



THE unhappy result of even a momentary and heedless lapse from patriotism is well illustrated by Edward Everett Hale's story, *The Man Without a Country*, which, while it reads like history, has in reality no foundation on fact. Philip Nolan is a young soldier, on duty at Fort Adams, and is charmed by the manner and character of Aaron Burr. After Burr's trial for treason, the soldiers at Fort Adams whiled away their monotony holding mock court-martials. Nolan was accused of being tired of the service, and being found guilty.



SHE CRAWLED UP ON THE ROOF

was asked if he had anything to say for himself. He cursed the United States and said, "I wish I may never hear of the United States again." The soldier was taken at his word and placed on board ship, with orders that he was never to see the United States again, nor ever to hear its name mentioned. From that day in 1807 till the day he died in 1863, he was a man without a country.

The day before he died he called one of the officers on the ship to him, told him of his wretchedness, and of his real love for his country. He saw thirty-four stars on the flag, and begged to know the names of the States that had been admitted and of the progress of the country. That night he died, and in his Bible this text was marked, "They desire a better country, that is an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a city."

Human government is a Divine institution. In a good government loyalty to country is made out of the same material as loyalty to God. There are some who have a very poor estimate of the value of American citizenship. They have not the faintest idea of the privileges and responsibilities which it implies. Some who come to our shores with false notions of authority, seem, by some Satanic frenzy, to cry out and fight against the very institutions that offer them the richest blessings. And some who are born in our own land are poisoned by the same spirit, and they do not hesitate to slay the officers of the law, and are happiest when the Chief Executive, the model ruler, the idol of the nation, is stricken down. It is time for the shame and crime to cease. The country is waking up, alas! too tardily, to the task of keeping or sending away from the shelter and sight of our flag, those who hate it so much.



HARRISON'S INCORRUPTIBILITY



GENERAL HARRISON'S moral sensibilities were exceedingly delicate and true. His conscience was quick as the apple of the eye. Quick to sense the right, the whole bent of his nature was toward it. There was not the least variation or prevarication about him. His word was truth. What he said he meant, and what he seemed to be he was. He was a puritan in his character, so sterling were his virtues. In an immense practice, with thousands of opportunities for unfair dealing, he was scrupulously honest. He passed through a campaign, in which there is generally an insane fondness for slander, without the scratch of the finest brier or the stain of the smallest finger-print. Some of his bitterest political enemies pay the highest tributes to his incorruptibility. Ex-President Grover Cleveland, who was defeated by him and then defeated him, on hearing of his death, said: "Not one of our countrymen should for a moment fail to realize the services which have been performed in their behalf by the distinguished dead. In high public office he was guided by patriotism

and devotion to duty, and in private station his influence and example were always in the direction of decency and good citizenship. Such a career and the incidents connected with it, should leave a deep and useful impression upon every section of our national life."

General Harrison's consciousness of rectitude and rigid habit of self-control gave dignity to his manner and contentment to his spirit. Epictetus said, "Happiness is not in strength, for Myron and Ofellus were not happy; not in wealth, for Cræsus was not happy; not in all these together, for Nero and Sardanapalus and Agamemnon sighed and tore their hair, and were the slaves of circumstances and the dupes of semblances. It lies in yourselves; in true freedom; in the absence or conquest of every ignoble fear; in perfect self-government, and in a power of contentment and peace and the even flow of life." A wiser than Epictetus has said, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." The moral purity of his character not only gave to General Harrison true dignity and contentment, but it was a source of untold power to him in his profession and in his political promotion.



SELF-SACRIFICE IS LIFE



N apple is an arrested branch. Each apple in the orchard hangs at the end of the twig to which it is attached. A terminal bud, which otherwise might have formed woody fibre and added to the size of the tree, is, by a regular law of nature, turned aside from this course and developed into blossom and fruit instead. As a branch, it could have but a limited range of development and of growth on the tree to which it remained attached. But, giving itself to fruit, it either perpetuates itself in the several independent trees which may spring from its buried seeds, or it at once ministers to the welfare of man, and so attains the end for which it was created. In this field of nature, as in all others, we catch some foregleams of the truth which our Master taught when He said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life shall keep it unto life eternal." Here is, at least, the prophecy of unselfishness. It may not be strictly philosophical to say that the act of reproduction in grains or mosses or trees has any moral character; but, so far as it indicates the tendency of nature's work, it certainly suggests unselfishness rather than selfishness. Down at the very bottom of nature's work this tendency appears—in the protoplasmic cell which can only be studied under a microscope. There the two great processes begin which characterize all life—nutrition and reproduction. As Professor Drummond once said: "At one moment, in pursuance of the struggle for life, it will call matter from without, and assimilate it to itself; at another moment, in pursuance of the struggle for the life of others, it will set a portion of that matter

apart, add to it, and finally give it away to form another life. Even at its dawn, life is receiver and giver; even in protoplasm is self-ism and other-ism. These tendencies are not fortuitous. They have been lived into existence. They are not grafts on the tree of life; they are its nature, its essential life. They are not painted on the canvass; they are woven through it."



THE CRACKING OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

THE magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, has been seriously damaged. Walls have been cracked, arches broken, windows shattered, and parts of the building that used to inspire the observer with admiration and awe, excites feelings of pity and regret. The immense weight of the superstructure was all that the foundation could bear originally, but the tunneling for the underground railroad caused the foundation to sag a little, and make the trouble above. It is claimed that the concussion of the trains will greatly increase the damage.

It is a sad thing to see so superb a structure damaged in such a way, and yet it is the illustration of the cracked walls, broken arches, and shattered windows of character, caused by the vices that dig about its foundation. This present world, with its push and its dash, and its enterprises, if there be not extreme caution, will let down the foundation of the spiritual temple where God is worshiped, and where he dwells.



GLADSTONE'S LETTER TO MRS. SPURGEON


FOR three months Mr. Spurgeon hung between life and death. During that time all the leading dailies of London printed bulletins announcing his condition. Visitors of distinguished rank in Church and State called at his residence. Messages of sympathy poured in from every portion of the globe; among them letters from the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prince of Wales and Queen Victoria. Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mrs. Spurgeon was as follows: "In my own home, darkened at this present time, I read with sad interest the accounts of Mr. Spurgeon's illness. I cannot help conveying to you an earnest assurance of my sympathy and of my cordial admiration, not only for his splendid powers, but still more for his devoted and unfailing character. I humbly commend you and him in all contingencies to the infinite stores of Divine love and mercy." Mrs. Spurgeon answered this letter, to which her husband added this postscript: "Yours is a word of love, such as those only

write who have been into the King's country, and seen much of His face. My heart's love to you."

What a wonderful kinship of love to God and fellow men between these two great men! It is a fortunate nation that could have such men in the pulpit and the forum, as Spurgeon and Gladstone, who have contributed so much to the recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.



DAMAGE DONE BY A FAST YOUNG MAN

 HERE was a young lawyer who lived down in Egypt, in Southern Illinois, in the corn-growing belt which is skirted by the Ohio River. He had not the advantages of a liberal education, but he was competent and industrious and became a good counsellor and an excellent advocate. He had a large and lucrative practice, and at the ripening time of his life he was elected to the Judgeship of the circuit in which he lived. He was economical and thrifty, and finding that his income was larger than was necessary for a comfortable support, he made judicious investments which, in the course of years, grew into quite a little fortune, for that region. In a city in an adjoining State there was a young man who had entered a store when a small boy, to sweep out, attend to the fires, dust the goods, etc., who had been so apt, diligent and faithful to the tasks committed to him, that he had been advanced in his position and income, until he had become the chief salesman of the house, with a most excellent salary. He was a model young man in every regard; he was business from head to foot; was polite in his demeanor, and very popular with the customers. He was very frank in all his representations, and fair and square to the minutest detail in his dealings; having been raised in a religious home, he retained his Christian integrity and became an efficient worker in the Sunday School and Church to which he belonged. The young man was naturally ambitious to start a business of his own, and having saved some money out of his salary, he cast his eye about for some capitalist who would put money against his experience. Learning of this judge, in Illinois, who had money to lend, he visited him, and made such an impression upon him that he agreed to back the young man up with several thousand dollars to found a new business house, and to publicly become his partner. A large store was rented, a splendid stock of goods was bought, and a large and lucrative trade was secured. As the years went by, the stock was greatly increased and money was made in large quantities. The man was considered one of the leading merchants of the city, was the superintendent of a Sunday School, and was one of the most influential and conspicuous officers in the church of which he was a member. But his successes had turned his head; he got fat and lazy, hired people to do the planning which belonged to him. He

began to live too high; was petted and spoiled by gay society; and, beguiled by the wine cup, was enticed by the gaming-table and by evil companionships. His face began to get red and then purple; his eye, that used to be so clear and sincere, had a wild look about it; the level-headed, evenly poised man had become nervous and fidgety. He was beating about, apparently aimlessly, in office and store, but always with bad instinct enough to make his way to the corner saloon several times a day. Of course trade began to get away from him; the balancing of the books at the end of the year showed a loss instead of a gain, and in an incredibly short number of years the man went to pieces, and with him the great business he had founded, and with it the fortune of the judge. The judge had had such complete faith in the ability and honor of his partner, that he risked every dollar he had in the world on him, and had lost it. He took no part in the management of the business, retaining his residence and practice in his home town in Illinois. When he discovered the financial danger of the firm, it was too late to avoid the ruin which so swiftly overtook him.

I was the pastor of that judge in the period of his financial distress and poverty. One day he told me the story of his misfortune and his wrongs. He said it was bad enough to lose the earnings of a lifetime, but the thing that made him feel worse, was that they were lost by the basest betrayal of trust. It was a pathetic picture I witnessed, as the little old man, with white hair and beard, wept over the story of his earthly loss and ill-treatment. Then he braced himself up, and with eye flashing with triumph, and with a smile of love, he said: "Well, pastor, I have lost every cent I ever had in the world, but I have not lost my honor. I have my manhood yet, and that is the principal thing. It is a richer treasure than all the wealth of the world."

Most of the misfortune and woes of life are caused by the mistakes and sins of others. There is sometimes the greatest material prosperity attended by the most marked spiritual declension. It often happens that honor stands secure and magnificent above the wreck of earthly fortune. Our success or failure in the spiritual world will determine the eternal fate of our fellow men who trust or follow us.




RICHEST TREASURE IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CASKET



ALEXANDER THE GREAT, desiring to find a most becoming receptacle for the *Iliad*, carefully placed it in one of the most valuable caskets of Darius, remarking that the most perfect specimen of human genius should have the most precious possible resting-place.

The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, which is the highest expression of God's written law, should have a receptacle in the human soul, which is the most precious casket in this world.


THE SPEAKING OAK DIED AT A WEDDING

OSEPH S. FARMER, of Jersey City, and Miss Margaret Masterson, were announced to be married in the St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church of Brooklyn. The time for the ceremony had arrived; the church was crowded with people. In one of the pews, within a few feet of the altar, sat Mrs. Brotzman, a cousin of the groom. When the wedding march from *Lohengrin* was played, she slipped down a little in her pew. Thinking that she was only faint, her father-in-law attempted to revive her by fanning her. Father McCarty performed the ceremony, and while the strains of the organ quickened the steps of the bridal party as it left the church, they ushered the spirit of Mrs. Brotzman into the other world. All eyes were upon the bride and groom, and their attendants, and the condition of the woman was not discovered until the audience arose to leave the church, when it was found that she was dead.

Death is no respecter of persons or places. It would seem that he might have done his work either before or after the wedding, but he preferred to wait for the time of the greatest brilliancy and joy to do his damage and bring sorrow. In the bed, at the table, or the family altar, on the street, in the shop, office or store, in the midst of busy throngs, high hope, joy, and merriment, in the house of God, where hearts are joined and happiness is promised, Death appears as an obtruder to mock earthly vanity and to hurry mortals away. The woman who expired was a Christian, and was hurried a little before the other guests to the marriage supper of the Lamb.



THE PHONOGRAPH CAME FROM A PRICK ON THE FINGER

HOMAS A. EDISON tells how he happened to invent the phonograph. He says: "I discovered the principle by the merest accident. I was singing to the mouth-piece of a telephone, when the vibrations of my voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me to thinking. If I could record the action of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing should not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloo! Halloo!' into the mouth-piece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Halloo! Halloo,' in return, and I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger." On a recent visit to Edison's works at Orange, I heard a brass band playing into one instrument, a star singing into another, and an elocutionist talking into another. I was there told by a special-

ist who had spent much time experimenting upon the instrument, that the new improvements to the phonograph would make it about perfect as a speaking machine.

The wizard was asking Nature for other secrets at the very time she touched him gently on the finger and told him of the phonograph. Most of his inventions were the result of a purpose reached only after months or years of work and disappointment, this one he confesses came to him by accident. It was only because he had such a broad knowledge of sound and electricity that he knew what the slight touch on his finger meant. A million average hands might have been touched by the sharp wire without result; it was only because it was Edison's finger that was pricked that there came the phonograph.


The things we intend to do are hardly half of the things we do. The incidental or accidental events of our lives set afloat influences that shall never die.

The little things of life contain important principles, and lead to great results. In the spiritual realm the simple pricking of a finger often leads to unveiling mysteries, and opening the halls of melody.

Every word we speak, every act we perform, every thought we think, goes into a talking machine which will tell its story for or against us at the Last Day.



GENERAL HARRISON AS A CHRISTIAN

HE religious instinct of Benjamin Harrison was very strong. His obligations to God were sacredly kept. The first prayer his mother taught him in the old log house, the religious instruction she gave him as she bathed his face with her tears of love and the eloquence of her example, sank into his young heart, all sensitive to the truth, and gave him a taste as well as a habit for sacred things. While a student in college, he made a public profession of Christianity and united with the Presbyterian Church. When he went to Indianapolis a young man, he joined the First Presbyterian Church of that city, and remained a member of it till the day of his death. He was the pastor's right-hand man. As a trusted officer he assisted in taking the collections on the Lord's day and distributing the elements of the Holy Communion. His wisdom and love were invaluable in the management of the church. It is said that the society contemplated the erection of a new church edifice and that General Harrison, at the time of his death, was the chairman of the Building Committee. The General was a man of deep spiritual experience. He always found time to attend the week-night prayer service. He was superintendent of the Sunday School, and one of the ablest Bible class teachers any church ever had. When he was first married he established a family altar which was maintained to the last. When in the White House for four years there was no business, however

important, that would cause him to neglect his family prayers. Mr. Harrison was several times elected a member of the General Assembly, and was a member of the important committee on the Revision of the Creed. General Harrison never hesitated to publicly profess his faith in the principles of our Christian religion. He had unfaltering faith in the Bible.

We have here one of the best minds of the nation, one of the ablest lawyers, one of the greatest orators in the land, one of the hardest workers in the various departments of human endeavor, with simple faith in the Word of God and plenty of time for the Master's Service. The repeated contention that the intellect of the world is turning away from the Bible and the Church does not seem to be sustained by the facts.



ROBERT FULTON'S NEGLECTED GRAVE



WRITER gives the following description of the sadly neglected and unremembered grave of Robert Fulton:

"When the selected group of prominent Americans voted as to which American inventor's name should be enrolled at the Hall of Fame, Robert Fulton, the man who invented the steamboat, received the largest number of votes. Every schoolboy has lauded Fulton's achievement, and his fame has extended to every part of the civilized world. Yet the mortal remains of this man, a Pennsylvanian by birth, rest in a grave in New York which does not even contain a slab bearing his name. Very few persons know that the remains of Robert Fulton are interred in Trinity Churchyard, in New York City—that remarkable burying ground which seems strangely out of place, surrounded by immense buildings, in one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world. Less than a hundred years ago Fulton was the most talked of inventor in the land; to-day he lies among the unnamed dead. In one of the vaults in Trinity Churchyard are eight caskets; one of these contains all that is mortal of Robert Fulton. On the top of the vault is a brownstone slab, weather-beaten and dingy, with the letters almost obliterated. It is only by hard work that the following inscription can be made out: 'The vault of Walter and Robert C. Livingston, sons of Robert Livingston, of Livingston Manor.' There is nothing else—nothing to show that the remains of the inventor are also interred there. Few people are acquainted with Fulton's domestic life. At some time he married a Miss Livingston, and for that reason his remains were placed beside those of his wife in the Livingston vault when he died. Sometimes when the sexton is around, he tells visitors that the grave contains the remains of Fulton. But hundreds visit the churchyard every day without discovering the fact. The graves of Hamilton, Lawrence, Gallatin, and other distinguished men buried there are suitably marked. The sexton said that the American Society of Mechanical Engineers had started

a fund for a monument some years ago, but he never heard anything more of it."

It makes no difference to Fulton now what the people do with his dust; whether they mark it with a stately monument, or are compelled to search for it with a guide. But there ought to be gratitude enough in the hearts of a generation which has received such untold benefit from his discovery, to fittingly mark his resting-place in marble or in bronze. Such a monument would be a good object lesson to the young, reminding them of the rewards of thought, study, industry, experiment, enterprise and illustrious achievement.

Fulton's is not the only neglected grave of a great man; all over the world there are graves of men who have rendered signal service to their fellow men, which are unmarked by the plainest slab, and are even hidden from view by the weeds and briars. The dead are not hurt—only the living—by such neglect. Fulton's grave is only a sample of what will happen to the rest of them, sooner or later. However hard the granite or durable the bronze, the monuments will all come down; the frost in the ground will tilt them, the rains and the ice will eventually chip and dissolve them; the moss will eat out the names on the slabs and the graves will be unknown. The cities of the living only halt for appearance sake at the fence of the cemetery, and then they rush pell-mell over the sleeping-places of the dead as their highways, and appropriate them for the store, the shop, the office, the house. What about the dust of those who belonged to the earlier ages? With the exception of here and there an embalmed specimen for museums, they have all gone down under the flood of years. By the chemistry of nature and the march of the ages, the costliest monuments of the greatest heroes will be pulled down and covered up by the dust which is scattered through the fingers of Time. The law of Oblivion serves a wise purpose, in throwing us in on the living Present for our plans and labors; and in prompting us to seize the hand of the Absolute in the midst of the mutable and the perishable.



W. J. BRYAN'S TRIBUTE TO MCKINLEY



AT the death of President McKinley, Mr. Bryan said: "As monuments reared to the memory of heroes testify to the virtues of the living as well as to the services of the dead, so the sorrow that has overwhelmed our nation, obliterating distinctions of party, race, and religion, is complimentary to the patriotism of our people. While no recent campaigns have aroused deeper feeling than those through which President McKinley passed, yet in no contest did the minority more cheerfully acquiesce in the will of the majority as expressed at the polls. He was the President of the people, and their dignity and sovereignty were attacked when he was assaulted. I rejoice that President McKinley's career so fully demonstrated the possibilities of American citizenship.

The young men of the country can find inspiration and encouragement in the fact that he made his own way from obscurity to fame, those who are nearing the boundary of life can find consolation and example in the superb manner in which he fought his final battle. Domestic happiness has never been better illustrated than in his life, and Christian faith and trust never better exemplified than in his death."

Political differences are suggested by analogy and grow out of the constitution of the human soul. Political parties pretty nearly balanced are necessary in a representative form of government, are necessary to the enactment and enforcement of the best laws. Evils, jealous and relentless, throng the path of our greatest blessings, and they have found their way into the avenues of political life. There has often been unnecessary bitterness, and wicked misrepresentation in the campaign, and diabolical and perilous persecution and defamation of those whom we have called to represent us in the highest positions of state; and yet, underneath the strife and anger and misrepresentation and persecution there is the deep substratum of loyalty to our institutions and an acquiescence in the decision of a majority of the people. At the shot which killed President McKinley, the people of the country ceased to be partisans and became patriots. The tribute of Mr. Bryan to the political foe who had twice defeated him for the Presidency was as generous as it was just, and voices that splendid Americanism which is the measure of a healthful public conscience, and the prophecy of national perpetuity and happiness.



BISMARCK'S RELIGION



IT has been seldom in ancient or modern times that Providence has allowed any one man to be so potential in founding a nation as Bismarck, in the creation of the German Empire. His colossal brain, his political sagacity, his peerless diplomacy, his real genius, his irresistible will have been emphasized as elements of his greatness and success. He had other elements of character not so often noticed, but just as essential. They were his love for his wife and children, his devotion to his country, his simple, sincere faith in God, and his sense of personal responsibility for time and eternity. If his intellect was a mountain losing its head in the sky, if his will was a storm sweeping everything before it, his heart was a deep, blue sea.

Bismarck's religion was dominant in his individual character and public life. If the chain with which he bound the German Empire together could be discovered, it would be found fastened to the throne of God. In one of the ablest speeches he ever made in the Reichstag, he reached the climax in "The Germans fear God and nothing else in the world." The old Bismarck coat-of-arms was

a shield with a crown above it, out of which came two buffalo horns, with the black eagle of Prussia to the left and the eagle of Brandenburg on the right, and this motto at the bottom, "In Trinitate Robur" ("My strength in the Trinity"), referring to the three-leaf clover and the three oak leaves in the shield, and especially to the Trinity of God.

At the Easter of 1830, on his sixteenth birthday, Bismarck was confirmed in the Trinity church, of Berlin, by the celebrated Schleiermacher, and remained a member of the Lutheran Church to the day of his death. While in college, he became somewhat sceptical, to which fact he refers regretfully in a letter to his wife from his college town:

"I visited Wiesbaden, the scene of my former follies. How many of those with whom I flirted, and drank and gambled are now under ground! What changes my views of life have undergone in the fourteen years since then! I cannot imagine how a man who thinks at all about himself, and yet refuses to hear anything about God, can endure life without weariness and self-abhorrence. I can't think how I endured it formerly! If I had to live now, as then, without God, without you, without children, I don't know why I should not throw off this life like a filthy garment."

Through his long life, he not only believed in a God above him, but openly professed the presence of God in his soul. He had implicit faith in the Scriptures, and with them he often tried to win his friends from scepticism. After one of the most exquisite descriptions of a swim in the Rhine by moonlight, he wrote:

"I sat with Lynar on the balcony, with the Rhine beneath us, the starry sky about us, and my little Testament brought to us religious topics, and I tried for a long while to shake the tendency of his mind to the moral teaching of Rousseau."

Bismarck had implicit faith in Divine Providence. He said in a critical time in his history, "I am ready for anything God may send." At another time he said, "If God will continue to give health to my wife and children, in thirty years from now it will not make any difference whether I play the part of the diplomatist or country squire." His wife was very much afraid of his assassination, and he wrote her: "Trust in God, dear heart; there is more danger to be apprehended for the king's life than for mine, but this also is in God's hands." In a gloomy period of the nation's history he wrote, "Thank God my health is good; but one needs an humble faith in God not to despair about the future of our country. May he grant the king good health above all." Bismarck's faith in the providence of God over Prussia and the German nation was a part of his life. He said: "Sooner or later, the God who directs our battles, will throw down the iron dice which will give the final decision." After a most graphic description of Napoleon's humiliation at Sedan and of his conference with him, he wrote:

"These two days cost France 100,000 men and an Emperor. If I did not believe in the Divine government of the world, I would not serve my king another hour. If I did not obey God and put my trust in him, my respect for earthly rulers would be but small. Title and decorations have no charm for me. Take my faith from me and you take my country, too."

Bismarck had a vital faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. We remember to have read nowhere a clearer or more powerful exposition of the relation of Christ's teachings to the State than in one of Bismarck's addresses. He said:

"If the State wishes to secure its own duration, and to prove its right to exist, it must be established on a religious foundation. Christian rulers are princes intended to use the sceptre God has lent them to carry out his will on earth. I recognize as God's will what is revealed to us in the Holy Gospels, and I believe that the realization of Christian doctrine is the object of the State. Gentlemen, do not let us give the people a narrow view of Christianity by showing them that it is not indispensable to their law-givers; let us not take from them the belief that Christianity is the source from which our legislation is drawn, and that the State aims at the realization of Christianity."

A man with such a faith in the life of Christ in the foundation and progress of his nation, deserved to build one of the greatest empires, and had a right to the fame his services secured.

A meddlesome scribbler wrote to Bismarck, charging upon him a want of spirituality. In his answer the Chancellor defines his religion, expressing his faith in Providence, in prayer, in the atonement, and breathing a spirit of humility becoming so great a man.

"There are numbers of Christians far beyond me on the road to salvation with whom, from my public position, I am compelled to live in conflict. Would to God I had no other sins on my soul but those which are known to the world, and for which I can only hope to be forgiven by faith in Christ's blood. It is often so difficult to attain that clearness of conviction which is the foundation of trust in God. If I stake my life in a cause I do it in that faith which has been rooted in me by long and hard struggles and by sincere and humble prayer to God. I hope in the dangers and difficulties of my calling to be enabled, by God's grace, to hold fast that staff of humble faith by which I find my way."

His faith in a future life and one of joy to those who belong to Christ was a part of his very being. In a letter to his wife he said:

"We must not cling to the world or make ourselves too much at home in it. If I believed this to be the end of it all, it would not be worth the dressing and undressing."

We do not pretend that Bismarck was free from faults, or from sins; that in his public administration he always adhered to the highest standards of equity. No one was more conscious of those mistakes or sins than he, and he made free confession of them to his God. We do claim that there was a deep religious


undercurrent which made his character largely what it was, and brought him to the destiny which he achieved.

Emperor William I., Bismarck's master, was a man of the same sterling faith in God and a future life.

The brains of the world are not going from but coming to the Cross of Jesus Christ.



ABE LINCOLN AND THE LOST OX

S I approached the Lincoln farm in Spencer County, Indiana, where Abe spent most of his time between six and twenty-one years of age, I said to a lawyer sitting near, whom I knew: "Is there any one on this train who lives in this neighborhood? I should like to get some absolutely new stories of Lincoln." He looked around and said: "There is a man whose father was the nearest neighbor and dearest friend Lincoln had in this county." He took me over and introduced me to him. Sitting in the seat beside him, I said: "Tell me something your father has told you about Lincoln that the newspaper reporters have not found, if such a thing is possible." He said: "When Abe moved with his father from this neighborhood to Decatur, Illinois, they put all they had in the world in a wagon and hitched two oxen to it. They had gotten a day's journey from home and, as was the custom in those days, turned the oxen out to graze for the night. One of the oxen broke away and came back home. Father saw him coming along the road and, recognizing him, turned him in his lot. The next day Abe came back, looking for the ox. He said to father, 'Seen anything of our ox?' 'Yes,' replied father. 'Where is he?' asked the boy. 'In my lot,' said father. 'I have come for him,' said Abe. 'How are you going to take him?' asked father. 'You have no rope, no halter, no saddle nor bridle.' 'I will show you,' answered Abe. 'When I yell "Open," you open the gate.' He went into the lot with a switch, ran the animal around a little while to master him and yelled 'Open.' Father opened the gate, and the ox made a break for it. Abe ran swiftly after him and, jumping high in the air, he alighted astride of the ox and, holding his heels in the flanks of the steer, he drove him on the run back to the wagon. When he wanted to go to the right he would take his old slouch hat and with it hit the beast on the left side of the head; if he desired to turn to the left, he would hit him on the right side of the head."

I thanked the man kindly for relating this and other incidents, and said to him: "The will power with which Abe, the barefooted young farmer, rode that ox without halter or saddle or bridle, was the same power with which he ruled the nation and abolished slavery." As I found my friend in the car seat religiously inclined, I continued: "There was but one power in the

universe to which Lincoln's imperial will bowed, and that was the will of the Absolute. The human will has so much to do with earthly success and spiritual victory. Out of the heart are the issues of life, but the will has so much to do in determining those issues, either in leading one from sin to holiness or in fighting successfully the battles of the Cross. The will determines what we are to be, creates the deserts or gardens, the dungeons or palaces of the great future. There can be no certainty of aim and no surety of destiny unless the human will be lost in the will of God." The brakeman called out the station "Lincoln," and my friend left the train.



THE LITTLE FLOWER THAT SAVED THE MAN'S LIFE



MUNGO PARK, wearied with a long journey, and having lost the path in the desert, laid down to die. Gaining a little strength and casting his eye about him, he discovered a forget-me-not, the emblem of his country. Patriotic impulses inspired his heart and quickened his energy. He arose, determined that he would find the path that had been lost; he did so, and his life was saved.

Persons who are weary and fainting in the journey of life, and have lost their way in the desert of sin, often see the flowers of love in human hearts and lives which are emblems of the heavenly country beyond, and, inspired by them, they arise with new courage, and find the path, and are saved. There is an unspeakable eloquence in the life of true Christians, which wins people to God and to heaven.



THE LINEMAN WHO NEGLECTED TO USE HIS GLOVES




A CASE of fatal negligence occurred in the service of an electric lighting company in New York. The company employs men during the day-time to test their wires, especially in the vicinity of any lamps which are reported to have been burning dimly or intermittently during the preceding night. As it is an extremely dangerous occupation, the men chosen for it are the most experienced employees, who know how to avoid danger. One of these, with his helper, was sent out to the west side of the city, where the wires were known to be faulty. He worked for an hour or more making his tests and repairing where it could be done with the tools he had with him. He was near the home of a friend at that time, and he looked in for a few minutes to chat with him. He soon came out again and resumed his work; but he had removed his rubber gloves when he went to his friend's house and he did not put them on again

when he ascended the next pole. In a few minutes his helper heard a heavy thud, and looking around saw the lineman prostrate on the ground. He went to his assistance, but the man was dead. A black streak on his hands showed where the fatal current had entered his body. In his pocket were the rubber gloves that would have protected him.

How many there are, who go into spiritual danger without taking any precaution. They have the means of protection just at hand in an open Bible, a bleeding Saviour, and a present Holy Spirit, and yet they will not look at the good book, nor reach out the hand of faith and touch the Cross, nor open the doorway of their hearts to the Divine Spirit. By rashness or by neglect, they leave themselves unprotected against the fatal current which lurks in the live wire.



JACKSON DECLINES AN INVITATION TO DINNER

 ON one occasion having an appointment to lecture at Frederick, Maryland, I registered at the hotel and went to my room. In less than an hour the bellboy brought me a card with a name on it unfamiliar to me. Going down into the office, I found a well-built, intelligent-looking, kind-spirited, middle-aged man, who said: "My name, sir, is Gambrell; if you are the person I think you are, you are my cousin. I have come to invite you to stay at my house while you are in the city. No relative of mine shall stop at a hotel while in this town.

Being the man he thought I was, I went with him, where I was entertained in good old-fashioned Southern style, with good eating, and warm-heartedness, and intelligent companionship enough for a king. After the lecture, as we were seated by the open fireplace chatting away, I remarked that I had been to the cemetery in the afternoon to see the grave of Barbara Frietchie, and as I unfolded a piece of paper containing some dried grass that I had pulled from the grave, my cousin smiled, I thought from the way he looked, at my credulity.

I continued, "How about that story upon which Whittier based his poem. It is historically correct, is it not?" He replied, "There was such a woman as Barbara Frietchie who lived in a plain house on a corner not far from here. She was a good old soul. Her sympathies were with the North. But the picture of her putting her white head out of the window and waving a little Union flag as the Confederate soldiers marched by, and of Stonewall Jackson commanding his soldiers to let her alone, was the creature of Whittier's imagination." I inquired of my cousin if he knew Stonewall Jackson. The response came quickly, "Yes, very well." I asked him if he could remember any story about him which had never been printed. He said: "Yes, there is an incident which came under my own observation which you may be pleased to hear. When the Con-

federate forces were encamped near the town, I concluded it would be the kind and proper thing to have Stonewall Jackson come in and take dinner with me. I thought Sunday would be the best day. I had a splendid breed of bronze turkeys on my farm, and the finest one I had killed on Saturday for the dinner next day. A little before noon on the Sabbath, I drove in my carriage out to camp, and was passed through the guards to General Jackson. I found him on a rude stool seated before a plank which served as a table, with a cup of coffee in one hand, and a chunk of corn bread in the other, and an open Bible before him. I said, 'General, I have come to take you home to dine with me to-day. I will not keep you long. The rest and recreation will do you good; beside, I notice you have not a great variety of food on your table.'"

"The general said: 'It was a beautiful thing for you to think of me, and to come and ask me to partake of your hospitality, but I shall have to decline your invitation. In the first place, it is my custom to take the same kind of fare exactly that my soldiers have, and in the second place, I employ the meal-time when I can as a season for reading the Bible, meditation and prayer. On this, the Lord's Day, I have peculiar rest and enjoyment in communing with my Heavenly Father.'

"I said to him, 'General, while I thought the two or three hours visit would be good for you, I was not unselfish in inviting you, for I prize your friendship and anticipated great happiness in your company. But your democratic spirit, your love for your men, your faith in God make me respect and love you more than ever before.'"

I told my cousin that of all the stories I had heard of Jackson, none was more beautiful than the one he had related, and that the great Confederate General, by his singular military genius, his high and noble character, his splendid devotion to his men and his faith in God, had commanded the respect and affection of the people of the North as well as the South.

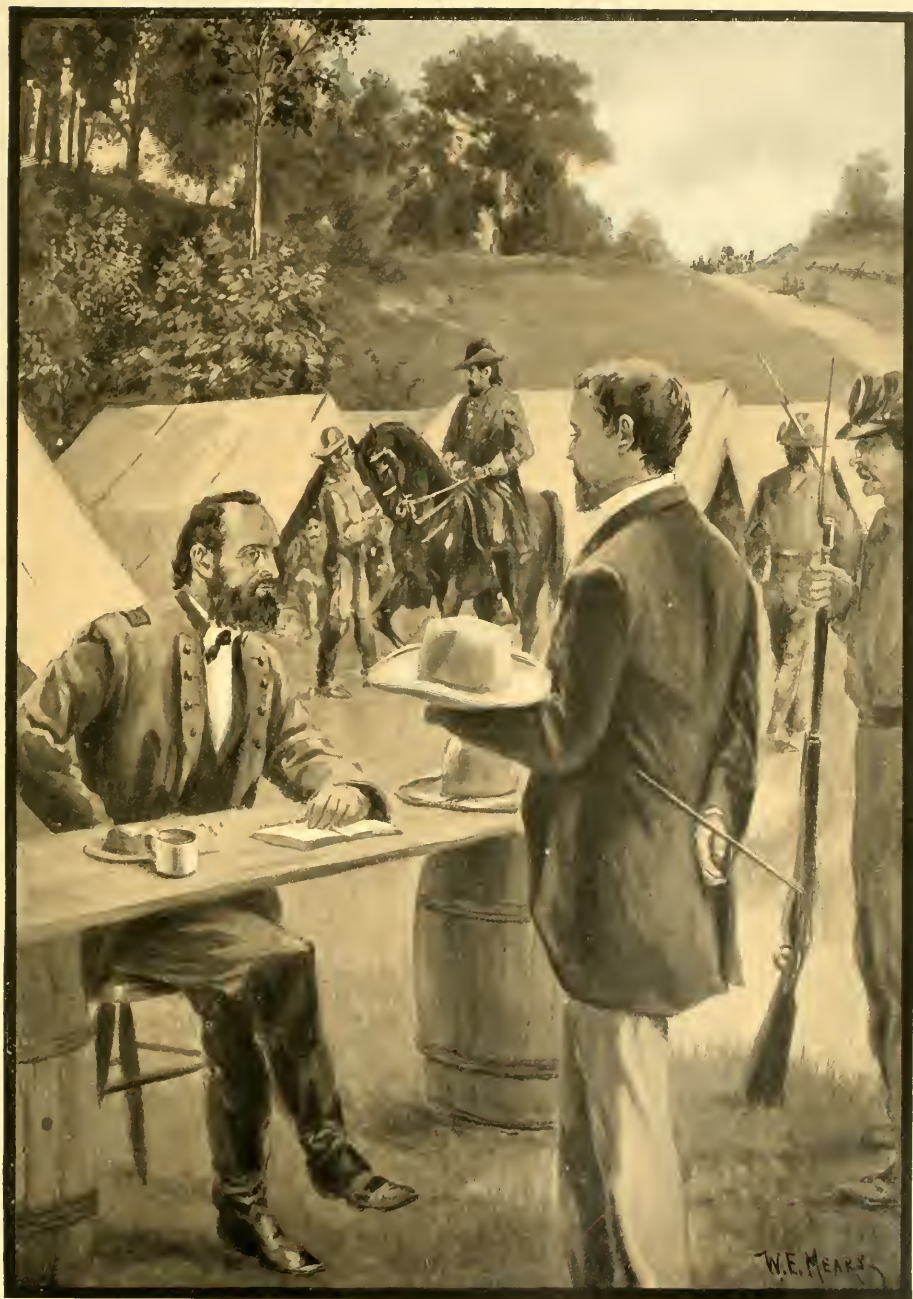
Real greatness is in plain living and high thinking. Great generals share the hardships of the camp with their men. Everything that lives feeds, the body on bread, the mind on truth, the heart on the Bible and on God.



THE VISION OF MIRZA



MIRZA thus speaks of the strange vision, the Genius revealed to him in the valley of Bagdad: "The Genius then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, placing me on the top of it—'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery. The tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of



"I HAVE TO DECLINE YOUR INVITATION"

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Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consumption.' 'Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I counted the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors, that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thickly at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer toward the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented; my heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward heaven in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their footing failed, and down they sank.

"The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that were perpetually hovering about the bridge and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perched in great numbers upon the middle arches.'

'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Suspicion, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh, 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! Tortured in life, swallowed up in death!' The Genius, being moved with compassion toward me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eyes on that thick mist which bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the further end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean pointed with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the side of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments; gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy scenes; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of Death that I saw opening every minute upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands; which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me, now I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock adamant.' The Genius, making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time; but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contem-

plating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, the happy islands, there was only the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

Scarcely anywhere in literature do we find a more graphic description of the mystery of time; the uncertainty of life; the agonies which, like vultures, feed upon the human heart, and the beauties of the realm the good possess beyond the gates of Death, than in Addison's *Bridge of Mirza*.



MISS HELEN GOULD ON "THE STEWARDSHIP OF WEALTH"

IN all that has to do with benevolence, philanthropy and human kindness, Miss Helen Miller Gould has for a number of years borne an active and prominent part. We copy a letter from Miss Gould which will interest everyone who has given even a passing thought to the subject of the responsibilities that attach to the possession of great riches. Is wealth a stewardship, and are we responsible for the use we make of it? In her letter, Miss Gould clearly takes this view. She discusses the various methods in which wealth may be made a blessing; how it may be applied to the highest advantage and to the noblest purposes.

"LYNDHURST, IRVINGTON-ON-THE-HUDSON.

"MR. LOUIS KLOPSCH:

"Dear Sir—Your letter of recent date is at hand, asking my opinion on the subject, 'How to Make the Most of Wealth.' It is a topic on which I am not well-qualified to speak, and I would suggest that you make the same inquiry of some of our leading clergymen, whose views on the subject would be a great inspiration to us all.

"The Christian idea that wealth is a stewardship, or trust, and not to be used for one's personal pleasure alone, but for the welfare of others, certainly seems the noblest; and those who have more money or broader culture owe a debt to those with fewer opportunities. And there are so many ways one can help!

"Children, the sick and the aged especially, have claims on our attention, and the forms of work for them are numerous; from kindergartens, day-nurseries and industrial schools, to 'homes' and hospitals. Our institutions for higher education require gifts in order to do their best work, for the tuition fees do not cover the expense of the advantages offered; and certainly such societies as those in our churches, and the Young Woman's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association, deserve our hearty co-operation. The earnest workers who so nobly and lovingly give their lives to promote the welfare of others, give far more than though they had simply made gifts of money,

so those who cannot afford to give largely need not feel discouraged on that account. After all, sympathy and good-will may be a greater force than wealth, and we can all extend to others a kindly feeling and courteous consideration, that will make life sweeter and better.

" Sometimes it seems to me we do not sufficiently realize the good that is done by money that is used in the different industries in giving employment to great numbers of people under the direction of clever men and women; and surely it takes more ability, perseverance and time to successfully manage such an enterprise than to merely make gifts.

" You will, I am sure, be sorry you have made the inquiry of me, since I have given you so little information, but I think you can easily obtain opinions that will probably be far more helpful than mine."

" Believe me, very truly,

" HELEN MILLER GOULD."

The teaching of the world has been that poverty has to minister to wealth, ignorance to intelligence, rudeness to culture, weakness to strength. That if a man have power it is that he may oppress the weak; if he have education it is that he may be lifted above the heads of the unlettered; if he have wealth it is that the poor may serve him. Christ taught plainly that power is to be employed in protecting and helping the weak, that wealth is under obligation to poverty, that education owes a debt to ignorance, and that holiness is for the purification of moral evil.

Many of our rich, educated, cultivated people have come to recognize this stewardship of which Miss Gould speaks, and are trying their very best to make this money-getting age the greatest money-giving age in the history of the world. They are pouring out their fortunes and lives freely into every form of benevolence, like faithful servants of their Divine Master.



SOWING THE DRAGON'S TEETH



ASON was required by Æetes, the king, not only to tame the brazen bulls, but with them to plow the grove of Mars, and sow in the mellow ground, the same dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of warriors.

When Medea, the king's daughter, who had promised to show him how to tame the fiery animals, met him in the moonlight on the palace steps at midnight, she carried a basket on her arm, with the dragon's teeth which he needed for seed. When the brazen bulls rushed at him with their fire, he caught one by the horn, and the other by the tail, and when they felt his magical influence, they subsided, submitted to the yoke, and drew the plow, with which he prepared the field for the seed. He sowed the dragon's teeth; the same night while the moon was in the heavens, the seed began to sprout. First there appeared the heads


of spears, then brass helmets, then the bearded faces of soldiers, and then the breastplates, and the shield upon the arm, and out from the earth, a man ready for battle, sprang from every dragon's tooth. They were full of hate, and crazy to find someone to slay. Catching sight of the prince, they rushed at him and would have killed him, but the princess, who had accompanied him to the field, told him to throw a stone at them, which he did. The stone struck one man's helmet, glanced to the shield of another, and struck a third between the eyes. Each of those who had been hit, supposing that his companions had done the deed, fell upon his neighbor, and a general fight ensued, in which all of the soldiers but one were killed, and he had been so badly hacked to pieces that he had only time to say "Victory," and then die.

Vice has in it the element of self-destruction. The wrathful and the vicious take delight in preying upon one another; in betraying, stealing from, and murdering each other.

There are many wars that are justifiable and beneficial; there are many others in which the soldiers fall upon and kill each other, not knowing the reason why.



TWO PER CENT OF GENIUS; NINETY-EIGHT OF HARD WORK

 R. EDISON was once asked to give a definition of genius, and answered, "Two per cent is genius and ninety-eight per cent is hard work." When some one remarked to him that genius was inspiration, he said, "The inspiration of genius is perspiration." The answer was not a correct definition of genius, for he evidently placed too low an estimate upon the value of native endowment, and yet it emphasized his estimate of the necessity of application for success in any life-work. He had more than two per cent of genius himself, but it was unquestionably his enormous amount of labor which made his genius fruitful. On being asked his age, he said he was over a hundred; that, while there were supposed to be but eight working hours each day, he had worked nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, for twenty-five years in succession. He has an idea that sleep is largely a matter of habit, and that people could get along with one-half the number of hours the average person devotes to sleep. In this opinion he is mistaken. One reason why he has this idea is that the tides of life in him run very strong, some of his ancestors, not very far remote, having lived to be over a hundred years of age. There is perhaps, no public man of our time who has been so intense and constant a toiler as Mr. Edison has been.

Hereditary traits have much to do in determining the height to which a person can arise in this world. Wings are important things, as well as ladders in getting above the herd, but it takes an immense amount of energy to work the

wings. Many of the gaps that indicate life's inequalities can be closed up by hard work. Men of ordinary ability, by working hard enough on the ladders have climbed to the top of very tall spires.

There is no place where hard work tells to greater advantage than in the divine life, where every person is supposed to have a reasonable amount of ability and grace for working purposes and where happiness and usefulness depend so much upon spiritual industry.



CHINA MAKES EXPIATION FOR THE DEATH OF BARON VON KETTELER



MISSION of expiation was sent by the Emperor of China to the Emperor of Germany during the summer of 1901, to make atonement for the murder of Baron Von Ketteler, in Peking, during the Boxer uprising. Prince Chun, the brother of the Emperor, was the chief envoy. Accompanied by the new Chinese minister, Kien-Chang and General Von Hoepfner, he rode in an imperial carriage to the palace. Following were four other carriages containing the Chinese dignitaries of the envoy's suite. The Prince, on going to the audience, passed through Jasper gallery, between lines of guards. In the meanwhile a guard of honor had been drawn up outside the palace, and presented arms, with the band playing. The Envoy passed down the lines of troops, saluting in Chinese fashion, with folded hands. The Prince was led to the throne-room, and the six Chinese dignitaries of the highest rank, who were halted in the ante-room, remained motionless and speechless, awaiting Prince Chun's return with evident anxiety.

Assembled in the throne-room were the royal princes, Baron Von Richthofen, the principal ministers and generals and the court dignitaries. Prince Chun read the following letter, written in yellow ink:

"The Great Emperor of the Chinese Empire to His Majesty the Great German Emperor, Greeting:

"Ever since the empires have been mutually represented by permanent legations, we have stood uninterrupted in friendly relationship with one another, especially since the visit of Prince Henry, whom I had the privilege of receiving frequently and treating with on intimate terms. Unfortunately, in the fifth month of last year, the Boxers rebelliously penetrated into Peking, and the soldiers joined them. The result was the murder of your Majesty's minister, Baron Von Ketteler, a man who, as long as he occupied his post at Peking, paid careful attention to the interests of your countries, and to whom we are bound to pay our especial acknowledgments. We regret most deeply that Baron von Ketteler met so terrible an end among us. The fact that we were not in a posi-

tion to take due protective measures was painful to our sense of responsibility. It was this feeling of responsibility which prompted us to erect a monument on the spot, as a sign that the crime should not remain unexpiated. Further, we have sent to Germany, with this letter, the Imperial Prince Chun Tsai Fong, heading a special mission. Prince Shun, our own brother, will assure your Majesty how deeply the events of the last year have grieved us, and how deeply feelings of penitence and shame still animate us. Your Majesty sent your troops from a far distance, put down the Boxers' rebellion and restored peace, for the welfare of our nation. We have therefore commanded Prince Chun to express personally to your Majesty our thanks for your efforts in promoting peace. We cherish the hope that your Majesty's indignation will be replaced by the old friendship. That the relations between our empires will be even more extensive and of a more intimate and beneficent character than hitherto, is our firm assurance."

Prince Chun, in delivering the letter, said:

"I am in a position to assure your Majesty that the Emperor, my most gracious master, stood aloof from these complications which brought misfortune upon China and loss and care upon Germany. Nevertheless, in accordance with the customs of thousands of years, the Emperor of China has taken the blame on his own sacred person. I have, therefore, the task of expressing to your Majesty the most cordial feelings of the Emperor, my illustrious master, toward your Imperial Majesty and the whole Imperial family. I hope the passing cloud will only intensify the succeeding sunshine and mutual friendship of the two great empires when they understand the value of each other better."

Emperor William in reply, said:

"It is no joyous or festive occasion, nor the fulfilment of a simple act of courtesy which brings your Imperial Highness to me, but a deeply melancholy and very serious event. My minister to the court of the Emperor of China has been slain in the capital of China by the murderous weapon of an imperial Chinese soldier, acting under superior command—an unheard of crime, which is branded as infamous by international law and by the usages of all nations. From the mouth of your Imperial Highness I have just received an expression of the deep regret of the Emperor of China. I readily believe your imperial brother personally stood aloof from this crime and the subsequent acts of violence against the inviolable legations and peaceful foreigners. All the greater the guilt resting on his advisers and government. The latter must not delude themselves with the belief that they are able to obtain atonement and pardon for their guilt by the expiatory mission alone. They will be judged by their future conduct, in accordance with the laws of nations. If the Emperor of China conducts the government of his great empire henceforth strictly in the spirit of these prescriptions, then will his hopes be fulfilled and the results of the complications of the last year will be overcome, and between Germany and China,

as formerly, peaceful and friendly relations will again prevail. In the sincere wish that this may be so, I bid your Imperial Highness welcome."

The Kaiser received him seated. The buttons and epaulettes of his Majesty's white uniform were covered with crape.

Emperor William remained seated during the reading of the Chinese address. Afterward, however, he relaxed his stern demeanor and welcomed the envoy courteously, and subsequently, accompanied by his adjutant, he called upon Prince Chun at the Orangery. Later in the evening the Emperor, Prince Chun and a dozen members of the mission took tea on an island in the Havel.

The Emperor had evidently arranged the entire ceremony with a view of impressing Prince Chun with the feeling that the ceremony meant expiation for a foul crime, and that only through expiation had Prince Chun acquired the right to be treated with princely honors. Not until after the ceremony did the atmosphere change. Then, the troops outside having saluted, and the band having played, hussars escorted Prince Chun back to the Orangery.

It is one of the deepest instincts of the human soul that sin ought to be punished, that it will be punished. Since the earliest times men have offered sacrifice to the gods, to atone for sin; during patriarchal times these sacrifices were offered to Jehovah. By divine appointment during the mosaic dispensation, these offerings became an important part of the divine service. They typified the Spotless "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

The mission of expiation was only a faint type of the atonement which Christ made for the sins of the world. Had the German Emperor taken the Crown Prince and offered him as a sacrifice by an ignominious death, to bring about harmony between the Chinese and German Empires, there would have been more nearly a picture of the harmony brought about between the human heart and the Divine Government by the death of Christ on the Cross.



FRANKLIN'S SWIMMING SCHOOL



ARLYLE told the following story to Milburn, the blind preacher, while the latter was sitting in Carlyle's garden at Chelsea, London, in 1860.

"When Benjamin Franklin was toiling as a journeyman printer in London, prior to the Revolution, he was accustomed to stroll of an afternoon along the banks of Father Thames, and this end of Cheyne Row was usually his goal. One day as he walked discoursing with a friend, he declared himself able to swim from here to London Bridge, distant five miles. His friend offered a wager that it was impossible; and he, upon the instant stripping, plunged boldly in, and started for his mark, while his friend, bearing the clothes, strode down the bank; and a great multitude of spectators, growing ever

greater as he proceeded, followed to see the feat. He, with brave stroke and lusty sinew buffeting the tide, gained the bridge. Whereupon, amidst just acclamations, the people suggested that he should start a swimming school. But God had other work for him to do; for in later years he was to teach the people of your continent how, by Frugality and Labor and Patience and Courage, any man might buffet the waves of misfortune, and swim straight on to prosperity and success. And that was the swimming school which he was to establish."



CHARACTER AND CREDIT

DR. O. S. MARDEN, who insists so much on truth, virtue and honor for their own sake, has recently called attention to the value of Character as a basis of business credit, in the following words:

"Many young men, beginning a business career for themselves, make the mistake of supposing that financial credit is based wholly upon property or capital. They do not understand that character and reliability, combined with aptitude for one's business, and a disposition to work hard, are far more important assets to have than millions of dollars. The young fellow who begins by sweeping out the store, and who finally becomes a clerk, manager, or superintendent by his energy and reliability of character, does not usually find it difficult to secure credit to start in business for himself. On the other hand, jobbing houses are not inclined to advance credit to the man who, though he may have inherited a fortune, has shown no capacity for business, and is of doubtful character.

"The young men who start for themselves, on a small scale, are more energetic, work harder, are more alert, are quicker to appreciate the chances of the market, and are generally more polite and willing than those possessed of large capital.

"The credit men in jobbing houses are very quick, as a rule, to see the success qualities in prospective buyers, and seldom make a mistake in their estimate of what credit it is safe to extend."

While many good people fail, and bad people succeed in business there is certainly a tendency in virtue to a temporal reward. There is a tendency to health in religion. The bad nations, whose blood has been corrupted, have had about every pestilence that has swept away the millions of the race.

The Christian nations own the wealth of the world. Heathenism is bankrupt. The intelligent, virtuous characters dominate the race to-day, control its laws, literature and commerce. Goodness for a reward is not a high motive, but it is not to be wholly ignored. Godliness is profitable, having the promise of both worlds.

THE YOUNG BOER WHO ESCAPED FROM A BRITISH PRISON

GOING to New York on the steamer *Chrystenah* one morning, I overheard a gentleman say that there was a relative of General DeWet, the Boer leader, visiting at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. A day or so after I went to the village mentioned and asked the postmaster if he knew any thing about such a visitor. He directed me to the manse of the Dutch Reformed Church, where I found Adolph DeWet, the guest of Mr. Richard Lloyd-Jones.

Mr. DeWet is a splendid specimen of physical and intellectual manhood. He is twenty-six years old, is over six feet high and well proportioned. He is a graduate of a South African College, and has taken post graduate work at Cambridge. He speaks fluently a half dozen languages. He is brilliant in mind, magnetic in spirit, and employs the English language perfectly. He does not look at all like a Boer, at any rate, like the long-bearded, plainly-dressed farmers of that race, but a few words of conversation only, convinced me that he is a Boer to the bone.

I said to the young man: "Is it true that you are related to General DeWet, the great Boer leader?" He answered quickly and with a strong voice, "Yes, I am proud to say I am. His father and my father are brothers. Their father was killed at Majuba Hill and his body now sleeps there. All the DeWets of that day fought on that hill, and from the planting of that kind of seed you would expect us to be a family of patriots and fighters, and so we are. We claimed the right to sow and reap in the land of our nativity, and to be free from British politics, and were willing to fight, and, if need be, die for our principles."

I continued: "What are you doing here?" He replied, "I am an escaped prisoner. I was badly wounded and captured, was sent to St. Helena, but there the prisoners were so numerous that I was sent, with three thousand others, to the Bermudas. One cool evening last October I determined to attempt an escape. I saw a steamer in the harbor, and knowing she was soon to sail for New York, went down naked into the water under the pretense of taking a bath, dove under the barbed wire fence guard and struck out for liberty. The tide was against me, and I had a desperate fight for life. I had faced all kinds of British soldiers and guns, and had never experienced the sensation of fear, but during the last half of my battle with the sea I was badly scared.

"Nearly dead, I, at last, dragged myself up on the ship's rudder, and rested a little time till I could climb the anchor chain. However, the hole through which it passed was too small to let me through, and I had to slip down into the water again. I again got my feet rested on the rudder, and cried, 'A man overboard.' Then I was pulled up by a rope. I dashed into the engine room and crouched, nearly dead, before the fire. An officer of the ship confronted me, and I frankly told him who I was, and he hid me in a big drawer and covered me up with rags.

Presently he ran to me and said: 'British officers are after you; get out of this quick; get down into the bunkers.' He put three big lumps of coal around my head so I could breathe, and then covered me up. I could hear the officers saying, 'Maybe he is in the coal.' They stuck their swords down into the mass, inconveniently near my body, but they missed me, and I soon felt by the motion of the ship that we were out to sea. When the captain of the ship discovered me he came near taking me back to land, but those on board persuaded him to let me stay. They did not treat me like a heroic officer of a heroic army, but made me shovel coal like a hottentot all the way, which, under the circumstances, I was glad to do. I had only a few cents in my pocket when I landed in New York. I slept on a park bench the first night, to save the price of lodging for food. I washed dishes in a cheap restaurant in the Bowery till I got money enough to get a job working on the track of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Then I got back into my profession as an electrical engineer, and now I am on my way to Utah as a mining expert. I hope to make my home for some time to come in South America."

I said to the young man: "I need not ask whether you did any hard fighting. That is taken for granted; I have not heard of any Boers who did not fight desperately." He answered, "Not so many of us were killed as the enemy claimed, but nearly every one of us who was not killed was wounded. We were simple children of nature, with tough bodies that could hold a deal of lead without letting down."

"Were you wounded?" I inquired.

He smiled as he said, "I should think so. Five times seriously. I was lying behind a rock picking off English soldiers when a bullet of the enemy shattered the rock and threw the pieces into my face, nearly blinding me, and making this mark on my cheek. If you do not object, I will remove my stocking and show you how I have been cut up. You see the scar on this side and the one on the other side of my leg; the ball went through the bone as well as the flesh. The strange thing is that I did not know that I was wounded. The same ball that passed through my leg entered my horse, breaking his back and lodging in the saddle. I seized the stirrup-leather of my chum, and ran along, sheltered by his horse, to a place of safety before I knew I was hurt. They left me at a farmhouse, and in a month I was ready for the field again.

"At Magersfontein ten of us were in a shallow ditch with our faces close to the ground. If we put our heads up we were almost sure to be hit by the Lee-Metfords, which were raining death. It was in that ditch that I got this wound on the cheek which I just showed you. Half an hour after a chum of mine had rolled him a cigarette out of twist and had asked me for a light. I had no match, but offered him a light from my pipe. He leaned his elbow on the small of the back of the fellow lying between us, and was lighting his long cigarette at my pipe. When he got his head at the edge of the trench a bullet caught him just over the ear and tore the side of his head off. The chap between

us gave a loud yell of fright and ran to the rear, strange to say, unhurt. That left eight of us. Almost immediately there came a lyddite shell squarely into our trench. There was a roar and a flash and just nothingness. By and by I began to feel intense pain as I fought for my breath. I noticed that all of my companions had been killed, two of them not having been hit by the shell, only destroyed by the concussion. I thought I was fatally hurt, but I picked a little piece of shell out of my abdomen and a piece of one out of my breast and felt better. This little scar in my breast you see is the place from which I took the splinter. But the shot that did me the most damage is this one. You notice I have only about two-thirds of my foot left. I was on my face shooting British soldiers, like I do deer, and this shot made me a prisoner and came near sending me to the shades."

I asked the young warrior if he had at any time expected the Boers to ultimately defeat England. He answered that he did not, as he knew too well the resources of the British to think so, but that it was his hope and that of his people that if a sharp fight was put up at the start, terms could be secured more friendly to them than any that had been offered.

Blood will tell in cattle, horses and men. In every country there are names the synonym of everything that is manly. The DeWets in South Africa stand for ability and heroism.

Brave men will do, dare and die for their native land.

Young DeWet took fearful risks in resisting the power of the British, and in escaping from captivity. But to him liberty was so dear that he would brave the enemy's gun or the deep ocean to secure it. In the moral world men seem to be fond of the captivity of sin, and are not inclined to exert very much energy in getting away from it.



WASHINGTON IRVING AND THE OLD NURSE AT SUNNYSIDE



I CALLED at the residence of Mrs. D. F. Johnson, in Tarrytown, N. Y., and said, "I am told that you knew Washington Irving." She replied, "Yes, I did. When I was a girl of fourteen I was a waitress at the table and did other tasks in Mr. Irving's home. My name is Elizabeth and I was called Betsy. Mr. Irving always called me 'Bee.' My place was just behind his chair at the table. He carved the meats. His brother Ebenezer, and the latter's five daughters, were usually with him at every meal. Each of Mr. Irving's nieces took turns week by week in acting as housekeeper, and occupying a chair opposite to his as the mistress of the table. What a jolly time they all had!

"The Irving's all possessed a great deal of humor. Ebenezer was as funny a man as Washington Irving. He was so deaf that we had to yell into his ears

to be heard. He spoke in a whisper, but he was always saying very smart things. He hardly ever opened his mouth without making us laugh. As Mr. Washington Irving was a match for his brother, or any one else, in his expression of fun, you can imagine what a cheerful and happy time they all had together.

"Washington Irving was one of the sweetest-spirited men I ever saw. In all the time I was at his house I never knew him to be angry, nor did I ever hear him say an unkind word to or about any one. In speaking to his five nieces he invariably said, 'Dear, will you have this?' 'Dear, will you do that?' As they looked into his kindly eye, they knew that he meant more of tenderness than the most affectionate words could express.

"I have," Mrs. Johnson continued, "a table-cover which Mr. Irving gave to my mother. Would you like to see it?" "I certainly would," said I. "Alma, will you go upstairs and get it," she said to her daughter. The cover was brought. It is woollen, dark blue, with a border of orange-colored flowers woven into the fabric.

I said to her, "What are the circumstances under which Mr. Irving gave your mother this present?" "They are these," said she. "There was a woman who nursed Ebenezer's daughters from the time of their infancy, and when their mother died she was almost a mother to them. She grew old and crippled with the rheumatism. The girls were careful of her, and when she became entirely disabled my mother was sent for to take care of her. Mother was with her the two years preceding her death. Mr. Irving was as kind and considerate of this old nurse as he would have been of a queen, and it was in recognition of this service in her behalf that he gave mother the present I prize so highly."

Lord Bacon truly said, "All our actions take their hues from the complexion of the heart as landscapes their variety from the light." Irving's heart was sunshine which was refracted in beautiful colors in his home, his writings, his personal presence and in his character. By nature and by the Providence which took away from him his first and only love, there was just enough of the sombre introduced to lend an added charm to his life and labor. When the *Knickerbocker History of New York* was first published, Sir Walter Scott read it aloud to his family and laughed till his sides were sore. The world is laughing at the same humor just as hard to-day. The sombre element in Irving's writings charmed Lord Byron, who wept as he read the *Broken Heart*.

As I looked at the table-cover, and through it at the great author's care for the old nurse, I called to mind his appreciation of lowly merit as expressed in *The Widow and Her Son*, in these words: "When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down with age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I feel that this living monument of real grief was worth them all." Irving was not greater with his

pen than he was in his tender care and solicitude for the old nurse in his home.

Returning to my study, impressed with the new story of Irving's intense affection for those closest to him, I took from the shelf *The Tales of a Traveler*, and read: "I sank upon the grave, and buried my face in the tall grass and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom of my mother. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is we think of the mother we have lost. 'Oh, my mother!' exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave; 'oh, that I were once more by your side, sleeping, never to wake again on the cares and troubles of the world.'"



WHY SPURGEON DID NOT GO TO COLLEGE



HERE are two wonders connected with Mr. Spurgeon; first that he did not have a college education; and second, that he did not desire one. Almost all of the religious leaders of modern times have been college-bred men.

When the Barbarians conquered Rome, they buried the handle of a sword, leaving the blade pointing to the stars, and said force must rule the race; the Man of Nazareth came down from the Tree and said love must rule the race; and while they struggled, the world went down into the night of the Dark Ages. The universities of Europe had an important part in driving away the night. For centuries they prepared men of God for heroic leadership. Wycliffe in England, Huss in Bohemia, Luther in Germany, were not only the graduates, but professors and presidents of universities. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was an honor man at Oxford. Most of the great preachers of the world have been college graduates. Spurgeon is an exception. The young pastor at Waterbeach was thought by many to be insufficiently educated for that or any other charges that might await him. And many of his friends, and especially his father and mother, begged him to go to college. He did not feel inclined to do so, but acceded to the desire of others. Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College, London, was visiting Cambridge, and friends arranged for a meeting between him and Spurgeon at the house of Macmillan, the publisher. Spurgeon went at the hour named and a girl ushered him into a room, and there he waited two hours. He was timid, and was afraid to ring the bell to find out what was the trouble. At last he rang the bell, and found that Dr. Angus had waited nearly two hours for him and had taken the train for London. The girl had put one in one room and the other in another, and had said nothing to either


about the other. He thought he would make an attempt to enter college, but he had an appointment to preach that very afternoon, and as he crossed Midsummer Common, and set his foot on a little bridge that leads to Chesterton, a voice seemed to speak from heaven, saying, "Seek not things for yourself—seek them not." This he took to be the voice of God directing him to remain in the pastorate, and he there and then gave up the idea of going to college. By careful reading and by constant mental exercise and severe mental discipline, he educated himself.

With the help of the university and the theological school, he would have been a great preacher, but he would not have been the Spurgeon of London. The university which he attended—his pulpit, the great city, and the school of Christ—splendidly equipped him for the great mission to which he felt divinely called.

It is considered the best, almost the necessary thing now-a-days for a young man, having the ministry in view to attend the academy, university, and theological school before he shall begin his public work, but there have been those, especially in the earlier history of our country, who, not having these high educational advantages, have had sermons and a ministry hard to equal. To their sterling native ability and character there was added the special endowment of spiritual power, by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And hundreds and thousands charmed with the divine magnetism of the messages, were brought into the Church of God.



THE DYING COLONEL AND THE FLAG

HE old colonel lay upon his bed, and around gathered his sorrowing family. He was well stricken in years, and his days were numbered, and the mind was now engaged in following the backward tract of an eventful life, and apparently oblivious of the present sad surroundings. From his youth up, his best services had been freely given to his country, and under her flag he had seen many climes and stood on many battlefields. That lowered shoulder was shattered by a shell at the storming of Monterey, and the lameness of his later years was the work of a minnie ball at Gettysburg. But he had fought his last fight now, and to him had come that inevitable hour which awaits all men.

For several hours the colonel had thus lain silent and in a stupor, but as the declining sun sent its rays within the chamber window, the veteran aroused himself, and knew that the end was near. But he had looked upon death face to face too often in the past to fear him now, and it was in steady tones he asked to have the servants brought to him. When they had come, he addressed each one by name, and bid them all good-bye, with kindly words mixed with proper

admonition. Then he asked for his favorite dog, who being brought, the veteran gently patted, while he murmured a farewell. Next he spoke brave words of cheer to his weeping family, and then clasped in a fond and last embrace the loving wife of his youth, who had so faithfully shared with him both good and evil fortune during all the years gone by. The old man was very feeble now, for the sands of life were running fast, and with faltering voice he called for his country's flag.

Reverently the eldest son brought forth the banner, and tenderly laid it across his father's breast, who with difficulty raised one of its silken folds to his lips and kissed it gently; then, looking upward with a smile upon his face, the old regular passed from earth.

The love which this aged warrior showed for the dear old flag in his life and in his death, is that which made the foundation and perpetuity of this commonwealth possible. The beautiful picture of the Stars and Stripes upon the dying man's bosom, receiving the last kiss and the last earthly farewell, ought to inspire the living with an increased love for and support of our free institutions.



“NEVER MIND; WHAT AM I TO DO NEXT?”



YEARS ago there was a young medical student in England, who failed to pass his examinations, upon the passing of which, it was expected his future success would depend. He was mortified and deeply disappointed, but was philosophical and said to himself, “Never mind. What is the next thing to be done?” And finding the duty nearest at hand, he performed it to the best of his ability; and he formed the habit of allowing the little disappointments and defeats to slip into the past without undue regret, that he might save his strength for the next duty that awaited him. This young medical student became Professor Huxley, who, after he had achieved his wide influence and lofty eminence as a scientist, said: “It does not matter how many tumbles you have in life, as long as you do not get dirty when you tumble. It is only the people who have to stop and be washed who must lose the race.”

How much time and energy are wasted in fretting over mistakes which might or might not have been avoided, which ought to be employed in the performance of the new duties which demand attention. There is a merciful adjustment by Divine Providence in the race of life, by which many chances are given to each one. If the speed is too great, the racers can drop into another class; if there is defeat in one contest, there are other paths and other contests that can be tried. The temporary defeats and disappointments of life may bring wisdom, but should never cause deep discouragement. They should rather prompt new courage and energy to enter successfully upon the next task to be



done. It is only when the defeats of life cause whining, sourness and bitterness, that they hurt.

In the religious world, very many brood and grieve over mistakes and sins that ought to be allowed to pass under the blood of Christ, and, by so doing have not the courage and strength for the new duty to be performed. It is through disappointment, trial, temptation and temporary defeat that the soul is to build up the strongest character and the holiest life. There must be no unnecessary repining at falling down; only the deep determination to get up again at once. Most of the disappointments and defeats are the dust that settles on the garments of the racer as he falls, but which is easily shaken from them as he arises and runs to win the prize.



AN ATHEIST CONVERTED BY HIS OWN WRITING



ONCE spent a delightful hour in the study of Thomas Jay Hudson, Ph.D LL.D., in his beautiful home at Washington. He told me about his going to the common school and academy at Windham, Ohio, of the liberal education which a learned uncle gave to him, of his study and practice of the law, of his work as an editor of a newspaper and as an author of books. But the thing that charmed me most was the story of his conversion from atheism to Christianity. It seems that he began his literary life as rank an unbeliever as could be found in the country, and by the study of the science of the human mind he worked his way toward Infinite Intelligence, and by the persistent investigation of the constitution of the soul, he found himself approaching the arms of Jesus Christ. He said: "I was a pronounced, and supposedly confirmed atheist. I was unwilling to believe anything that was not tangible; would not accept as a fact anything unsupported by scientific observation. I had no compunctions of conscience in denying the truth of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, and the future life. My reason refused to allow me to believe them. I never dreamed that any evidence would be furnished me of the truth of those sacred things, and hence expected to live the life of unbelief and die without any hope of the future. The Honorable Lester L. Bond, who had been my intimate friend from the days we had played together as boys, and to whom I dedicated my first book, *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, said to me one day, 'Have you ever noticed that your philosophy has demonstrated the truth of the Bible?' I said, 'I do not know, because I do not know anything about the Bible.' 'Well,' said he, 'it would be a good thing for you to study it, if for nothing else, to see how it verifies your psychological theories. In your examination of prophecy, especially that which refers to Christ, you will find a complete verification of your philosophy.' I immediately entered upon a care-

ful study of the Bible, and especially of the life of Christ, with the result that the last three chapters of my book were devoted to the sacred subject, and I converted myself by my own philosophical writings." I asked him if he would indicate a step or two by which he was led from atheism to the Christian faith. He answered: "The first step was the confirmation of the history of the life of Christ. Psychology showed me that that historical life was not only a possible truth, but that it contained internal evidences of absolute truth, because everything Christ did demonstrated the fact that he was endowed with an intuitive knowledge of the laws of the human soul, and that his every act was performed in accordance with the laws that have been recently discovered by modern science. Hence, his biographers could not have told the story of that wonderful life as they did, had it not been true, for the reason that they kept so close to the law of psychological phenomena as demonstrated by modern science. The first step led me into a still closer investigation of Christ's ethical doctrines, which, as everybody knows, are in accordance with the highest possible conceptions of duty in this world. After I had written my first book, which, I am glad to say, had wide circulation, I waited awhile, wondering what book I would write next. I received many letters asking me to write a work on mental therapeutics, but something within me held me back—I could not do it—I had to write on higher themes. And in the four books I have written since, I have tried my very best to atone for my former atheism by a scientific confirmation of the essential doctrines of the Christian religion."

The rich voice, the gentle spirit, the sincere expression of this scholarly man, whose philosophy had led him into the arms of Jesus Christ and into the heart of God, added greatly to the impressiveness of his remarks. I said to him: "True investigation and discovery are not unfriendly but friendly to the Christian religion; a true knowledge of science has destroyed several of the great religions of the world, but it has contributed to the better interpretation and propagation of Christianity."



VICTORIA'S REAL CROWN

THE crown that George and William wore was too large for the girl Queen Victoria, and it had to be cut down to fit her head. The jewels were set closer together. They were worth a hundred thousand pounds. The seventeen hundred diamonds that dazzled in the crown that was placed upon the head of the young queen in Westminster Abbey, over sixty-four years ago, were the symbols of the Christian graces that, as precious jewels, adorned her character as wife, mother, sovereign. She ruled over an empire broader than that of the Britains—the sacred domain of home, a dominion wider than the one on

which the sun never sets, wide as the heart of humanity, boundless as the heart of God. England revered Victoria because she was a wise, just, merciful queen, but adored her for her loyalty to the Prince Consort, her devotion to the four sons and five daughters she bore, for her motherly affection for her people, for her regard for the poor, and for her love for Christ and his cause in the earth. It will take a nation a long time to die that considers this Christian wife and mother its ideal queen. It is an encouraging condition of public morals that the civilized world honored such a woman while living and mourned for her when dead.



TEN DAYS IN PARADISE



ON the Fourth of last July there was the opening of new buildings at *The Christian Herald* Children's Home, at Nyack, N. Y., and I had the pleasure of taking a part in the exercises. The Home is a blessed charity.

In the beauty of the situation; in the cleanliness, health and completeness of the buildings; in the quantity and quality of the food; in the wisdom of the management; in the fidelity of those who have the care of the little ones; in the variety and number of those who receive its blessings; in the amount of genuine fun "to the square inch," and in the vigor of the moral and spiritual atmosphere of the place, there is perhaps no institution of the kind in all the world equal to it.

In the winter of 1894, the privation among the poor of New York City was so great that the subscribers of *The Christian Herald* furnished a bread fund, which afforded much relief. It was determined to continue the charity in fresh air work for the poor children of the city. Children from four to twelve years of age from the crowded tenement districts, many of them pitiable little waifs, are allowed ten days each at this beautiful country resort. There is an average population in the Home of from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five, though there have been at times three hundred guests entertained at one time. About two thousand enjoy the summer outing each year. Fourteen thousand have been entertained since the Home was founded, seven years ago.

What a relief the little ones have from the stifling heat, the bad air and worse morals of the slum districts.

City people sometimes laugh at the greenness of their country cousins. The ignorance of some of these children of the city concerning the country can scarcely be conceived. A little girl saw a chicken picking in the grass and said: "What a great big robin." She had never seen a chicken feeding, but she had seen robins at Central Park, when her Sunday School teacher took her there. A cow was looking out of a barn window and a little boy exclaimed, "O look at that big cat." There were plenty of cats and no cows in the Bowery. One of the little girls who was riding from the ferry in the stage, said: "This is the first

carriage ride I ever had," then she paused and continued sadly, "I had one other when mother died, and I rode to the cemetery."

The children are wild with joy and gratitude. From the mail bag I have taken out a few scraps that give a hint of what the little folks think of the Home.

"Dear Mother. I am going to stay here 10 days. I get eat 3 times in a day. Then we go to sleep. The name of the country is Nyack. I send the best regards to all. Your loving son, Joe.—Dear father and mother. I am very far from you—the air is very fresh and enuff the eating is very good an' they let me have all the eating I want. Your loving daughter, Bessie.—Dear mamma. I will tell you something about the place where I am we like it very much here we could eat as much as we want and also drink milk. Tommy wants rite, too, but he can't. He don't have hedake no more an' he's got fat I wisht they'd let me stay three weeks like Tommy has. He says: "tell mamma, Ise dot well."—Dear mother. Having a fine time. Blackberries are ripe. Willie.—Dear mother. Instead of Baby crying, she is always laughing and forever eting she has a verry good appetite she laughs all the time in bed an' kicks me a great dele. She has got well. Annie.—Dear mamma. They let me help make beds every morning. My teacher is so kind. I love to help. When I go home, I will bring you some flowers.—Dear father. I am enjoying myself and I like this country an I hope you have got well an can get some work an I send 200 kisses. Johnny.—Dear aunt. We like this country verry much we are up at five o'clock in the morning an go picking berries and have grand times. There's plenty to ete an milk an you can play on grass an there's scups an plenty of air here.—Dear mother. I got here for supper I drank 4 mugs of nice fresh milk I am feeling verry good. It was jolly on the boat, an then we rode in the stage an we had hominy for breakfast an there's a nice new cottage called Hope Cottage an there's a tree behind it an it's got green apples on it an they wont let me ete 'em and so now no more from me at this time I am going to pick berries an swim in the pool an go up the mountain an there are scups here. Tom."

The most pathetic suggestion in these letters is that there is "plenty of air." God bless the poor little creatures half choked to death in the ovens of the city.

The Christ spirit which founded the Home is the chief characteristic of its work. There is no denominational instruction. But love for the Master is seen and felt in the yellow milk, the soft white bed, the romp on the lawn, the plunge in the pool, the gathering of wild flowers, the picking of berries, the listening to the birds, the happy songs, the solemn prayers. I do not think that the smallest or dullest child fails to understand that what is done for it is in the name of Jesus Christ.

The following incident will illustrate the Christ-like atmosphere of the Home. There was a little Italian girl by the name of Corinna, who interested the workers of the Home intensely. With her flashing dark eyes, her straight black


locks, and her thin, sharp face, she looked like a little witch. Such bitter words she could say! and such a strange, hard, rebellious spirit she showed! She seemed to think every one's hand was against her and that her hand must be against every one. Her father had been killed by one he thought his friend; she had witnessed the deed; hatred for her father's slayer was consuming her; it was painful to hear falling from childish lips the vindictive, vengeful expressions she would utter. "When I'm big, I'll kill him!" she would say of the murderer. Her teacher talked with her about forgiveness. "Forgive?" she exclaimed. "We Italians never forgive!" How the Housemother and her helpers labored over this poor, passionate troubled little soul! How they prayed for her! and, at last, how thankful they were when they saw the fruits of their loving kindness appear in the softening of the warped child-nature. One day, with tears in her dark eyes, the little girl said, with quivering lips: "For Jesus' sake, I forgive!" The change in her character was quick and radical; her teachers could hardly believe the evidence of their senses when she became sweet, gentle and submissive.

About half the well dressed, well behaved, self-satisfied Christians of the world might listen with profit to the sermon of this sweet spirited, forgiving little Italian waif, whose heart was melted by the Saviour's love.

The greatest problem of the world to-day in the home and church is to take care of the children, their bodies, minds and souls for Jesus sake.



LORD ROBERTS AND GENERAL MILES DISCOURAGE DRINKING

 On a certain public occasion Lord Roberts was met by a large concourse of people, the average boy of the period, of course, being in the front row. One of the most insolent of these boys proudly puffed a cigarette, feeling that next to the hero welcomed, he himself was the largest person in the crowd. Lord Roberts, noticing his pride at his tobacco and smoke, said to him, "It is a very rude thing for a boy like you to smoke." The blush of mortification came to the boy's cheek and he threw away his cigarette, justly humiliated. It is to be hoped that the boys of England will be profited by the rebuke from such a source.

Some years ago Field-Marshal Roberts was stopping at Dunbar. Walking along the road one afternoon, he met a soldier who saluted him. He asked the name of the man and the regiment to which he belonged, and they were given. The General exclaimed: "Ay, I mind you, there were two of you of the same name in your company." The General continued, lowering his voice, "But why have you been drinking?" "Only a glass and a half, and a mug of ale, my lord." "Too much, my man! Don't you do it!" Putting his hand in his

pocket Lord Roberts took out a silver piece and placed it in the man's hand. "Don't you do it." "No, I won't, my lord," replied the man. "You pass your word?" "I do, my lord." "That's well, and I trust you. Don't do it. You have passed your word; keep it. Be true to yourself, and prove yourself to be a man—a brave man!"

General Miles said: "One of the principal evils undermining the character of the youth of the country, and destroying the intelligence and strength of men, not only in the army but in nearly every business and profession, is the use of tobacco and alcohol. If a young man would retain his clear brain, his manly voice and sound health, he had better eschew both."

Tobacco is a poison, and its excessive use unquestionably shortens the life of many good people, and its moderate use could be dispensed with without damage to the world.

The passion for strong drink nurses every vice, and produces every woe. The opinions of the head of the army of the British Empire, and the chief general of the army of the United States, on the danger of the drink habit, are powerful temperance lectures which ought to impress the conscience of the civilized world. Ministers and moral teachers are continually warning the people against the dangers of rum; but here we have the two most conspicuous representatives of the military departments of the two greatest nations of the world, who are interested in building up, not only the strongest bodies, but the bravest hearts for victorious battle, advising their soldiers to let drink alone. And the advice which these two commanding generals give to the soldiers and sailors of the nations under them can be wisely received by those in civil life as well, and especially by the young, whose habits are being formed, habits that will determine their present and eternal destiny.



GENERAL JOUBERT'S PIETY



IN a conversation with Mr. Rudolph DeWet, a young Boer, about his people, their country, conflict, and future, I asked him about some of his great military leaders, whose skill, courage and devotion secured world-wide fame. He replied:

"General Piet Joubert, under whom I first fought, was probably the most beloved of the Boer leaders. He had permitted the women and children to go out of the beleaguered Ladysmith, and had been thanked by General White for his humanity.

"I was with Joubert one day on the battlefield, under a flag of truce, burying the dead. Dead British and Boers were being thrown into shallow ditches, often side by side. We were in a hurry, for it was approaching the time for the termina-

tion of the truce and our work was far from being completed. Night was coming rapidly on. General Joubert went to General White and said: 'I wish you would agree to an extension of the truce for another hour. I desire to read the burial service over my dead. If you have no objection, I should like to read it over your dead too, for I see you have no chaplain present.'

"General White agreed to an extension of the truce. General Joubert, as night came down, repeated in a firm voice the burial service of the Dutch Reformed Church. It was a wonderful picture, and the British looked as solemn as we did while the service was going on.

"Not long after this General Joubert was taken down with enteric fever, and when at the point of death, he expressed a wish to have his mattress taken out into the open air, where he could see his men and bid them farewell. It was a most pathetic sight, this vast body of rude undisciplined men huddled about their dying chief, whom they had so often followed to victory. His last words abjured them not to be disheartened, but to put their faith in God. He expressed the conviction that everything would come out right some day, if not in the immediate future. I shall never forget the scene; he died as he had fought, with the Bible in his hand, the veritable Bible upon which he often drew his plans and from which he derived his inspiration.

"Piet Joubert was a wonderful man, the most accomplished soldier we had, and the greatest in some respects."

With a few exceptions the great military leaders of modern times have been those whose hearts have been as tender as their wills have been strong. There is true greatness where the Bible is in the hand and the spirit of Christ in the heart.



TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS RANSOM FOR A CHILD

THERE was great excitement in the city of Omaha, one winter night when it was learned that the son of a rich man had been kidnapped. A young son of Cudahy was sent from his father's house after supper on an errand. He failed to return; and the most diligent search did not serve to reveal his whereabouts. It seems that he was in front of General Corwin's house, just across the street from his own home, on his way back from a near-by residence, when two men, coming up to him, said: "We are sheriffs from Sarpy County, and arrest you as Eddie McGee, who escaped from the reform school." The little fellow protested, insisting that they had gotten the wrong boy, but they told him he would have to be identified. They lifted him into a buggy, and as they drove along, a trolley-car passed them. The lad said: "I know that conductor, he will tell you I am not the boy you are looking for." They tied a bandage over

his eyes, and drove the horse quite rapidly. Reaching a house about five miles away, they placed young Cudahy in a room, and chained him to the floor. He remained there all night and the next day; his hands and feet were chained. From the conversation he learned that the gang consisted of six men; that they had been trying hard for four months to kidnap one of the Cudahy girls, but, failing in their attempt, they captured the boy. The agony of the Cudahy family can be imagined. There came through the mail, the following letter:

“OMAHA, NEB., December 19, 1900.

“MR. CUDAHY: We have kidnapped your child and demand \$25,000 (twenty-five thousand dollars) for his safe return. If you give us the money the child will be returned as safe as when you last saw him, but if you refuse we will put acid in his eyes and blind him, then we will immediately kidnap another millionaire's child that we have spotted and demand \$100,000; and we will get it, for he will see the condition of your child, and realize the fact that we mean business, and will not be monkeyed with or captured. Get the money all in gold—five, ten and twenty dollar pieces; put it in a white wheat sack; get in your buggy alone on the night of December 19 at 7 o'clock P. M. and drive south from your house to Centre street, turn west in Centre and drive back to Ruser's Park and follow the paved road toward Fremont.

“When you come to a lantern that is lighted by the side of the road, place the money by the lantern and immediately turn your horse around and return home.

“You will know our lantern, for it will have two ribbons, black and white, tied on the handle. You must place a red lantern on your buggy where it can be plainly seen, so we will know you a mile away. This letter and every part of it must be returned with the money, and any attempt at capture will be the saddest thing you ever done. If you remember, some twenty years ago, ‘Charley’ Ross was kidnapped in New York City and \$20,000 ransom asked. Old man Ross was willing to give up the money, but Byrnes, the great detective, with others, persuaded the old man not to give up the money, assuring him that the thieves would be captured. Ross died of a broken heart, sorry that he allowed the detectives to dictate to him.

“This letter must not be seen by any one but you. If the police or some stranger knew its contents they might attempt to capture us, although against your wish, or some one might use a lantern and represent us, thus the wrong party securing the money, and this would be as fatal to you as if you refused to give up the money. So you see the danger if you let this letter be seen.”

Impelled by the strain under which the family was laboring, the father decided to give up the money and get back his son. He hated to seem to put a premium upon such a foul crime, but he was afraid the men would make good

their threat, and he surrendered to their demands. He took twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, in a white wheat sack, and drove in a light buggy to the place the captors had indicated. He put the sack down by the stick which had the white light, then, without seeing or speaking to a single person, he returned to his home. Close by the place where Mr. Cudahy left the gold, the river approaches the road. It is supposed the men saw the red light of the father's buggy from a boat on the river; it is likely that they came up the bank, secured the ransom and left no footprints to tell any tales. When they had secured the money, they sent the boy in a cab back to the neighborhood of his father's house, which he reached at about one o'clock in the morning.

Some people criticize Mr. Cudahy for not flatly refusing to pay the ransom; for not daring the villains do their worst; and for not using the information which they were bold enough to furnish him, for their detection and punishment. But it is likely that the average father would have surrendered money quickly enough to save his boy's eyes.

The whole nation was stirred upon the subject of the kidnapped boy, and yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of boys and young men who are kidnapped every night, and little or no attention is paid to the foul robbery. The saloons, gambling-dens and brothels are abducting them from the home and hearts of loved ones, and chaining them, hands and feet, putting out the eyes of their conscience, bringing misery to their families, and wretchedness and ruin to themselves. It is high time that Christians were aroused to the necessity of rescuing the youths from the kidnappers that infest every community.



"O! I COULD LOVE HIM"

BEING on one occasion, entertained at the home of Rev. Dr. George Pentecost, at Yonkers, the host related to me several incidents connected with his extensive work in India, London, and America, some of which made a lasting impression on my mind. This is one of them:

"It was in the city of Calcutta, where I had been holding special conferences and evangelistic meetings with the high caste educated Brahmins. On this particular occasion there were about two hundred middle-aged men present.

"My address was wholly taken up by a portraiture of the life, character, death and resurrection of Christ; particularly dwelling upon the human beauty and perfection of his character. At the close of the meeting most of the men, who had for half an hour courteously listened to me as I 'talked of Jesus,' went from the hall. Half a dozen remained and came about me, either to ask questions or to make some pleasant and courteous remark. Among them was a man of perhaps sixty years of age, a beautiful man, with a face as classically cut as that of an old Greek scholar. He was an official pundit of the government. He

salaamed to me, and when I returned his greeting, I said, 'Babo, I am happy to meet you. I hope you are a Christian?' For there were not a few of this class who in the days of Dr. Duff had embraced Christianity and faithfully lived the life.

" 'No, sahib, I am not a Christian. I am a Hindoo, and I shall always be a Hindoo. I am too old to change my religion. I have been interested in your addresses, many of which I have heard, and confess there is much that is very beautiful and attractive in your Gospel, as you call it. I remember with respect many of the things we used to hear when Dr. Duff was head of our college.'

"I had a little further talk with him, and again pressed the claims of Christ upon him as his loving Friend and Redeemer.

"Again he explained his reasons for not 'becoming a Christian,' mainly because of the disruption of his family which would follow, and because he was 'too old to change his religion.' Nevertheless, the fine old man was evidently deeply moved and touched by what he had heard, and he expressed his sympathy with my work and said nothing but good could come to his people from hearing about Jesus and his beautiful 'life and teachings.' I was so drawn to this gentle and cultured man that I detained him long in conversation, and again and again presented to him the blessed truth of God's everlasting love and grace and urged him not to turn away from the light which had come to him or resist the gentle drawings of the Holy Spirit. All the time he would parry my appeals and arguments with some gentle words of approval, but at the same time excusing himself from any committal of himself to Christ. Finally, he said, as he first salaamed and then, as an act of unusual courtesy, took my outstretched hand. 'No, sahib, I am a Hindoo and I shall always be a Hindoo, but *O, I could love Him,*' and this with tears in his eyes and his chin quivering with emotion. Who shall say that he did not already love Him."

It is one of the marvels and glories of this generation that so many of the people of India are loving and serving the Lord Jesus Christ.

Christ is the complement of every human being, the other half required to make the human heart whole. By the zeal and heroism of the missionaries, by the generosity and faith of the Christians at home, the whole world will learn of this Saviour, and love him and be obedient to him.



WHAT A KIND WORD DID FOR A PLOUGHBOY



WITH his native valley, his Quaker home, his Bible, and Burns as material, Whittier began writing verse. After three or four years of experimenting at odd times spared from his farm work, he concluded he would like to have others hear his song. A good country newspaper came to his father's house every week and was read by the boy. In the paper was a poet's cor-

ner, and he wondered whether he could not get into it, and so he tried. He wrote a poem on the "Deity," and sent it to the paper, with some fear that it might be refused.

The boy was making fences one day, when the postman, riding by, threw the paper over the fence to him in the field. It contained his poem, and he was so excited over it he could hardly get back to his work. Afterward, he wrote that it was the proudest moment of his life. One day he was hoeing in the field, when he was called to the house and told that a man had come to see John Greenleaf Whittier. He wondered who could want to see him. He was barefooted and in his shirt-sleeves, and crept into the house by the back door. After putting on his shoes, and vest and coat, and smoothing his hair, he entered the room painfully embarrassed. The visitor said: "My name is William Lloyd Garrison. I am editor of the *Free Press*. I printed your poem on the 'Deity' and I was so pleased with it, I thought I would come and see what the author looked like. I see you are young; you ought to go to some academy or college and fit yourself for a literary life, to which you are adapted." When the visitor had gone, Whittier talked the matter over with his parents; they told him they had no money for tuition; that they could hardly spare him from the farm if they had the means, and that poetry would not make bread. But the visitor had put in the young man's heart a seed that was to produce a wonderful harvest. He got a farmhand who understood the shoemaker's trade, to teach him how to make ladies' slippers out of soft leather, and he made enough out of his wares in one season to buy a suit of clothes and pay his tuition and board for half a year.

He went to Haverhill Academy, and this meant good-bye to a little spot in one county; it meant hail to the wide world and to service for a race. It was the breaking of the shell from which a bird of sweetest song was to be released. He attended the academy six months; then, teaching school in the neighborhood for a season, earned money enough for another six months' at the academy. When his school-days ended, he entered life for himself, a young man of twenty-one, tall, thin, erect, handsome, bashful, genial, witty, brilliant in mind, pure in heart—a model Christian gentleman.

His usefulness, success, and honor as a man and as a poet, were recognized by the country and the civilized world. What great results follow encouragement of young people to do some good or noble thing! No one will ever be able to tell the effect which the visit of the editor had upon the literary destiny of the barefooted farmer-boy. How often does criticism and discouragement check the ambition of the young, when a little warm sympathy and encouragement would enkindle aspirations and give a new plan and zest to life. It is not recorded that the editor gave the boy even a penny of money to help him with his education; only gave him commendation and wholesome advice. These were worth more in the making of the future bard than the present of a farm

would have been. Kind words and tender sympathies are cheap, and yet they are very precious, more so, often, than silver and gold. The poorest, the humblest ought to have a large measure of love with which to make happy and uplift the young, and bless their fellow men.



WHITTIER'S RELIGION

EVERY Sabbath afternoon, in the little farmhouse, the mother of John Greenleaf Whittier read and expounded the Bible to him, so that the book became not only the foundation of good character, but also the basis of literary merit and fame. Through life, like Tennyson and many other distinguished poets, he fairly devoured the Scriptures. He claimed that he derived more inspiration as a poet from them than from all other books combined. Whittier was eminently a religious poet. In his words and works he was a living commentary on the Scriptures. He was not only a poet but a prophet, a finder of the mystery of God in nature, in humanity, in the Book, and a faithful revealer of that mystery to the children of men. He felt that his words were from the Divine promptings, that his acts were performed in obedience to the Divine command. Now he stands on Sinai to cry out against the sins of the people and voice God's anger against them, and now he stands at the Cross of his Saviour in tears singing of love and of life. The world loves to hear him sing, because his voice and lyre are tuned to the melodies of heaven. Longfellow beautifully refers to his spirituality in lines written on Whittier's seventieth birthday:

"O thou whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world predominates,
Hermit of Amesbury! Thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!"

The people of New England at the time Whittier came upon the stage were brilliant in intellect, correct in morals and pure in spirituality. They had such literal faith in God, in prayer, in providence, in the Bible, in the Atonement, in immortality, that life was a terribly solemn thing, and duty was the undisputed sovereign of thought and of act. They never thought of anything but making religion the chief end, the all of life. Whittier was the religious exponent of his time. He was a Quaker, but, as some one has said, the Quaker was only a Puritan dressed in drab. Excepting Milton, Whittier was the greatest poet of Puritanism that ever lived. He believed the cardinal doctrines of Christianity as taught by most of the churches of his time, and most of the churches of our time.

His faith in the Atonement is expressed in the "Crucifixion," which closes as follows:

"And shall the sinful heart alone
Behold unmoved the atoning hour
When Nature trembles on her throne
And death resigns his iron power?
O, shall the heart, whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to His sore distress
And added to His tears of blood
Refuse its trembling gratitude."

His trust in Divine Providence is voiced in a poem which contains this verse:

"And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee."

His intense love for Christ is breathed in "Our Master," which will live as long as "Snow Bound." We copy two stanzas, that contain a whole volume of essential truth:

"Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.
Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given
To turn aside from Thee is Hell,
To walk with Thee is Heaven."

The warmth of brotherly love, which was a part of his love for God, can be felt in almost everything Whittier has written.

In the literary history of nations men of genius have often been so reckless in their morals that the world half looked for social weaknesses where the poetic instinct was discovered. Whittier, and the cluster of great men contemporary with him that made American poetry what it is, have shown that temperance, social purity and religious vigor are most becoming to the poet. That Whittier, a man who never touched wine in its mildest form; who had the courage to propose the health of the shoemakers in a glass of cold water; who was so religious that he performed every act with reference to the Last Day; who was so consecrated that Christ's image was in his character and Christ's spirit was in

his life; who closed almost every poem with an exhortation to be good, to love God and man—that such a man should be one of the best-loved poets the country has ever produced, is an evidence of the encouraging condition of the public conscience.



DID I DO ALL THAT I COULD?

IN a terrible storm on Lake Michigan, the *Elgin* was wrecked near Evanston, Illinois. The life-savers of the crew of the Northwestern University worked heroically for the rescue of the people. One member of the crew after another became exhausted with his labor, until only two brothers were left. At last they, too, sank down, worn out, on the beach. One brother said to the other: "I must go out to the wreck one more time." The brother answered, "You are not able; you will perish in the storm." He said, "I cannot bear to see those people die," and, breaking from his brother, went to the wreck.

After a time, he returned, more dead than alive, bringing two persons in. He fell upon the beach so exhausted that he could not speak.

They laid him out on the sand, and when he had rallied a little, he uttered a faint whisper. His brother, leaning over him, caught these words: "Did I do all that I could? Did I do all that I could?" The brother said, "Certainly you did, you saved seventeen." He answered faintly, "What are seventeen to the many who were lost." They took him to the hospital, where for some time he lay in a critical condition, and was heard constantly to say, "O! if I could have saved just one more."

More than twenty years afterward, Miss Harriet Taylor was making an address to young women in Los Angeles, Cal., in which she made reference to this man's heroism. A young lady, at the conclusion of the service, came to the platform, and asked the speaker if she knew who that young hero was. The speaker answered that she did not know, except that she understood that his name was Spencer. The young lady said, "That man was my father; the terrific struggle of that hour made him more or less of an invalid for life. He is now entirely used up. He is a very devout Christian, and when he undertakes to do church work, even, we have to hold him back; but he always answers, 'I must work as hard to save souls from being lost as I did to save the people from the wreck.'"

Every member of Christ's Church belongs to the crew of the life-saving service, and should do everything possible to rescue the perishing.

There can be no life question more important than the one asked by the noble hero on the sand, "Did I do all that I could?" It will be well if the affirmative answer given to him shall be heard by us. Not a fraction of duty imperfectly done, but all of duty fully performed, should be the motto of every Christian.

The deep life-saving instinct which led the brave young man to say, "Oh that I could have saved one more," was worthy the heart of an angel, and suggests intense passion for the rescue of souls which prompts the spirit to this lament, "Oh that I could have saved one more."




THE SANITARY COMMISSION AN ANSWER TO LINCOLN'S PRAYER



IN my study at Buffalo, the officers of the church, after the business of an evening had been transacted, fell into an informal discussion of the subject of Lincoln's religion. One claimed that Lincoln was a rank atheist. Another said he was inclined to think him an unbeliever, especially since he had read what Lincoln's old law partner had said on the subject. Most of those present held the opinion that he was a man of faith and prayer, a true Christian. I suggested that the difference of opinion on the subject grew out of the fact that early in life Lincoln, like many others, had a period of unbelief, when he said and wrote some things unfriendly to Christianity, but that when he came up to the tremendous responsibilities of leadership that were laid upon him, he leaned hard upon the Divine arm, and sought and found the Divine guidance, and that in character and life he proved himself to be a true Christian. Dr. Hill, a trustee, who had been silent up to this time said: "Brethren, I think I can settle the question and put at rest any doubt of the great President's faith. During the war there was a reception given at the White House to the members of the Sanitary Commission. I was present. During the evening I took the opportunity to compliment President Lincoln on the wonderful success of the Commission. He said, 'Doctor, would you like to know how this institution was started?' 'I certainly would, Mr. President,' said I. He continued, 'One rainy night I could not sleep; the wounds of the soldiers and sailors distressed me; their pains pierced my heart, and I asked God to show me how they could have better relief. After wrestling some time in prayer, he put the plans of the Sanitary Commission in my mind, and they have been carried out pretty much as God gave them to me that night. Doctor, thank our kind Heavenly Father and not me for the Sanitary Commission.' Do you think," said Dr. Hill, "that a man that would do or talk that way could be anything but a true believer. Gentlemen, if those of us who are leaders in the church shall have as much real religion as President Lincoln had we will have very little difficulty in getting to heaven."

After Dr. Hill had spoken there was nothing more to be said on the subject, but to agree unanimously that Lincoln was a true believer in God and in his holy religion.

THE DEAD STILL WITH US


HIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL was a very healthy man, but his wife had many years of invalidism. He was always devoted to her, and especially so during the long period of her illness. She was unable to attend church, and every Sunday morning, before going himself, he would read the service to her. After her death he continued the custom. He would draw the chair in which she used to sit close to his, and read the service as though she were there listening to him. On the first anniversary of her death he wrote: "From the hour of our union to that of our separation, I never ceased to thank heaven for this its best gift. I have lost her, and with her the solace of my life. Yet she still remains the companion of my retired hours, still occupies my inmost bosom." He was not greater as the eminent jurist than he was as the affectionate husband. Such an example of conjugal affection is an inspiration and safety to American homes. It may be that the spirit of his companion was not far away from the vacant chair.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies."



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

LTHOUGH it had been more than thirty years since the close of the Civil War, the bitterness between the North and the South was far from being cured. The revolving years, with the green grass and wild flowers, and a new generation had done their best to cover up the scars that war had made, but a solid South and practically a solid North when old issues were revived, was an index of the hostile sectional feeling and a barrier to the largest fraternity. The one year of war with Spain did more to bring the North and South together than all the thirty odd years had done before. With such men as a Lee and a Grant, a Joe Wheeler and a Wilson as leaders, the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, and the sons of the men who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray, fell into line under the old flag, and by their heroism and sacrifice united the North and the South in a loving brotherhood. Pres-



ident McKinley contributed much to the complete unity between the people of the North and Southland. In his visit to the South, he was so conservative and tender and affectionate in his words and actions that the people of that section were drawn to him as by a magnet, and closer still to the Union of which he was the head. Though he had fought, when a mere boy, in the Union army, he told them that the time had come to bury all sectional differences, and for the Government to share with the Southern people, the care of the graves of the Confederate dead. This expression of love, of magnanimity set the people of the South wild with enthusiastic love for the President and for the old Union which he represented. At a banquet in Buffalo, President McKinley said: "The army of Grant and the army of Lee are together. They are one now in hope and in faith, in fraternity, in purpose and in invincible patriotism, and therefore the country is in no danger. In justice strong, in peace secure, and in devotion to the flag all one."



THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC



GENERAL TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA, the first President of the Republic of Cuba, has had his home for nearly twenty years at Central Valley, New York, a village about forty miles from New York City. Electors favorable to his candidacy were chosen without opposition on December 31, 1901, and two days later I had the pleasure of an interview with him at his New York residence. The estate comprises twenty-five or thirty acres, beautifully situated at the foot of the Ramapo Mountains. The house is a large four-story, modern building, occupied in part by a school—the Estrada Palma Institute. In front of the house is a row of weeping-willow trees, and in proximity is a pretty pond, on which skaters were having great sport on the day of my visit.

The porch door was opened by General Palma, whose greeting was democratic and cordial. Had I not made a study of his picture, I should have been surprised at his appearance.

In complexion, and in color of hair and eyes, he is far from being a typical Cuban; but, nevertheless, he is a thoroughbred one. Physically, he is below the average height, but is well built, with broad shoulders. He was so polite and so modest, and at the same time so dignified, that I felt myself in the company of a man not only kind in spirit, but also of large intellectual and moral stature, and two hours of conversation with him confirmed this impression.

Seated in his office, I said to him: "General, I wish to congratulate you on your election, and I am glad that the people have shown a just recognition of your lifelong devotion to the cause of Cuban freedom." He thanked me.

It is well known that the general dislikes to talk about himself; but I told him that I had come to obtain some information about him, personal as well as

political, and that, as he belonged to the public in a wider sense than ever before, the world desired to know more about him.

"Very well," he replied, "I will give you my story briefly. I was born in Bayamo, Province of Santiago, in 1835. My father died when I was a boy, and I was left entirely to the care and training of my mother.

"After my preliminary education, I prepared for the law at the University of Havana. Before graduation from the law school, however, my guardian died, and I was compelled to return home and take charge of the large properties which my father had left me. As a young man, I took a deep interest in the general movement on the island to secure more liberal reforms from Spain. We were not planning insurrection, but internal reform. The Spanish government refusing, however, to grant any concessions, we concluded that it was necessary to appeal to arms to redeem the island from the oppression of the Spanish yoke. The war for Cuban independence broke out in 1868. I was elected a member of the Chamber of Representatives of the republic just proclaimed. This legislative body appointed some of its members delegates to the army, and they were often called upon to take part in the conflicts on the field. I was one of those military delegates. In 1876, I was elected president of the republic, and in October, 1877, after several days of severe fighting, I was taken prisoner and sent to Spain, where I was imprisoned in the famous castle of Figueras, not far from the Pyrenees. I had spent about nine years in the saddle of war, and was dreary of heart at the outlook for my country. In February, 1878, the Cubans and Spaniards made an agreement of peace, called the compact of Lanjon, and in June of the same year I was set free. I must say that during my imprisonment I was treated kindly. The Spanish government wished me to go to Cuba to aid the Captain-General in affirming the treaty of peace and in promoting the work of reconstruction, and many flattering promises were made to me if I would comply with the request. Among other things promised was that I should have restored to me my estates, which had been levied upon by the Spanish government. But I brushed all the fair promises aside, and resolved that I would never set foot on the soil of Cuba so long as it should be under Spanish rule. Being convinced of my inability to do anything for Cuba in the United States, I went to Honduras, where I was appointed postmaster-general; afterwards I was principal of the Normal School supported by the government.

"In the capital of the country, I married the daughter of President Guardiola, who had died in 1863. But my heart was all the while longing for my native island, and I determined to return to the United States, where I might possibly render some service in its liberation. I established this school in Central Valley, for boys and young men of the Spanish-American countries, and it has been successful. This house has been a home for my family, and, from the start, has been the scene of incessant plans for the liberation of Cuba. About the time I came here, I united with José Martí in plans for another uprising. The last

steps for the movement which broke the power of Spain in Cuba were arranged in this house by Marti, General Gomez, and myself. According to those plans, a second war began February 24, 1895. Marti was killed May 11, 1895, and I was elected, in the beginning of July, delegate of the Cuban Emigration, to look after the interest of the Revolution.

"In September, the Cuban provisional government appointed me its general agent and diplomatic representative in the Exterior. For four years I was head of the delegation, doing my best, sending munitions of war, and working in Washington to secure the notice and favor of the United States government, and its help in our struggle for freedom. In the providence of God, that help came, and the rule of Spain in Cuba was broken forever. In June, 1899, I closed my office in New York, and retired to private life, feeling that my work for Cuba was done."

I asked the general on what grounds he based his hope of the ultimate success of the Cuban Republic.

"To begin with," he replied, "we have an island materially rich, with a fertile soil, and salubrious climate. The people are industrious, especially those in the country districts; all that they ask is to have plenty of work at reasonable compensation. They are fond of home, and by nature are law-abiding. They love liberty and are brave, but relentless when stirred by oppression. The Cubans are anxious for their children to be educated. One of the reasons assigned in the Declaration of the 'Ten Years' War was that Spain treated us so murderously in order to pay the standing army that oppressed us, and would not furnish schools sufficient to educate our children. The Cuban people are singularly hospitable. A stranger, visiting a home, is not only treated with kindness, but is offered a cup of coffee as an evidence of good-will. They have what is called the Southern type of hospitality. Though our people are hard workers, they are not, as a rule, as provident as people of industrial habits ought to be. They have a free and easy way, spending their money on the present rather than saving for a rainy day. They are just and honest in their dealings and have faith in God."

I asked the general whether or not he had permanently lost his properties in Cuba.

"My wealth," he said, "originally consisted of vast lands, large, ample houses and barns, and slaves. When I entered the 'Ten Years' War, I called my slaves together and told them to go free. That war resulted in the extinction of slavery on the island. My houses and barns and fences were destroyed by the pillaging of war. When the United States took the hand of Spain off the island, it was taken off my land, of course, and I have the title to it again."

General Palma spoke good English, but now and then, during our conversation, the Spanish accent would leave me in doubt as to his exact meaning, when he would say the same thing in Spanish to his sons, José and Tomas, Jr., who would repeat the sentence to me in a little plainer English.

General Tomas Estrada Palma, with his ability, his political sagacity, his patriotism, his bravery, his domestic fidelity, his integrity, his modesty, his kindness, and his faith in the Almighty, will make an ideal first President of the Cuban Republic.

The singleness of purpose of General Palma accomplished miracles. The deep soul-consuming determination of his life was to set Cuba free. Though defeated in the field his spirit was unconquered. While teaching school and supporting his family in our land, he was all the while patiently winning the favor of the United States to his cause, and finally he secured the intervention of our government which broke the power of Spain in Cuba.

There is no such thing as failure to an imperial will, especially if it be coupled with a strong faith in the living God.



WASHINGTON'S HABITS OF DEVOTION



MR. ROBERT LEWIS, a nephew of George Washington and his private secretary during the first part of his Presidency, is the authority for the statement, that it was Washington's custom to enter his library between four and five o'clock in the morning to read a chapter in the Bible, and, with the open book before him, to kneel down and pray earnestly to God, committing himself and the young nation to Divine care and guidance. And at the close of the day, when the work was done he would kneel in prayer, returning thanks for the blessings that had been received, and give himself up to heaven's watch-care for the night.

It is not the occasional prayer or act of benevolence that is of value, but the habitual acts of devotion and charity which tell in the development of a stalwart Christian character. There are some who overestimate the value of routine observances in religion, but equally to blame are those who have no set time for religious devotion. The Creator has set times for about everything in Nature; we know when the sun and moon will rise and set; when the flowers will bloom, and the harvests ripen; when the tides will ebb or flow; when the birds will fly away from us, and when they will return. Analogy suggests set times for religious devotion and service. There is no more reason why we should arise in the morning, eat our meals through the day, go to and return from our secular work at the same hour each day, than that we should have set times for the reading of the Scripture, for prayer, and for the worship of God. When there is no special inclination to do so, a systematic observance of Christian duty will often inspire the soul with the loftiest sentiment and refresh it with richest food. In this fast age, when cars, ships, horses and men are striving to reach such high speed, there are too many who will not stop long enough

before beginning their earthly employments to say, "Give us this day our daily bread." A greater attention paid to daily observance of religious duty would bring increased power and usefulness to the individual and to the Church.



DE WET, THE BLACK ANGEL OF THE BOERS



R. RUDOLPH DE WET gave me the following tragical incident connected with the life of his uncle, Christian DeWet, the celebrated Boer leader:

"Christian DeWet, my uncle, I consider the sternest and sturdiest military leader the world has known since the days of Cromwell. He has been our pillar of fire and the flame that illuminates him came from the burning of his own soul. When Joubert died, my uncle sent for me to go with him. I was his favorite nephew, when he was merely a butcher and small farmer on the outskirts of Bloemfontein. I rode with my uncle into the battle of Kroonspruit, where he fairly earned the title of General. We harried and drove the British like sheep. We fell on them from secret places. With surprise and panic we burst upon them. We shot them from a thousand little fortresses. Brave men they were, too. But when every rock spat death at them, when every bush volleyed destruction for them, with never a living enemy visible to fight, well might they be forgiven for shooting in helpless rage at the great hard blue African sky—for sky and rock and veldt were all that they beheld while death was taking them off.

"There was one tall young trooper riding well in front. I had his range for a long while before we got ready to fire. I think he fell the first of all, but I cannot be sure, for at the same time our four thousand rifles broke loose, and the British column shivered and tore apart as veldt dust before the blast of storm. After the first volley there was no instant when the air was free from the crackle of the guns, and the flashes of fire running rigzag like lightning to and fro along our hiding places. Some there were in that slaughter pen, in the river bed below us who came savagely upward charging now this rock, now that, as they caught the rattle or flash of the Mauser. Many there were who stood high and straight searching in vain for a foe. Like British grenadiers of old they took what was to be and so died with their faces toward us.

"The English soldiers began their retreat to Bloemfontein, and we, well satisfied that we had given them what Cronje got at Paardeburg, let them go. They left in our trap a hundred wagons full of supplies, six hundred prisoners and seven beautiful guns. The whole commando was jumping for joy. Men were hugging each other like a lot of girls, and hundreds danced and skipped like children.

"My uncle called his men together, and stood within their circle and offered prayer to God. I have read of old Cromwell's Roundheads doing this, and the

thought of them came to me standing there in the dry river bottom with the simple, sturdy plain figure of my uncle leading in our Dutch prayer of thanksgiving. When the bowed heads of the commando had been raised he opened his Bible and read a psalm; and then, just as we were about to disperse, a messenger came galloping in. He rode straight up to General DeWet, and no man who was there can recall the words he said. But we all remember that from four thousand throats there came a growl of rage as if the spruit were filled with great wolfish animals instead of men. For to DeWet had come the news that his son, standing in the doorway of the little home in Elizabeth street, Bloemfontein, had been shot through the head and killed instantly. His daughter, seeing her brother fall, had gone insane, and within three days had died in the British hospital from congestion of the brain. His wife, bereft at one blow of both of her children, had been taken away to the Cape, and there, in the British lines, she too, had died.

"Christian DeWet turned such a face on the messenger as I hope I may never see on any human being again. For a moment he stood thus with lines of horror frozen on his visage and figure. Then he raised his hand with the Bible in it and hurled the sacred book from him with all his strength, and with a terrible voice cried out 'God! There is no God.' And cursing God, he fell on his face into the sand.

"I do not know how long he lay there. I only know our whole commando stood as silent as the veldt itself. Now and then there was a rustle in the close packed ranks as some in the rear raised themselves on tiptoes to look over the heads of those in front at their commander fighting out his passion on the earth. Minutes went by, and still he lay, face down, motionless, except for convulsive heavings of his broad, strong shoulders. When Christian DeWet arose, the face that he turned on us was not that of a man. His lips were drawn back into the snarl of a carnivorous beast. His voice fairly hissed the torture of his heart. To what he said the whole commando roared approval, and again it was as if the river bed held hungry wild beasts growling ominously, for what he said was this: "From this moment I live only to kill Englishmen! Slay, slay!"

"From that moment the rifle of Christian DeWet spoke first in every battle, and every time it spoke an English soldier fell. From that moment he became the Black Angel, the Black Killer. The Black Devil the British soldiers called him. It was a sad day for the English treasury and the English army when my uncle's family was wiped out.

"When the time came for me to ask for a furlough to visit my mother, I had my last talk with General DeWet. 'Go, my dear boy,' said he, 'whom I love as a son. Go with my blessing. Ah, I envy thee, Adolph! Thou still hast the dear ones to love. But mine—mine are in the great beyond.' And breaking down in sobs he spurred his horse and rode into the gloom. Those who knew my uncle as the silent, kindly neighbor in times of peace would scarcely recognize him now. His heavy eyebrows have lowered until they almost hide his eyes. His mouth is

hard and unsmiling. Deep lines furrow his face. His beard, that was black and trim when he took the field, now is straggling, and as whitened as if a veldt snow-storm had swept over it."

The Boer general of whom Mr. Adolph DeWet spoke and his brothers-in-arms were remarkable men. The good old Dutch stock with the tuition of the sky, the stars, the mountain, the solitude, and communion with God was certain to make a strong people in South Africa. The simple children of nature became singularly resourceful, able, brave and devout. The leaders of such a people we would naturally expect to be great men, and so they were. Their military genius, their all daring courage, their tremendous energy, and their sublime faith in Divine Providence made them the peers of any warriors of any time. The two sides of the Boer character, those of mildness and severity had their expression in the pathetic tenderness of Joubert, and in the terrible sternness of DeWet. General DeWet, soon after he threw away his Bible and cursed God repented of his sin, secured Divine forgiveness, and to this day has had the warmest affection for and unfaltering faith in Almighty God. But he did not forget the vow he took at Kroonspruit to inflict every possible damage upon the English army. His persistency to the last furnishes one of the most heroic pictures in modern warfare. There he stands alone, his family dead, his army captured, his resources gone, no friendly nation offering help; there he stands, this plain old-fashioned butcher, stronger than a hundred thousand of the best trained troops of Europe, and holding the great British Empire at arm's length for a whole year, and compelling terms of peace far different from those that would have been granted without his bravery, terms of peace not at all dishonorable to his people.

There is almost nothing impossible in the religious life to a strong will backed by Divine energy. We ought to be uncompromising and persistent in our warfare against all our spiritual foes.



AN UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER IN WASHINGTON IRVING'S LIFE

IT has been one hundred and nineteen years since Washington Irving was born, but only forty-three years since he died. It occurred to me that some of his old friends might still be lingering on the shores of Time, and that they might be able to give me some new facts about his character and life. Accordingly, I started on my search.

Nearly every one I spoke to on this subject in Tarrytown, New York, said: "Irving's old pastor, Dr. J. Sheldon Spencer, is still living. He knows more about the inner life of the great author than any other man."

I went to the rectory of Christ's Episcopal Church in Tarrytown, where I met the venerable pastor. He is four score years of age, but in the color of his hair,

the lustre of the eye, the grasp of the hand, the tone of the voice, and the vigor of the mind, he does not appear over three score years and ten.

"Dr. Spencer," I said, "I am searching for new things about Washington Irving. I am glad that I found you, for two reasons, because you knew him so well, and because it is likely that you can give me some facts about his religious life which has been almost entirely overlooked by his biographers. It has been a surprise to me that a man whose spirit was molded so nearly like that of his Master; whose writings have such a pure, healthy tone; whose life from beginning to end stood for righteousness, should be photographed by his biographers with the religious element omitted. Dr. Spencer, you will do a service to the memory of your departed friend, and to the living, if you will supply this chapter which has been omitted in the history of his life."

The venerable rector, his eyes flashing with emotion, said: "I can and will do so, for I have material for the purpose at hand and will give you what you desire. Let me explain, however, why so little is said about the religious side of Irving. He was by nature exceedingly modest. He did not care to have public attention directed to any of his good qualities. He practised his piety, but made no noisy profession of it. He considered his Christian experience a sacred thing to be felt and lived, rather than to be talked about. He intended that *Life and Letters*, by Pierre Irving, should be his autobiography. He placed most of the material in his nephew's hands for the work. The latter told me so. Irving, with his native modesty, and his aversion to parading so sacred a thing as his spiritual life, left out all reference to his religious experience; and, as most of the biographers went to the *Life and Letters* for their data, finding no mention of the divine side of his character, they were silent also on this subject.

"My acquaintance with Washington Irving began in 1853, and it soon ripened into friendship under circumstances most tender and affecting. At the beginning of my ministry in Christ Church, Tarrytown, N. Y., my first wife died. Irving was one of the first to call upon me and proffer me the comfort and strength of his tender sympathy. The warm and prolonged pressure of his hand made me feel the power of his sympathy, and then followed these few words, softly and gently spoken, 'They who minister to others must not themselves refuse consolation.' In my sorrow it was a personal revelation of human tenderness, next to the benediction of the Master.

"I can never forget the embarrassment I first experienced in preaching before him. I painfully anticipated the criticism of one who stood in the foremost rank of all authors. But I soon found that there was no more devout or attentive hearer in the church than he. He sat in his pew with his head resting lightly on his hand, in that pensive attitude which one of his portraits exhibits. He would thus sit with his eyes intent upon the speaker as one anxious to receive some truth for his soul's health. With all his powers of mind, he knew of no other spiritual sustenance than the Gospel of Christ, and its plain, simple truths.

"During my first interview with him at Sunnyside, he introduced the subject of church music, of which he was particularly fond, though I do not think he could sing a note; but the sentiment and the melody deeply affected him. He referred to the "Gloria in Excelsis." Repeating the words as if they were the joyful refrain of his own heart, he exclaimed, his eyes filling with tears, and his voice trembling with emotion: 'That is religion, Mr. Spencer; that is true religion for you. I never hear the hymn without having my mind lifted up, and my heart made better by it.'

"During another visit he spoke to me of this text, which had profoundly impressed him, 'My Son, give me thine heart.' Years before he must have been deeply impressed with it, for on looking over a volume of Bishop Wainwright's sermons, I found one on the text, accompanied by the statement that it was suggested to the Bishop by Washington Irving, as a text which, more than all others, he should like to hear treated in a sermon. On another occasion, on the church porch, he uttered with great feeling the same general thought, in words which may be classed with the best and most beautiful he ever expressed: 'Religion is of the heart, not of the head. We may, with the understanding, approach the vestibule of the Temple, but it is only with the heart that we can enter its holy precincts and draw near its sacred altar.'

"Mr. Irving was confirmed in the Trinity Episcopal Church in New York City, though his parents were Covenanters. But when he came to Tarrytown and built his Sunnyside home, he became a regular communicant in our church, and continued ever after a most devout and exemplary member of the parish. He once told me that, when he first attended church, he was rather restless during the ritual service and waited impatiently till it was over, and then settled himself to hear the sermon. But one Sunday, he said, as he was entering the church, the solemn exhortation to confession was being read, and the thought struck him that he too had sins to confess, and so he fell upon his knees and joined in the humble confession of sins. 'And,' said he, in that emphatic way which always carried with it the conviction of his sincerity, and with an earnest gesticulation of his arm, which those who knew him well remember, 'from that day forward the church service has ever been to me an increasing and never ending source of comfort and delight.'

"Who will say that the Bible and Prayer Book of that fair maiden who was Washington Irving's early and only love, which from the first hour of agony at his irreparable loss, were ever by him, taken with him in all his travels, and at his death were still by his side, were not, from their sweetly sad associations as well as from their spiritual counsel and comfort, the means of hallowing that gifted heart with high and holy purposes of duty and with the blessed hope of everlasting life, in which he lived and died.

"Mr. Irving took an active part in the practical work of the church. After his return from Spain, as United States Minister, he was elected warden of our

church. It became his duty, among other things, to take up the collection. On coming out of church one Sunday, he said, his eyes twinkling with humor. 'I have passed that plate so often up and down the aisle, that I begin to feel like a highwayman. I feel as if I could stop a man on the road and say, 'Your money or your life!'

"At one of the vestry meetings, Mr. Holmes, one of the members, was accompanied by an inoffensive pet dog, which took refuge at his feet. There was an animated discussion. Mr. Holmes, in his earnest manner, pressed his views upon the meeting, and the discussion threatened to be prolonged and serious. When he had ended, Irving, who was always a peacemaker, arose and inquired of the chairman whether Mr. Holmes should be allowed to put them all in bodily terror, adding that he had not only come to advocate his measure, but had brought with him a fierce beast to overawe the vestry and control their votes.' 'And,' he added, pointing to the little dog, 'there he is now by his side, keeping guard.' And the irresistible drollery of his speech and manner allayed at once the heat of the discussion, and diffused a feeling of perfect good-nature over the meeting, which gave a satisfactory settlement of the question."

By a stairway and a door we entered the beautiful audience room of the church, from the rectory. There is was, the same pew, with the same cushion, just as it had been left by the great author the day before he died, the only change being the removal of the pew a few feet to the baptistery. Above the pew is a beautiful memorial tablet. In the centre is the Irving coat-of-arms—two royal supporters holding a shield emblazoned with holly leaves, having as a crest a hand holding a bunch of holly. The story is that Robert Bruce was aided in his struggle by William Irvin, and that on taking his throne, he knighted his faithful friend and gave him the Castle of Drum in Aberdeenshire, and his own coat-of-arms. The castle, which is now owned by Alexander Forbes Irvine, has been in the possession of the family since the days of Bruce. The holly of the coat-of-arms is the sign of the deliverance of Irving's ancestor and his king. The tablet has the inscription:

Washington Irving,
Born in the City of New York, April 3, 1783.
For many years a Communicant and Warden of the Church
and
Respectfully one of its Delegates to the Convention of the Diocese.
Loved, Honored, Revered,
He fell asleep in Jesus
March 28, 1859.

As we went out of the front door of the church, I noticed the beautiful ivy covering the tower, and Dr. Spencer said, "Mr. Irving planted that ivy with his own hand. It was a cutting from the vine which mantles his own Sunnyside,

which was originally brought from the ruins of Melrose Abbey," The little slip had grown into trunk, which I could scarcely span with both hands.

I asked the venerable pastor about Irving's love for children. He said, "He was passionately fond of them, and they were charmed by him. I have seen the children flock about him in the vestibule of the church and slip bouquets into his hands, and they would have him bend down while they placed flowers in a button-hole of his coat, and they always received some tender word or sweet smile, and seemed so happy, but not more so than he.

"In his conversation, as in his writings, there was no affectation, no parade of learning, for everything was natural and simple, often mirthful, but never coarse. He wielded the shafts of wit and humor, but without inflicting pain. I never heard an unkind or bitter word fall from his lips. He was slow and hesitating in conversation, and the first impression, on hearing him talk, might be one of disappointment, but one soon felt the irresistible fascination of his speech. He would often hesitate for a word. He told me that he wrote his manuscripts in the same hesitating way, as it were, with continual corrections; and even after the proof sheets were sent to him, he would still alter and interline, but only to insure a clearer perception of his thought.

" 'Now,' said he to me, after he had sent off the last sheet of his final work—his *Life of Washington*—a work which had engaged his thoughts and pen for years, 'now I feel as if I were just ready to sit down and begin to write the life of Washington.' "

"Mr. Spencer," I said, "did I understand you to say a moment ago that you never heard Irving say an unkind or bitter word?"

"Yes," he replied, "the nearest state to ill temper I ever saw in him was while he recited an incident to me which he did not allow to be mentioned in his *Life and Letters*, concerning his mission as Minister to Spain. It was during his official career, when James Buchanan was Secretary of State, that the attitude of our Government toward Mexico threatened to involve us in serious complications with Spain. The Spanish Government was alarmed and continually plied Irving with questions as to the intention of our government.

" 'I wrote to Secretary Buchanan,' said Irving, 'a full account of the state of feeling, but received no answer. I wrote again and again, but the Secretary of State did not even deign a reply. I stood, a mortified representative of my country before that proud and sensitive court, and when I returned home, I had to go to Washington, hunt up the letters I had written to Mr. Buchanan, and place them myself on record as a part of the history of my mission.'

"You may imagine the effect of such treatment upon a refined and sensitive nature like that of Irving. In the expression of his face, and the tone of his voice in relating the incident, I discovered that which I had never seen in him before, the deepest indignation."

I suggested to Dr. Spencer my surprise that no monument had been erected to

Irving in the family burial lot in Sleepy Hollow. Dr. Spencer said, "Irving told me that he wished after death no other monument over his grave than such a simple headstone as marked the graves of others of his family. 'Those old black oaks, waving their requiem over me, with old Sleepy Hollow Church in the foreground, will be a sufficient monument.'"

Mr. Irving gave Dr. Spencer a set of his miscellaneous works, with this inscription in the first volume, written with his own hand:

"To the Rev. J. Sheldon Spencer
in testimony of the affectionate regard of his parishioner,
Washington Irving,
Sunnyside, Nov. 5, 1858."

The great author also gave his pastor a copy of his *Life of Washington*, writing in the first volume:

"To the Rev. J. Sheldon Spencer,
in grateful acknowledgment of the profit and satisfaction derived from
his ministry, by
Washington Irving,
Sunnyside, Nov. 5, 1858."

I asked the venerable pastor how long he had served the Church in Tarrytown. He answered, "I was rector of Christ's Church for forty-eight years. Two years ago I resigned, and was made rector emeritus. I shall never cease to be grateful for the honor, pleasure and profit of the acquaintance and intimate friendship of America's greatest author, Washington Irving."



THE POWER OF MUSIC



RHAPHEUS was so skillful with his lyre as to move the trees and rocks, and charm the wild beasts of the forest that gathered about him to hear his melody. An incident is related by Mr. Hope, illustrating the power of song over irrational creatures: "We were invited to take tea in the orchard. This occasion was memorable to me, chiefly for the evidence which it furnished of the wonderful faculty and power of a young girl, Penelope, to impress all who came within her reach. The place where we were invited to sit down and partake of the gratifications of the table was a beautiful knoll, rising some eighteen or twenty feet above the surrounding land. It was covered with most beautiful green grass, shaved close by the scythe, and was, as I have said, sheltered by the overhanging branches of thrifty old apple-trees. At its foot was a running

spring coming out of the earth and gurgling away through the meadow to the creek, which, in its turn, emptied into a lake at the western side of the village.

"This grass knoll was in the centre of a lot of a few acres which Mr. F. owned, and wherein on this present occasion were feeding his horse, which had been taken out of the stable; a cow which Gerrit had lately purchased; and the turkeys and chickens, among which were a beautiful pair of game-fowls, the male of which was a proud fellow clad in red feathers with a black breast and yellow legs, and who walked about as if he were 'monarch of all he surveyed.' In every branch of every tree overhanging us there seemed to be birds; and when we had seated ourselves at the table, and Mr. F. had asked a blessing, and our repast had begun, the music of these birds was, beyond all expression, enchanting. The horse, which, when we first walked up the knoll was at the farthest end of the lot, came nearer, as if musing on the scene before him, till he stood within a rod of us; the cow wandered up to the edge of our little circle; the turkeys and chickens were all around us, with their cluck and gobble. And Penelope, the presiding genius of the repast, served us with inimitable grace, and appeared on this occasion to be as apt in the performance of the duties appropriate to the hour, as she had in the morning shown herself able to perform her duties at the aviary.

"At the conclusion of our supper, Penelope arose, and, walking away from us some twenty or thirty feet sat down on the grass and began to sing us 'a wee bit of a song' such as she had sung in the morning, when the birds came down and alighted upon her. It seemed to have the most magical effect upon everything about us that had life; first upon the birds, then upon the horse, then upon the chickens, then upon the cow, then upon the turkeys, and lastly upon ourselves.

"She was surrounded by a living mass of life; the birds lighted upon her and sung; the horse neighed; the rooster crowed; the cow lowed; the turkey gobbled; and we, first in amazement, then in delight, caught the spirit of her song, and laughed, and sat down on the ground, and for the once made ourselves the 'little children' who are playing under the shade of some pine-tree, whose long, old branches hang down over the edges of some pebbly brook. I never can forget that day; and though I am now an old man, and this girl has grown up, and is now one of the foremost women of the country in all that gives grace and glory and greatness to human character, she has in no relation of life ever impressed herself upon me in any direction, as she did in the manifestation of her wonderful power over those animal organizations made by divine ordainment subject to man."

The eye leads more directly to the intellect, the ear is the broad avenue to the heart of man. What strange magnetism there is in music! What witchery there is in the sound of a human voice! What sorrows have been soothed, what hopes inspired, what sacrifices for home and country have been

endured, what sublime acts of heroism have been performed under the inspiration of music! Since the world began music has drawn human spirits to the heart of God. In the old and new dispensations, music and song have always been important parts of divine worship. Some of the musical masterpieces of the children of God, have charmed vast audiences, and almost great empires. Starr King has said: "Music is the universal language of the innermost spiritual nature. It can be understood in its signs and its voice, by races and by grades of spirits that cannot understand each other's speech and that are alienated in all other ways. Yes, and all that we cultivate of its highest spirit in its great religious expressions here will go with us as preparation for eternity. We shall not talk German probably in the future world; but I do not know why the *Andante* of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven may not be played in heaven. The angelic masters must be inspired beyond our present capacity of appreciation if they can produce anything that will make that seem meagre. We shall slough off, probably, our English vocabulary and tongue in the grave; but even in the final gathering of the redeemed out of every nation, tongue and clime, one strophe of the consummate Anthem to the Lamb, and through Him to the infinite who shall put all things under his feet, may be the Hallelujah Chorus of the "Messiah," contributed from this earth to form part of the everlasting language of the skies."



THE CONTRASTS OF THE TRAGEDY

WHAT strange contrasts were connected with the tragedy which removed President McKinley! It was President's Day at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The President, attended by members of his Cabinet and by distinguished men from every section of the land, in the largest gathering of the Fair, arose to make his speech. In doing so he stood upon the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness and pride, the object of the universal affection of his people, looking out upon a nation at the period of its greatest prosperity and happiness. His address, which was spoken to the people of our own country and of all lands, closed with the following words of peace on earth, good-will toward men:

"Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition? Gentlemen: Let us ever remember that our interest is in accord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

“Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.”

At the reception on the day following, in an instant the great man fell from his pinnacle of pride, strength and happiness, and sank down wounded and fainting in a chair, helpless as the weakest child, and his sceptre of power slipped into the hand of another. What a contrast there was between the throne of power and the bed of languishing!

At the reception in the Temple of Music, he gave an expression of his faith in the people and his love for them; he came down close to them that he might look into their faces, and take their hands. His countenance showed that he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom; it was irradiated with the love he had for his fellow men, it wore that smile which his affectionate heart prompted, and in the very act of smiling upon and offering to take the hand of the young man who pretended to be his friend, the vile wretch, feigning to return the salutation, shot him down. The demon did not know the President, had no personal grievance against him, had no complaint to make against him personally, only murdered him because he was our representative, and because he wanted to show his diabolical hatred of all authority, human and divine. Was there ever a crime deeper-dyed? What a contrast between the President's love and the criminal's hate! What a contrast between the divine benignity manifested in the character of the one, and the satanic malice expressed in that of the other! It was the contrast between the brightness of heaven and the blackness of hell on earth. The assassin's bullet that entered the body of William McKinley, pierced the bosom of seventy-five million people. They were dazed at first by the shock, but the hope of the wounded man's recovery soon began to dawn, and their own wound began to heal. Skillful and faithful surgeons did their part; the sufferer's strong will and brave heart served him well, and positive pledges were given upon the best authority that the President would get well. People of all parties and all creeds, Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, and even Pagan, had prayed for the restoration of the stricken man, and it was thought that it was God's will that he should be restored. The deepest gratitude prevailed, praise services were announced and held, a happy nation went out in a burst of thanksgiving to God for having saved the life of their Chief. On the very day that the bulletin boards made the official announcement that Mr. McKinley would certainly recover, that every doubt on the subject had been removed, the same bulletin boards told the people of the nation that their President was dying. And there was such a wail of universal lamentation as this country never heard. What a contrast there was between the joy of a great nation at the hope of the restoration of their idol, and the awful sorrow occasioned by the news of his death!

Contrasts we find everywhere in the world about us, between the rose and

the noxious weed, the song-bird and the hissing serpent, the gentle zephyr and the terrible tornado, the sunshine and the shadow, the snow and the orchard in bloom, day and night. There are these same contrasts in human experience, there is the passing from weakness to strength, and from strength to weakness; from humiliation to exaltation, and from exaltation to humiliation; from failure to earthly success, and from success to failure; the phases of mildness and severity are alternately revealed in this mortal life of ours. These mutabilities, these contrasts when rightly employed, are intended to develop the noblest character, and secure ultimately the highest destiny.

Wherever in this world there is beauty, there is homeliness to confront it; wherever there is innocence, there is guilt to oppose it; where there is love, there is hate with a hand raised against it; wherever there is purity, there is sin ready to murder it. The only perfect One who ever lived was betrayed by a kiss and sold to his death by a pretended friend. In the busy throng there are thousands of hands of treachery, hypocrisy and malice, holding a revolver covered by a handkerchief, ready to strike down their fellow men. A nation rejoicing one moment and crying the next, is a very good picture of the individual human heart, which is constantly passing to the highest altitudes of joy and descending into the lowest depths of sorrow. The One who said "that my joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full" also said "my soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death."

But the contrasts of the awful tragedy which we have noticed are on the earthward side; there are contrasts on the heavenward side which it is worth our while to consider. Looking through the thinly-woven veil we see that the man that sank fainting in the chair and lay languishing upon a bed of death has entered a realm of everlasting health and strength; that he has been elevated to a throne of honor and power by the side of which all earthly potentates seem weak and small. The hand of wrath seemed only to open the door of the tomb at Canton, but in reality it opened the gateway of life through which the imperial soul of the great man flew away, from a world of toil and care and struggle and sin into a realm of rest and peace and purity; away from the arms of the people of the nation that idolized him into the embraces of the spirits without fault before the throne of God. At the very time a nation was weeping for him, with harp in hand and angelic voice, he was singing the praises of his Redeemer in the highest, brightest heaven, "the song of Moses and the Lamb." It may be of advantage to the nation and to individuals to regard the contrasts on this side and especially those on the other side of the river of Death.

When our loved ones go away from us, we weep for them as though they had gone to the grave, when, if we would look with spirit-eyes, we would discover that they have arisen to the highest altitudes of glory and enjoyment, and are to be congratulated rather than commiserated upon their translation from earth.

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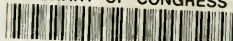
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